



# The Iliad

## *Homer*



# **The Iliad of Homer**

**Homer**

(Translator: William Cowper)

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## About Homer:

Homer (ancient Greek: Ὅμηρος, Homēros) is a legendary ancient Greek epic poet, traditionally said to be the author of the epic poems the Iliad and the Odyssey. The ancient Greeks generally believed that Homer was a historical individual, but modern scholars are skeptical: no reliable biographical information has been handed down from classical antiquity, and the poems themselves manifestly represent the culmination of many centuries of oral story-telling and a well-developed "formulaic" system of poetic composition. According to Martin West, "Homer" is "not the name of a historical poet, but a fictitious or constructed name." The poems are now widely regarded as the culmination of a long tradition of orally composed poetry, but the way in which they reached their final written form, and the role that an individual poet, or poets, played in this process is disputed. By the reckoning of scholars like Geoffrey Kirk, both poems were created by an individual genius who drew much of his material from various traditional stories. Others, like Martin West, hold that the epics were composed by a number of poets. Gregory Nagy maintains that the epics are not the creation of any individual; rather, they slowly evolved towards their final form over a period of centuries and, in this view, are the collective work of generations of poets. The date of Homer's existence was controversial in antiquity and is no less so today. Herodotus said that Homer lived 400 years before his own time, which would place him at about 850 BC; but other ancient sources gave dates much closer to the supposed time of the Trojan War. For modern scholarship, "the date of Homer" refers to the date of the poems' conception as much as to the lifetime of an individual. The scholarly consensus is that "the Iliad and the Odyssey date from the extreme end of the 9th century BC or from the 8th, the Iliad being anterior to the Odyssey, perhaps by some decades.", i.e. somewhat earlier than Hesiod, and that the Iliad is the oldest work of western literature. Over the past few decades, some scholars have been arguing for a 7th-century date. Those who believe that the Homeric poems developed gradually over a long period of time, however, generally give a later date for the poems: according to Nagy, they only became fixed texts in the 6th century. Alfred Heubeck states that the formative influence of the works of Homer in shaping and influencing the whole development of Greek culture was recognised by many Greeks themselves, who considered him to be their instructor.

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## **Dedication**

TO THE  
RIGHT HONORABLE  
EARL COWPER,  
THIS  
TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD,  
THE INSCRIPTION OF WHICH TO HIMSELF,  
THE LATE LAMENTED EARL,  
BENEVOLENT TO ALL,  
AND ESPECIALLY KIND TO THE AUTHOR,  
HAD NOT DISDAINED TO ACCEPT  
IS HUMBLY OFFERED,  
AS A SMALL BUT GRATEFUL TRIBUTE,  
TO THE MEMORY OF HIS FATHER,  
BY HIS LORDSHIP'S  
AFFECTIONATE KINSMAN AND SERVANT

WILLIAM COWPER.

*June 4, 1791.*

## Preface

Whether a translation of Homer may be best executed in blank verse or in rhyme, is a question in the decision of which no man can find difficulty, who has ever duly considered what translation ought to be, or who is in any degree practically acquainted with those very different kinds of versification. I will venture to assert that a just translation of any ancient poet in rhyme, is impossible. No human ingenuity can be equal to the task of closing every couplet with sounds homotonous, expressing at the same time the full sense, and only the full sense of his original. The translator's ingenuity, indeed, in this case becomes itself a snare, and the readier he is at invention and expedient, the more likely he is to be betrayed into the widest departures from the guide whom he professes to follow. Hence it has happened, that although the public have long been in possession of an English Homer by a poet whose writings have done immortal honor to his country, the demand of a new one, and especially in blank verse, has been repeatedly and loudly made by some of the best judges and ablest writers of the present day.

I have no contest with my predecessor. None is supposable between performers on different instruments. Mr. Pope has surmounted all difficulties in his version of Homer that it was possible to surmount in rhyme. But he was fettered, and his fetters were his choice. Accustomed always to rhyme, he had formed to himself an ear which probably could not be much gratified by verse that wanted it, and determined to encounter even impossibilities, rather than abandon a mode of writing in which he had excelled every body, for the sake of another to which, unexercised in it as he was, he must have felt strong objections.

I number myself among the warmest admirers of Mr. Pope as an original writer, and I allow him all the merit he can justly claim as the translator of this chief of poets. He has given us the *Tale of Troy divine* in smooth verse, generally in correct and elegant language, and in diction often highly poetical. But his deviations are so many, occasioned chiefly by the cause already mentioned, that, much as he has done, and valuable as his work is on some accounts, it was yet in the humble province of a translator that I thought it possible even for me to fellow him with some advantage.

That he has sometimes altogether suppressed the sense of his author, and has not seldom intermingled his own ideas with it, is a remark which, on viii this occasion, nothing but necessity should have extorted from me. But we differ sometimes so widely in our matter, that unless this remark, invidious as it seems, be premised, I know not how to obviate a suspicion, on the one hand, of careless oversight, or of factitious embellishment on the other. On this head, therefore, the English reader is to be admonished, that the matter found in me, whether he like it or not, is found also in Homer, and that the matter not found in me, how much soever he may admire it, is found only in Mr. Pope. I have omitted nothing; I have invented nothing.

There is indisputably a wide difference between the case of an original writer in rhyme and a translator. In an original work the author is free; if the rhyme be of difficult attainment, and he cannot find it in one direction, he is at liberty to seek it in another; the matter that will not accommodate itself to his occasions he may discard, adopting such as will. But in a translation no such option is allowable; the sense of the author is required, and we do not surrender it willingly even to the plea of necessity. Fidelity is indeed of the very essence of translation, and the term itself implies it. For which reason, if we suppress the sense of our original, and force into its place our own, we may call our work an *imitation*, if we please, or perhaps a *paraphrase*, but it is no longer the same author only in a different dress, and therefore it is not translation. Should a painter, professing to draw the likeness of a beautiful woman, give her more or fewer features than belong to her, and a general cast of countenance of his own invention, he might be said to have produced a *jeu d'esprit*, a curiosity perhaps in its way, but by no means the lady in question.

It will however be necessary to speak a little more largely to this subject, on which discordant opinions prevail even among good judges.

The free and the close translation have, each, their advocates. But inconveniences belong to both. The former can hardly be true to the original author's style and manner, and the latter is apt to be servile. The one loses his peculiarities, and the other his spirit. Were it possible, therefore, to find an exact medium, a manner so close that it should let slip nothing of the text, nor mingle any thing extraneous with it, and at the same time so free as to have an air of originality, this seems precisely the mode in which an author might be best rendered. I can assure my readers from my own experience, that to discover this very delicate line is difficult, and to

proceed by it when found, through the whole length of a poet voluminous as Homer, nearly impossible. I can only pretend to have endeavored it.

It is an opinion commonly received, but, like many others, indebted for its prevalence to mere want of examination, that a translator should imagine to himself the style which his author would probably have used, had the language into which he is rendered been his own. A direction which wants nothing but practicability to recommend it. For suppose six persons, equally qualified for the task, employed to translate the same Ancient into their own language, with this rule to guide them. In the event it would be found, that each had fallen on a manner different from that of all the rest, and by probable inference it would follow that none had fallen on the right. On the whole, therefore, as has been said, the translation which partakes equally of fidelity and liberality, that is close, but not so close as to be servile, free, but not so free as to be licentious, promises fairest; and my ambition will be sufficiently gratified, if such of my readers as are able, and will take the pains to compare me in this respect with Homer, shall judge that I have in any measure attained a point so difficult.

As to energy and harmony, two grand requisites in a translation of this most energetic and most harmonious of all poets, it is neither my purpose nor my wish, should I be found deficient in either, or in both, to shelter myself under an unfilial imputation of blame to my mother-tongue. Our language is indeed less musical than the Greek, and there is no language with which I am at all acquainted that is not. But it is musical enough for the purposes of melodious verse, and if it seem to fail, on whatsoever occasion, in energy, the blame is due, not to itself, but to the unskilful manager of it. For so long as Milton's works, whether his prose or his verse, shall exist, so long there will be abundant proof that no subject, however important, however sublime, can demand greater force of expression than is within the compass of the English language.

I have no fear of judges familiar with original Homer. They need not be told that a translation of him is an arduous enterprise, and as such, entitled to some favor. From these, therefore, I shall expect, and shall not be disappointed, considerable candor and allowance. Especially *they* will be candid, and I believe that there are many such, who have occasionally tried their own strength in this *bow of Ulysses*. They have not found it supple and pliable, and with me are perhaps ready to acknowledge that they could not always even approach with it the mark of their ambition. But I would



willingly, were it possible, obviate uncandid criticism, because to answer it is lost labor, and to receive it in silence has the appearance of stately reserve, and self-importance.

To those, therefore, who shall be inclined to tell me hereafter that my diction is often plain and unelevated, I reply beforehand that I know it,—that it would be absurd were it otherwise, and that Homer himself stands in the same predicament. In fact, it is one of his numberless excellences, and a point in which his judgment never fails him, that he is grand and lofty always in the right place, and knows infallibly how to rise and fall with his subject. *Big words on small matters* may serve as a pretty exact definition of the burlesque; an instance of which they will find in the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, but none in the *Iliad*.

By others I expect to be told that my numbers, though here and there tolerably smooth, are not always such, but have, now and then, an ugly hitch in their gait, ungraceful in itself, and inconvenient to the reader. To this charge also I plead guilty, but beg leave in alleviation of judgment to add, that my limping lines are not numerous, compared with those that limp not. The truth is, that not one of them all escaped me, but, such as they are, they were all made such with a wilful intention. In poems of great length there is no blemish more to be feared than sameness of numbers, and every art is useful by which it may be avoided. A line, rough in itself, has yet its recommendations; it saves the ear the pain of an irksome monotony, and seems even to add greater smoothness to others. Milton, whose ear and taste were exquisite, has exemplified in his *Paradise Lost* the effect of this practice frequently.

x Having mentioned Milton, I cannot but add an observation on the similitude of his manner to that of Homer. It is such, that no person familiar with both, can read either without being reminded of the other; and it is in those breaks and pauses, to which the numbers of the English poet are so much indebted both for their dignity and variety, that he chiefly copies the Grecian. But these are graces to which rhyme is not competent; so broken, it loses all its music; of which any person may convince himself by reading a page only of any of our poets anterior to Denham, Waller, and Dryden. A translator of Homer, therefore, seems directed by Homer himself to the use of blank verse, as to that alone in which he can be rendered with any tolerable representation of his manner in this particular. A remark which I am naturally led to make by a desire to conciliate, if possible, some, who,

rather unreasonably partial to rhyme, demand it on all occasions, and seem persuaded that poetry in our language is a vain attempt without it. Verse, that claims to be verse in right of its metre only, they judge to be such rather by courtesy than by kind, on an apprehension that it costs the writer little trouble, that he has only to give his lines their prescribed number of syllables, and so far as the mechanical part is concerned, all is well. Were this true, they would have reason on their side; for the author is certainly best entitled to applause who succeeds against the greatest difficulty, and in verse that calls for the most artificial management in its construction. But the case is not as they suppose. To rhyme, in our language, demands no great exertion of ingenuity, but is always easy to a person exercised in the practice. Witness the multitudes who rhyme, but have no other poetical pretensions. Let it be considered too, how merciful we are apt to be to unclassical and indifferent language for the sake of rhyme, and we shall soon see that the labor lies principally on the other side. Many ornaments of no easy purchase are required to atone for the absence of this single recommendation. It is not sufficient that the lines of blank verse be smooth in themselves, they must also be harmonious in the combination. Whereas the chief concern of the rhymist is to beware that his couplets and his sense be commensurate, lest the regularity of his numbers should be (too frequently at least) interrupted. A trivial difficulty this, compared with those which attend the poet unaccompanied by his bells. He, in order that he may be musical, must exhibit all the variations, as he proceeds, of which ten syllables are susceptible; between the first syllable and the last there is no place at which he must not occasionally pause, and the place of the pause must be perpetually shifted. To effect this variety, his attention must be given, at one and the same time, to the pauses he has already made in the period before him, as well as to that which he is about to make, and to those which shall succeed it. On no lighter terms than these is it possible that blank verse can be written which will not, in the course of a long work, fatigue the ear past all endurance. If it be easier, therefore, to throw five balls into the air and to catch them in succession, than to sport in that manner with one only, then may blank verse be more easily fabricated than rhyme. And if to these labors we add others equally requisite, a style in general more elaborate than rhyme requires, farther removed from the vernacular idiom both in the language xi itself and in the arrangement of it, we shall not long doubt which of these two very different species of verse

threatens the composer with most expense of study and contrivance. I feel it unpleasant to appeal to my own experience, but, having no other voucher at hand, am constrained to it. As I affirm, so I have found. I have dealt pretty largely in both kinds, and have frequently written more verses in a day, with tags, than I could ever write without them. To what has been here said (which whether it have been said by others or not, I cannot tell, having never read any modern book on the subject) I shall only add, that to be poetical without rhyme, is an argument of a sound and classical constitution in any language.

A word or two on the subject of the following translation, and I have done.

My chief boast is that I have adhered closely to my original, convinced that every departure from him would be punished with the forfeiture of some grace or beauty for which I could substitute no equivalent. The epithets that would consent to an English form I have preserved as epithets; others that would not, I have melted into the context. There are none, I believe, which I have not translated in one way or other, though the reader will not find them repeated so often as most of them are in Homer, for a reason that need not be mentioned.

Few persons of any consideration are introduced either in the Iliad or Odyssey by their own name only, but their patronymic is given also. To this ceremonial I have generally attended, because it is a circumstance of my author's manner.

Homer never allots less than a whole line to the introduction of a speaker. No, not even when the speech itself is no longer than the line that leads it. A practice to which, since he never departs from it, he must have been determined by some cogent reason. He probably deemed it a formality necessary to the majesty of his narration. In this article, therefore, I have scrupulously adhered to my pattern, considering these introductory lines as heralds in a procession; important persons, because employed to usher in persons more important than themselves.

It has been my point every where to be as little verbose as possible, though; at the same time, my constant determination not to sacrifice my author's full meaning to an affected brevity.

In the affair of style, I have endeavored neither to creep nor to bluster, for no author is so likely to betray his translator into both these faults, as Homer, though himself never guilty of either. I have cautiously avoided all

terms of new invention, with an abundance of which, persons of more ingenuity than judgment have not enriched our language, but incumbered it. I have also every where used an unabbreviated fullness of phrase as most suited to the nature of the work, and, above all, have studied perspicuity, not only because verse is good for little that wants it, but because Homer is the most perspicuous of all poets.

In all difficult places I have consulted the best commentators, and where they have differed, or have given, as is often the case, a variety of solutions, I have ever exercised my best judgment, and selected that which appears, at least to myself, the most probable interpretation. On this ground, xii and on account of the fidelity which I have already boasted, I may venture, I believe, to recommend my work as promising some usefulness to young students of the original.

The passages which will be least noticed, and possibly not at all, except by those who shall wish to find me at a fault, are those which have cost me abundantly the most labor. It is difficult to kill a sheep with dignity in a modern language, to flay and to prepare it for the table, detailing every circumstance of the process. Difficult also, without sinking below the level of poetry, to harness mules to a wagon, particularizing every article of their furniture, straps, rings, staples, and even the tying of the knots that kept all together. Homer, who writes always to the eye, with all his sublimity and grandeur, has the minuteness of a Flemish painter.

But in what degree I have succeeded in my version either of these passages, and such as these, or of others more buoyant and above-ground, and especially of the most sublime, is now submitted to the decision of the reader, to whom I am ready enough to confess that I have not at all consulted their approbation, who account nothing grand that is not turgid, or elegant that is not bedizened with metaphor.

I purposely decline all declamation on the merits of Homer, because a translator's praises of his author are liable to a suspicion of dotage, and because it were impossible to improve on those which this author has received already. He has been the wonder of all countries that his works have ever reached, even deified by the greatest names of antiquity, and in some places actually worshipped. And to say truth, were it possible that mere man could entitle himself by pre-eminence of any kind to divine honors, Homer's astonishing powers seem to have given him the best pretensions.

I cannot conclude without due acknowledgments to the best critic in Homer I have ever met with, the learned and ingenious Mr. Fuseli. Unknown as he was to me when I entered on this arduous undertaking (indeed to this moment I have never seen him) he yet voluntarily and generously offered himself as my revisor. To his classical taste and just discernment I have been indebted for the discovery of many blemishes in my own work, and of beauties, which would otherwise have escaped me, in the original. But his necessary avocations would not suffer him to accompany me farther than to the latter books of the Iliad, a circumstance which I fear my readers, as well as myself, will regret with too much reason.

I have obligations likewise to many friends, whose names, were it proper to mention them here, would do me great honor. They have encouraged me by their approbation, have assisted me with valuable books, and have eased me of almost the whole labor of transcribing.

And now I have only to regret that my pleasant work is ended. To the illustrious Greek I owe the smooth and easy flight of many thousand hours. He has been my companion at home and abroad, in the study, in the garden, and in the field; and no measure of success, let my labors succeed as they may, will ever compensate to me the loss of the innocent luxury that I have enjoyed, as a translator of Homer.

## **PREFACE**

PREPARED BY MR. COWPER,  
FOR A  
**SECOND EDITION.**

Soon after my publication of this work, I began to prepare it for a second edition, by an accurate revisal of the first. It seemed to me, that here and there, perhaps a slight alteration might satisfy the demands of some, whom I was desirous to please; and I comforted myself with the reflection, that if I still failed to conciliate all, I should yet have no cause to account myself in a singular degree unfortunate. To please an unqualified judge, an author must sacrifice too much; and the attempt to please an uncandid one were altogether hopeless. In one or other of these classes may be ranged all such objectors, as would deprive blank verse of one of its principal advantages, the variety of its pauses; together with all such as deny the good effect, on the whole, of a line, now and then, less harmonious than its fellows.

With respect to the pauses, it has been affirmed with an unaccountable rashness, that Homer himself has given me an example of verse without them. Had this been true, it would by no means have concluded against the use of them in an English version of Homer; because, in one language, and in one species of metre, that may be musical, which in another would be found disgusting. But the assertion is totally unfounded. The pauses in Homer's verse are so frequent and various, that to name another poet, if pauses are a fault, more faulty than he, were, perhaps, impossible. It may even be questioned, if a single passage of ten lines flowing with uninterrupted smoothness could be singled out from all the thousands that he has left us. He frequently pauses at the first word of the line, when it consists of three or more syllables; not seldom when of two; and sometimes even when of one only. In this practice he was followed, as was observed in my Preface to the first edition, by the Author of the *Paradise Lost*. An example inimitable indeed, but which no writer of English heroic verse without rhyme can neglect with impunity.

Similar to this is the objection which proscribes absolutely the occasional use of a line irregularly constructed. When Horace censured Lucilius for his lines *incompositæ pede currentes*, he did not mean to say, that he was xiv chargeable with such in some instances, or even in many, for then the censure would have been equally applicable to himself; but he designed by that expression to characterize all his writings. The censure therefore was just; Lucilius wrote at a time when the Roman verse had not yet received its polish, and instead of introducing artfully his rugged lines, and to serve a particular purpose, had probably seldom, and never but by accident, composed a smooth one. Such has been the versification of the earliest poets in every country. Children lisp, at first, and stammer; but, in time, their speech becomes fluent, and, if they are well taught, harmonious.

Homer himself is not invariably regular in the construction of his verse. Had he been so, Eustathius, an excellent critic and warm admirer of Homer, had never affirmed, that some of his lines want a head, some a tail, and others a middle. Some begin with a word that is neither dactyl nor spondee, some conclude with a dactyl, and in the intermediate part he sometimes deviates equally from the established custom. I confess that instances of this sort are rare; but they are surely, though few, sufficient to warrant a sparing use of similar license in the present day.

Unwilling, however, to seem obstinate in both these particulars, I conformed myself in some measure to these objections, though unconvinced myself of their propriety. Several of the rudest and most unshapely lines I composed anew; and several of the pauses least in use I displaced for the sake of an easier enunciation.—And this was the state of the work after the revisal given it about seven years since.

Between that revisal and the present a considerable time intervened, and the effect of long discontinuance was, that I became more dissatisfied with it myself, than the most difficult to be pleased of all my judges. Not for the sake of a few uneven lines or unwonted pauses, but for reasons far more substantial. The diction seemed to me in many passages either not sufficiently elevated, or deficient in the grace of ease, and in others I found the sense of the original either not adequately expressed or misapprehended. Many elisions still remained unsoftened; the compound epithets I found not always happily combined, and the same sometimes too frequently repeated.

There is no end of passages in Homer, which must creep unless they are lifted; yet in such, all embellishment is out of the question. The hero puts on his clothes, or refreshes himself with food and wine, or he yokes his steed, takes a journey, and in the evening preparation is made for his repose. To give relief to subjects prosaic as these without seeming unreasonably tumid is extremely difficult. Mr. Pope much abridges some of them, and others he omits; but neither of these liberties was compatible with the nature of my undertaking. These, therefore, and many similar to these, have been new-modeled; somewhat to their advantage I hope, but not even now entirely to my satisfaction. The lines have a more natural movement, the pauses are fewer and less stately, the expression as easy as I could make it without meanness, and these were all the improvements that I could give them.

The elisions, I believe, are all cured, with only one exception. An alternative proposes itself to a modern versifier, from which there is no escape, xv which occurs perpetually, and which, choose as he may, presents him always with an evil. I mean in the instance of the particle (*the*). When this particle precedes a vowel, shall he melt it into the substantive, or leave the *hiatus* open? Both practices are offensive to a delicate ear. The particle absorbed occasions harshness, and the open vowel a vacuity equally inconvenient. Sometimes, therefore, to leave it open, and sometimes to ingraft it into its adjunct seems most advisable; this course Mr. Pope has

taken, whose authority recommended it to me; though of the two evils I have most frequently chosen the elision as the least.

Compound epithets have obtained so long in the poetical language of our country, that I employed them without fear or scruple. To have abstained from them in a blank verse translation of Homer, who abounds with them, and from whom our poets probably first adopted them, would have been strange indeed. But though the genius of our language favors the formation of such words almost as much as that of the Greek, it happens sometimes, that a Grecian compound either cannot be rendered in English at all, or, at best, but awkwardly. For this reason, and because I found that some readers much disliked them, I have expunged many; retaining, according to my best judgment, the most eligible only, and making less frequent the repetitions even of these.

I know not that I can add any thing material on the subject of this last revisal, unless it be proper to give the reason why the *Iliad*, though greatly altered, has undergone much fewer alterations than the *Odyssey*. The true reason I believe is this. The *Iliad* demanded my utmost possible exertions; it seemed to meet me like an ascent almost perpendicular, which could not be surmounted at less cost than of all the labor that I could bestow on it. The *Odyssey* on the contrary seemed to resemble an open and level country, through which I might travel at my ease. The latter, therefore, betrayed me into some negligence, which, though little conscious of it at the time, on an accurate search, I found had left many disagreeable effects behind it.

I now leave the work to its fate. Another may labor hereafter in an attempt of the same kind with more success; but more industriously, I believe, none ever will.



## **Book I**

### **ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.**

The book opens with an account of a pestilence that prevailed in the Grecian camp, and the cause of it is assigned. A council is called, in which fierce altercation takes place between Agamemnon and Achilles. The latter solemnly renounces the field. Agamemnon, by his heralds, demands Brisëis, and Achilles resigns her. He makes his complaint to Thetis, who undertakes to plead his cause with Jupiter. She pleads it, and prevails. The book concludes with an account of what passed in Heaven on that occasion.

### **BOOK I.**

Achilles sing, O Goddess! Peleus' son;  
His wrath pernicious, who ten thousand woes  
Caused to Achaia's host, sent many a soul  
Illustrious into Ades premature,  
And Heroes gave (so stood the will of Jove)  
To dogs and to all ravening fowls a prey,  
When fierce dispute had separated once  
The noble Chief Achilles from the son  
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, King of men.

Who them to strife impell'd? What power divine?  
Latona's son and Jove's. For he, incensed  
Against the King, a foul contagion raised  
In all the host, and multitudes destroy'd,  
For that the son of Atreus had his priest  
Dishonored, Chryses. To the fleet he came  
Bearing rich ransom glorious to redeem  
His daughter, and his hands charged with the wreath  
And golden sceptre of the God shaft-arm'd.

His supplication was at large to all  
The host of Greece, but most of all to two,

The sons of Atreus, highest in command.

Ye gallant Chiefs, and ye their gallant host,  
(So may the Gods who in Olympus dwell  
Give Priam's treasures to you for a spoil  
And ye return in safety,) take my gifts  
And loose my child, in honor of the son  
Of Jove, Apollo, archer of the skies.

At once the voice of all was to respect  
The priest, and to accept the bounteous price;  
But so it pleased not Atreus' mighty son,  
Who with rude threatenings stern him thence dismiss'd.

Beware, old man! that at these hollow barks  
I find thee not now lingering, or henceforth  
Returning, lest the garland of thy God  
And his bright sceptre should avail thee nought.  
I will not loose thy daughter, till old age  
Steal on her. From her native country far,  
In Argos, in my palace, she shall ply  
The loom, and shall be partner of my bed.  
Move me no more. Begone; hence while thou may'st.

He spake, the old priest trembled and obey'd.  
Forlorn he roamed the ocean's sounding shore,  
And, solitary, with much prayer his King  
Bright-hair'd Latona's son, Phœbus, implored.  
God of the silver bow, who with thy power  
Encirclest Chrysa, and who reign'st supreme  
In Tenedos and Cilla the divine,  
Sminthian Apollo! If I e'er adorned  
Thy beauteous fane, or on the altar burn'd  
The fat acceptable of bulls or goats,  
Grant my petition. With thy shafts avenge  
On the Achaian host thy servant's tears.

Such prayer he made, and it was heard. The God,  
Down from Olympus with his radiant bow  
And his full quiver o'er his shoulder slung,  
Marched in his anger; shaken as he moved  
His rattling arrows told of his approach.  
Gloomy he came as night; sat from the ships  
Apart, and sent an arrow. Clang'd the cord  
Dread-sounding, bounding on the silver bow.  
Mules first and dogs he struck, but at themselves  
Dispatching soon his bitter arrows keen,  
Smote them. Death-piles on all sides always blazed.  
Nine days throughout the camp his arrows flew;  
The tenth, Achilles from all parts convened  
The host in council. Juno the white-armed  
Moved at the sight of Grecians all around  
Dying, imparted to his mind the thought.  
The full assembly, therefore, now convened,  
Uprose Achilles ardent, and began.

Atrides! Now, it seems, no course remains  
For us, but that the seas roaming again,  
We hence return; at least if we survive;  
But haste, consult we quick some prophet here  
Or priest, or even interpreter of dreams,  
(For dreams are also of Jove,) that we may learn  
By what crime we have thus incensed Apollo,  
What broken vow, what hecatomb unpaid  
He charges on us, and if soothed with steam  
Of lambs or goats unblemish'd, he may yet  
Be won to spare us, and avert the plague.

He spake and sat, when Thestor's son arose  
Calchas, an augur foremost in his art,  
Who all things, present, past, and future knew,  
And whom his skill in prophecy, a gift  
Conferred by Phœbus on him, had advanced

To be conductor of the fleet to Troy;  
He, prudent, them admonishing, replied.

Jove-loved Achilles! Wouldst thou learn from me  
What cause hath moved Apollo to this wrath,  
The shaft-arm'd King? I shall divulge the cause.  
But thou, swear first and covenant on thy part  
That speaking, acting, thou wilt stand prepared  
To give me succor; for I judge amiss,  
Or he who rules the Argives, the supreme  
O'er all Achaia's host, will be incensed.  
Wo to the man who shall provoke the King  
For if, to-day, he smother close his wrath,  
He harbors still the vengeance, and in time  
Performs it. Answer, therefore, wilt thou save me?

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.  
What thou hast learn'd in secret from the God  
That speak, and boldly. By the son of Jove,  
Apollo, whom thou, Calchas, seek'st in prayer  
Made for the Danaï, and who thy soul  
Fills with futurity, in all the host  
The Grecian lives not, who while I shall breathe,  
And see the light of day, shall in this camp  
Oppress thee; no, not even if thou name  
Him, Agamemnon, sovereign o'er us all.

Then was the seer embolden'd, and he spake.  
Nor vow nor hecatomb unpaid on us  
He charges, but the wrong done to his priest  
Whom Agamemnon slighted when he sought  
His daughter's freedom, and his gifts refused.  
He is the cause. Apollo for his sake  
Afflicts and will afflict us, neither end  
Nor intermission of his heavy scourge  
Granting, 'till unredeem'd, no price required,  
The black-eyed maid be to her father sent,

And a whole hecatomb in Chrysa bleed.  
Then, not before, the God may be appeased.

He spake and sat; when Atreus' son arose,  
The Hero Agamemnon, throned supreme.  
Tempests of black resentment overcharged<sup>125</sup>  
His heart, and indignation fired his eyes.  
On Calchas lowering, him he first address'd.

Prophet of mischief! from whose tongue no note  
Of grateful sound to me, was ever heard;  
Ill tidings are thy joy, and tidings glad  
Thou tell'st not, or thy words come not to pass.  
And now among the Danaï thy dreams  
Divulging, thou pretend'st the Archer-God  
For his priest's sake, our enemy, because  
I scorn'd his offer'd ransom of the maid  
Chryseïs, more desirous far to bear  
Her to my home, for that she charms me more  
Than Clytemnestra, my own first espoused,  
With whom, in disposition, feature, form,  
Accomplishments, she may be well compared.  
Yet, being such, I will return her hence  
If that she go be best. Perish myself—  
But let the people of my charge be saved  
Prepare ye, therefore, a reward for me,  
And seek it instant. It were much unmeet  
That I alone of all the Argive host  
Should want due recompense, whose former prize  
Is elsewhere destined, as ye all perceive.

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.  
Atreides, glorious above all in rank,  
And as intent on gain as thou art great,  
Whence shall the Grecians give a prize to thee?  
The general stock is poor; the spoil of towns  
Which we have taken, hath already passed

In distribution, and it were unjust  
To gather it from all the Greeks again.  
But send thou back this Virgin to her God,  
And when Jove's favor shall have given us Troy,  
A threefold, fourfold share shall then be thine.

To whom the Sovereign of the host replied.  
Godlike Achilles, valiant as thou art,  
Wouldst thou be subtle too? But me no fraud  
Shall overreach, or art persuade, of thine.  
Wouldst thou, that thou be recompensed, and I  
Sit meekly down, defrauded of my due?  
And didst thou bid me yield her? Let the bold  
Achaïans give me competent amends,  
Such as may please me, and it shall be well.  
Else, if they give me none, I will command  
Thy prize, the prize of Ajax, or the prize  
It may be of Ulysses to my tent,  
And let the loser chafe. But this concern  
Shall be adjusted at convenient time.  
Come—launch we now into the sacred deep  
A bark with lusty rowers well supplied;  
Then put on board Chrysëis, and with her  
The sacrifice required. Go also one  
High in authority, some counsellor,  
Idomeneus, or Ajax, or thyself,  
Thou most untractable of all mankind;  
And seek by rites of sacrifice and prayer  
To appease Apollo on our host's behalf.

Achilles eyed him with a frown, and spake.  
Ah! clothed with impudence as with a cloak,  
And full of subtlety, who, thinkest thou—  
What Grecian here will serve thee, or for thee  
Wage covert war, or open? Me thou know'st,  
Troy never wronged; I came not to avenge  
Harm done to me; no Trojan ever drove

My pastures, steeds or oxen took of mine,  
Or plunder'd of their fruits the golden fields  
Of Phthia the deep-soil'd. She lies remote,  
And obstacles are numerous interposed,  
Vale-darkening mountains, and the dashing sea.  
No, Shameless Wolf! For thy good pleasure's sake  
We came, and, Face of flint! to avenge the wrongs  
By Menelaus and thyself sustain'd,  
On the offending Trojan—service kind,  
But lost on thee, regardless of it all.  
And now—What now? Thy threatening is to seize  
Thyself, the just requital of my toils,  
My prize hard-earn'd, by common suffrage mine.  
I never gain, what Trojan town soe'er  
We ransack, half thy booty. The swift march  
And furious onset—these I largely reap,  
But, distribution made, thy lot exceeds  
Mine far; while I, with any pittance pleased,  
Bear to my ships the little that I win  
After long battle, and account it much.  
But I am gone, I and my sable barks  
(My wiser course) to Phthia, and I judge,  
Scorn'd as I am, that thou shalt hardly glean  
Without me, more than thou shalt soon consume.

He ceased, and Agamemnon thus replied  
Fly, and fly now; if in thy soul thou feel  
Such ardor of desire to go—begone!  
I woo thee not to stay; stay not an hour  
On my behalf, for I have others here  
Who will respect me more, and above all  
All-judging Jove. There is not in the host  
King or commander whom I hate as thee,  
For all thy pleasure is in strife and blood,  
And at all times; yet valor is no ground  
Whereon to boast, it is the gift of Heaven  
Go, get ye back to Phthia, thou and thine!

There rule thy Myrmidons. I need not thee,  
Nor heed thy wrath a jot. But this I say,  
Sure as Apollo takes my lovely prize  
Chryseïs, and I shall return her home  
In mine own bark, and with my proper crew,  
So sure the fair Briseïs shall be mine.  
I shall demand her even at thy tent.  
So shalt thou well be taught, how high in power  
I soar above thy pitch, and none shall dare  
Attempt, thenceforth, comparison with me.

He ended, and the big, disdainful heart  
Throbb'd of Achilles; racking doubt ensued  
And sore perplex'd him, whether forcing wide  
A passage through them, with his blade unsheathed  
To lay Atrides breathless at his foot,  
Or to command his stormy spirit down.  
So doubted he, and undecided yet  
Stood drawing forth his falchion huge; when lo!  
Down sent by Juno, to whom both alike  
Were dear, and who alike watched over both,  
Pallas descended. At his back she stood  
To none apparent, save himself alone,  
And seized his golden locks. Startled, he turned,  
And instant knew Minerva. Flashed her eyes  
Terrific; whom with accents on the wing  
Of haste, incontinent he questioned thus.

Daughter of Jove, why comest thou? that thyself  
May'st witness these affronts which I endure  
From Agamemnon? Surely as I speak,  
This moment, for his arrogance, he dies.

To whom the blue-eyed Deity. From heaven  
Mine errand is, to sooth, if thou wilt hear,  
Thine anger. Juno the white-arm'd alike  
To him and thee propitious, bade me down:



Restrain thy wrath. Draw not thy falchion forth.  
Retort, and sharply, and let that suffice.  
For I foretell thee true. Thou shalt receive,  
Some future day, thrice told, thy present loss  
For this day's wrong. Cease, therefore, and be still.

To whom Achilles. Goddess, although much  
Exasperate, I dare not disregard  
Thy word, which to obey is always best.  
Who hears the Gods, the Gods hear also him.  
He said; and on his silver hilt the force  
Of his broad hand impressing, sent the blade  
Home to its rest, nor would the counsel scorn  
Of Pallas. She to heaven well-pleased return'd,  
And in the mansion of Jove Ægis-armed  
Arriving, mingled with her kindred Gods.  
But though from violence, yet not from words  
Abstained Achilles, but with bitter taunt  
Opprobrious, his antagonist reproached.

Oh charged with wine, in steadfastness of face  
Dog unabashed, and yet at heart a deer!  
Thou never, when the troops have taken arms,  
Hast dared to take thine also; never thou  
Associate with Achaia's Chiefs, to form  
The secret ambush. No. The sound of war  
Is as the voice of destiny to thee.  
Doubtless the course is safer far, to range  
Our numerous host, and if a man have dared  
Dispute thy will, to rob him of his prize.  
King! over whom? Women and spiritless—  
Whom therefore thou devourest; else themselves  
Would stop that mouth that it should scoff no more.  
But hearken. I shall swear a solemn oath.  
By this same sceptre, which shall never bud,  
Nor boughs bring forth as once, which having left  
Its stock on the high mountains, at what time

The woodman's axe lopped off its foliage green,  
And stript its bark, shall never grow again;  
Which now the judges of Achaia bear,  
Who under Jove, stand guardians of the laws,  
By this I swear (mark thou the sacred oath)  
Time shall be, when Achilles shall be missed;  
When all shall want him, and thyself the power  
To help the Achaians, whatsoe'er thy will;  
When Hector at your heels shall mow you down:  
The Hero-slaughtering Hector! Then thy soul,  
Vexation-stung, shall tear thee with remorse,  
That thou hast scorn'd, as he were nothing worth,  
A Chief, the soul and bulwark of your cause.

So saying, he cast his sceptre on the ground  
Studded with gold, and sat. On the other side  
The son of Atreus all impassion'd stood,  
When the harmonious orator arose  
Nestor, the Pylia oracle, whose lips  
Dropped eloquence—the honey not so sweet.  
Two generations past of mortals born  
In Pylus, coëtaneous with himself,  
He govern'd now the third—amid them all  
He stood, and thus, benevolent, began.

Ah! what calamity hath fall'n on Greece!  
Now Priam and his sons may well exult,  
Now all in Ilium shall have joy of heart  
Abundant, hearing of this broil, the prime  
Of Greece between, in council and in arms.  
But be persuaded; ye are younger both  
Than I, and I was conversant of old  
With Princes your superiors, yet from them  
No disrespect at any time received.  
Their equals saw I never; never shall;  
Exadius, Cœneus, and the Godlike son  
Of Ægeus, mighty Theseus; men renown'd

For force superior to the race of man,  
Brave Chiefs they were, and with brave foes they fought,  
With the rude dwellers on the mountain-heights  
The Centaurs, whom with havoc such as fame  
Shall never cease to celebrate, they slew.  
With these men I consorted erst, what time  
From Pylus, though a land from theirs remote,  
They called me forth, and such as was my strength,  
With all that strength I served them. Who is he?  
What Prince or Chief of the degenerate race  
Now seen on earth who might with these compare?  
Yet even these would listen and conform  
To my advice in consultation given,  
Which hear ye also; for compliance proves  
Oft times the safer and the manlier course.  
Thou, Agamemnon! valiant as thou art,  
Seize not the maid, his portion from the Greeks,  
But leave her his; nor thou, Achilles, strive  
With our imperial Chief; for never King  
Had equal honor at the hands of Jove  
With Agamemnon, or was throned so high.  
Say thou art stronger, and art Goddess-born,  
How then? His territory passes thine,  
And he is Lord of thousands more than thou.  
Cease, therefore, Agamemnon; calm thy wrath;  
And it shall be mine office to entreat  
Achilles also to a calm, whose might  
The chief munition is of all our host.

To whom the sovereign of the Greeks replied,  
The son of Atreus. Thou hast spoken well,  
Old Chief, and wisely. But this wrangler here—  
Nought will suffice him but the highest place:  
He must control us all, reign over all,  
Dictate to all; but he shall find at least  
One here, disposed to question his commands.

If the eternal Gods have made him brave,  
Derives he thence a privilege to rail?

Whom thus Achilles interrupted fierce.  
Could I be found so abject as to take  
The measure of my doings at thy lips,  
Well might they call me coward through the camp,  
A vassal, and a fellow of no worth.  
Give law to others. Think not to control  
Me, subject to thy proud commands no more.  
Hear yet again! And weigh what thou shalt hear.  
I will not strive with thee in such a cause,  
Nor yet with any man; I scorn to fight  
For her, whom having given, ye take away.  
But I have other precious things on board;  
Of those take none away without my leave.  
Or if it please thee, put me to the proof  
Before this whole assembly, and my spear  
Shall stream that moment, purpled with thy blood.

Thus they long time in opposition fierce  
Maintained the war of words; and now, at length,  
(The grand consult dissolved,) Achilles walked  
(Patroclus and the Myrmidons his steps  
Attending) to his camp and to his fleet.  
But Agamemnon order'd forth a bark,  
A swift one, manned with twice ten lusty rowers;  
He sent on board the Hecatomb: he placed  
Chrysëis with the blooming cheeks, himself,  
And to Ulysses gave the freight in charge.  
So all embarked, and plow'd their watery way.  
Atrides, next, bade purify the host;  
The host was purified, as he enjoin'd,  
And the ablution cast into the sea.

Then to Apollo, on the shore they slew,  
Of the untillable and barren deep,

Whole Hecatombs of bulls and goats, whose steam  
Slowly in smoky volumes climbed the skies.

Thus was the camp employed; nor ceased the while  
The son of Atreus from his threats denounced  
At first against Achilles, but command  
Gave to Talthybius and Eurybates  
His heralds, ever faithful to his will.

Haste—Seek ye both the tent of Peleus' son  
Achilles. Thence lead hither by the hand  
Blooming Brisëis, whom if he withhold,  
Not her alone, but other spoil myself  
Will take in person—He shall rue the hour.

With such harsh message charged he them dismissed  
They, sad and slow, beside the barren waste  
Of Ocean, to the galleys and the tents  
Moved of the Myrmidons. Him there they found  
Beneath the shadow of his bark reclined,  
Nor glad at their approach. Trembling they stood,  
In presence of the royal Chief, awe-struck,  
Nor questioned him or spake. He not the less  
Knew well their embassy, and thus began.

Ye heralds, messengers of Gods and men,  
Hail, and draw near! I bid you welcome both.  
I blame not you; the fault is his alone  
Who sends you to conduct the damsel hence  
Brisëis. Go, Patroclus, generous friend!  
Lead forth, and to their guidance give the maid.  
But be themselves my witnesses before  
The blessed Gods, before mankind, before  
The ruthless king, should want of me be felt  
To save the host from havoc—Oh, his thoughts  
Are madness all; intelligence or skill,

Forecast or retrospect, how best the camp  
May be secured from inroad, none hath he.

He ended, nor Patroclus disobey'd,  
But leading beautiful Brisëis forth  
Into their guidance gave her; loth she went  
From whom she loved, and looking oft behind.  
Then wept Achilles, and apart from all,  
With eyes directed to the gloomy Deep  
And arms outstretch'd, his mother suppliant sought.

Since, mother, though ordain'd so soon to die,  
I am thy son, I might with cause expect  
Some honor at the Thunderer's hands, but none  
To me he shows, whom Agamemnon, Chief  
Of the Achaïans, hath himself disgraced,  
Seizing by violence my just reward.

So prayed he weeping, whom his mother heard  
Within the gulfs of Ocean where she sat  
Beside her ancient sire. From the gray flood  
Ascending sudden, like a mist she came,  
Sat down before him, stroked his face, and said.

Why weeps my son? and what is thy distress?  
Hide not a sorrow that I wish to share.

To whom Achilles, sighing deep, replied.  
Why tell thee woes to thee already known?  
At Thebes, Eëtion's city we arrived,  
Smote, sack'd it, and brought all the spoil away.  
Just distribution made among the Greeks,  
The son of Atreus for his lot received  
Blooming Chrysëis. Her, Apollo's priest  
Old Chryses followed to Achaia's camp,  
That he might loose his daughter. Ransom rich  
He brought, and in his hands the hallow'd wreath

And golden sceptre of the Archer God  
Apollo, bore; to the whole Grecian host,  
But chiefly to the foremost in command  
He sued, the sons of Atreus; then, the rest  
All recommended reverence of the Seer,  
And prompt acceptance of his costly gifts.  
But Agamemnon might not so be pleased,  
Who gave him rude dismissal; he in wrath  
Returning, prayed, whose prayer Apollo heard,  
For much he loved him. A pestiferous shaft  
He instant shot into the Grecian host,  
And heap'd the people died. His arrows swept  
The whole wide camp of Greece, 'till at the last  
A Seer, by Phœbus taught, explain'd the cause.  
I first advised propitiation. Rage  
Fired Agamemnon. Rising, he denounced  
Vengeance, and hath fulfilled it. She, in truth,  
Is gone to Chrysa, and with her we send  
Propitiation also to the King  
Shaft-arm'd Apollo. But my beauteous prize  
Brisëis, mine by the award of all,  
His heralds, at this moment, lead away.  
But thou, wherein thou canst, aid thy own son!  
Haste hence to Heaven, and if thy word or deed  
Hath ever gratified the heart of Jove,  
With earnest suit press him on my behalf.  
For I, not seldom, in my father's hall  
Have heard thee boasting, how when once the Gods,  
With Juno, Neptune, Pallas at their head,  
Conspired to bind the Thunderer, thou didst loose  
His bands, O Goddess! calling to his aid  
The Hundred-handed warrior, by the Gods  
Briareus, but by men, Ægeon named.  
For he in prowess and in might surpassed  
His father Neptune, who, enthroned sublime,  
Sits second only to Saturnian Jove,  
Elate with glory and joy. Him all the Gods

Fearing from that bold enterprise abstained.  
Now, therefore, of these things reminding Jove,  
Embrace his knees; entreat him that he give  
The host of Troy his succor, and shut fast  
The routed Grecians, prisoners in the fleet,  
That all may find much solace in their King,  
And that the mighty sovereign o'er them all,  
Their Agamemnon, may himself be taught  
His rashness, who hath thus dishonor'd foul  
The life itself, and bulwark of his cause.

To him, with streaming eyes, Thetis replied.  
Born as thou wast to sorrow, ah, my son!  
Why have I rear'd thee! Would that without tears,  
Or cause for tears (transient as is thy life,  
A little span) thy days might pass at Troy!  
But short and sorrowful the fates ordain  
Thy life, peculiar trouble must be thine,  
Whom, therefore, oh that I had never borne!  
But seeking the Olympian hill snow-crown'd,  
I will myself plead for thee in the ear  
Of Jove, the Thunderer. Meantime at thy fleet  
Abiding, let thy wrath against the Greeks  
Still burn, and altogether cease from war.  
For to the banks of the Oceanus,  
Where Æthiopia holds a feast to Jove,  
He journey'd yesterday, with whom the Gods  
Went also, and the twelfth day brings them home.  
Then will I to his brazen-floor'd abode,  
That I may clasp his knees, and much misdeem  
Of my endeavor, or my prayer shall speed.

So saying, she went; but him she left enraged  
For fair Brisëis' sake, forced from his arms  
By stress of power. Meantime Ulysses came  
To Chrysa with the Hecatomb in charge.  
Arrived within the haven deep, their sails



Furling, they stowed them in the bark below.  
Then by its tackle lowering swift the mast  
Into its crutch, they briskly push'd to land,  
Heaved anchors out, and moor'd the vessel fast.  
Forth came the mariners, and trod the beach;  
Forth came the victims of Apollo next,  
And, last, Chrysëis. Her Ulysses led  
Toward the altar, gave her to the arms  
Of her own father, and him thus address'd.

O Chryses! Agamemnon, King of men,  
Hath sent thy daughter home, with whom we bring  
A Hecatomb on all our host's behalf  
To Phœbus, hoping to appease the God  
By whose dread shafts the Argives now expire.

So saying, he gave her to him, who with joy  
Received his daughter. Then, before the shrine  
Magnificent in order due they ranged  
The noble Hecatomb. Each laved his hands  
And took the salted meal, and Chryses made  
His fervent prayer with hands upraised on high.

God of the silver bow, who with thy power  
Encirclest Chrysa, and who reign'st supreme  
In Tenedos, and Cilla the divine!  
Thou prov'dst propitious to my first request,  
Hast honor'd me, and punish'd sore the Greeks;  
Hear yet thy servant's prayer; take from their host  
At once the loathsome pestilence away!

So Chryses prayed, whom Phœbus heard well-pleased;  
Then prayed the Grecians also, and with meal  
Sprinkling the victims, their retracted necks  
First pierced, then flay'd them; the disjointed thighs  
They, next, invested with the double caul,  
Which with crude slices thin they overspread.

The priest burned incense, and libation poured  
Large on the hissing brands, while, him beside,  
Busy with spit and prong, stood many a youth  
Trained to the task. The thighs with fire consumed,  
They gave to each his portion of the maw,  
Then slashed the remnant, pierced it with the spits,  
And managing with culinary skill  
The roast, withdrew it from the spits again.  
Their whole task thus accomplish'd, and the board  
Set forth, they feasted, and were all sufficed.  
When neither hunger more nor thirst remained  
Unsatisfied, boys crown'd the beakers high  
With wine delicious, and from right to left  
Distributing the cups, served every guest.  
Thenceforth the youths of the Achaian race  
To song propitiatory gave the day,  
Pæans to Phœbus, Archer of the skies,  
Chaunting melodious. Pleased, Apollo heard.  
But, when, the sun descending, darkness fell,  
They on the beach beside their hawsers slept;  
And, when the day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd  
Aurora look'd abroad, then back they steer'd  
To the vast camp. Fair wind, and blowing fresh,  
Apollo sent them; quick they rear'd the mast,  
Then spread the unsullied canvas to the gale,  
And the wind filled it. Roared the sable flood  
Around the bark, that ever as she went  
Dash'd wide the brine, and scudded swift away.  
Thus reaching soon the spacious camp of Greece,  
Their galley they updrew sheer o'er the sands  
From the rude surge remote, then propp'd her sides  
With scantlings long, and sought their several tents.

But Peleus' noble son, the speed-renown'd  
Achilles, he, his well-built bark beside,  
Consumed his hours, nor would in council more,  
Where wise men win distinction, or in fight

Appear, to sorrow and heart-withering wo  
Abandon'd; though for battle, ardent, still  
He panted, and the shout-resounding field.  
But when the twelfth fair morrow streak'd the East,  
Then all the everlasting Gods to Heaven  
Resorted, with the Thunderer at their head,  
And Thetis, not unmindful of her son,  
From the salt flood emerged, seeking betimes  
Olympus and the boundless fields of heaven.  
High, on the topmost eminence sublime  
Of the deep-fork'd Olympian she perceived  
The Thunderer seated, from the Gods apart.  
She sat before him, clasp'd with her left hand  
His knees, her right beneath his chin she placed,  
And thus the King, Saturnian Jove, implored.

Father of all, by all that I have done  
Or said that ever pleased thee, grant my suit.  
Exalt my son, by destiny short-lived  
Beyond the lot of others. Him with shame  
The King of men hath overwhelm'd, by force  
Usurping his just meed; thou, therefore, Jove,  
Supreme in wisdom, honor him, and give  
Success to Troy, till all Achaia's sons  
Shall yield him honor more than he hath lost!

She spake, to whom the Thunderer nought replied,  
But silent sat long time. She, as her hand  
Had grown there, still importunate, his knees  
Clasp'd as at first, and thus her suit renew'd.

Or grant my prayer, and ratify the grant,  
Or send me hence (for thou hast none to fear)  
Plainly refused; that I may know and feel  
By how much I am least of all in heaven.

To whom the cloud-assembler at the last  
Spake, deep-distress'd. Hard task and full of strife  
Thou hast enjoined me; Juno will not spare  
For gibe and taunt injurious, whose complaint  
Sounds daily in the ears of all the Gods,  
That I assist the Trojans; but depart,  
Lest she observe thee; my concern shall be  
How best I may perform thy full desire.  
And to assure thee more, I give the sign  
Indubitable, which all fear expels  
At once from heavenly minds. Nought, so confirmed,  
May, after, be reversed or render'd vain.

He ceased, and under his dark brows the nod  
Vouchsafed of confirmation. All around  
The Sovereign's everlasting head his curls  
Ambrosial shook, and the huge mountain reeled.

Their conference closed, they parted. She, at once,  
From bright Olympus plunged into the flood  
Profound, and Jove to his own courts withdrew.  
Together all the Gods, at his approach,  
Uprose; none sat expectant till he came,  
But all advanced to meet the Eternal Sire.  
So on his throne he sat. Nor Juno him  
Not understood; she, watchful, had observed,  
In consultation close with Jove engaged  
Thetis, bright-footed daughter of the deep,  
And keen the son of Saturn thus reproved.

Shrewd as thou art, who now hath had thine ear?  
Thy joy is ever such, from me apart  
To plan and plot clandestine, and thy thoughts,  
Think what thou may'st, are always barred to me.

To whom the father, thus, of heaven and earth.  
Expect not, Juno, that thou shalt partake

My counsels at all times, which oft in height  
And depth, thy comprehension far exceed,  
Jove's consort as thou art. When aught occurs  
Meet for thine ear, to none will I impart  
Of Gods or men more free than to thyself.  
But for my secret thoughts, which I withhold  
From all in heaven beside, them search not thou  
With irksome curiosity and vain.

Him answer'd then the Goddess ample-eyed.  
What word hath passed thy lips, Saturnian Jove,  
Thou most severe! I never search thy thoughts,  
Nor the serenity of thy profound  
Intentions trouble; they are safe from me:  
But now there seems a cause. Deeply I dread  
Lest Thetis, silver-footed daughter fair  
Of Ocean's hoary Sovereign, here arrived  
At early dawn to practise on thee, Jove!  
I noticed her a suitress at thy knees,  
And much misdeem or promise-bound thou stand'st  
To Thetis past recall, to exalt her son,  
And Greeks to slaughter thousands at the ships.

To whom the cloud-assembler God, incensed.  
Ah subtle! ever teeming with surmise,  
And fathomer of my concealed designs,  
Thy toil is vain, or (which is worse for thee,)  
Shall but estrange thee from mine heart the more.  
And be it as thou sayest,—I am well pleased  
That so it should be. Be advised, desist,  
Hold thou thy peace. Else, if my glorious hands  
Once reach thee, the Olympian Powers combined  
To rescue thee, shall interfere in vain.

He said,—whom Juno, awful Goddess, heard  
Appall'd, and mute submitted to his will.  
But through the courts of Jove the heavenly Powers

All felt displeasure; when to them arose  
Vulcan, illustrious artist, who with speech  
Conciliatory interposed to sooth  
His white-armed mother Juno, Goddess dread.

Hard doom is ours, and not to be endured,  
If feast and merriment must pause in heaven  
While ye such clamor raise tumultuous here  
For man's unworthy sake: yet thus we speed  
Ever, when evil overpoises good.  
But I exhort my mother, though herself  
Already warn'd, that meekly she submit  
To Jove our father, lest our father chide  
More roughly, and confusion mar the feast.  
For the Olympian Thunderer could with ease  
Us from our thrones precipitate, so far  
He reigns to all superior. Seek to assuage  
His anger therefore; so shall he with smiles  
Cheer thee, nor thee alone, but all in heaven.

So Vulcan, and, upstarting, placed a cup  
Full-charged between his mother's hands, and said,

My mother, be advised, and, though aggrieved,  
Yet patient; lest I see thee whom I love  
So dear, with stripes chastised before my face,  
Willing, but impotent to give thee aid.  
Who can resist the Thunderer? Me, when once  
I flew to save thee, by the foot he seized  
And hurl'd me through the portal of the skies.  
"From morn to eve I fell, a summer's day,"  
And dropped, at last, in Lemnos. There half-dead  
The Sintians found me, and with succor prompt  
And hospitable, entertained me fallen.

So He; then Juno smiled, Goddess white-arm'd,  
And smiling still, from his unwonted hand

Received the goblet. He from right to left  
Rich nectar from the beaker drawn, alert  
Distributed to all the powers divine.  
Heaven rang with laughter inextinguishable  
Peal after peal, such pleasure all conceived  
At sight of Vulcan in his new employ.

So spent they in festivity the day,  
And all were cheered; nor was Apollo's harp  
Silent, nor did the Muses spare to add  
Responsive melody of vocal sweets.  
But when the sun's bright orb had now declined,  
Each to his mansion, wheresoever built  
By the lame matchless Architect, withdrew.  
Jove also, kindler of the fires of heaven,  
His couch ascending as at other times  
When gentle sleep approach'd him, slept serene,  
With golden-sceptred Juno at his side.

## Book II

### ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

Jupiter, in pursuance of his purpose to distress the Grecians in answer to the prayer of Thetis, deceives Agamemnon by a dream. He, in consequence of it, calls a council, the result of which is that the army shall go forth to battle. Thersites is mutinous, and is chastised by Ulysses. Ulysses, Nestor, and Agamemnon, harangue the people; and preparation is made for battle. An exact account follows of the forces on both sides.

All night both Gods and Chiefs equestrian slept,  
But not the Sire of all. He, waking soon,  
Mused how to exalt Achilles, and destroy  
No few in battle at the Grecian fleet.  
This counsel, at the last, as best he chose  
And likeliest; to dispatch an evil Dream  
To Agamemnon's tent, and to his side  
The phantom summoning, him thus addressed.

Haste, evil Dream! Fly to the Grecian fleet,  
And, entering royal Agamemnon's tent,  
His ear possess thou thus, omitting nought  
Of all that I enjoin thee. Bid him arm  
His universal host, for that the time  
When the Achaians shall at length possess  
Wide Ilium, hath arrived. The Gods above  
No longer dwell at variance. The request  
Of Juno hath prevail'd; now, wo to Troy!  
So charged, the Dream departed. At the ships  
Well-built arriving of Achaia's host,  
He Agamemnon, son of Atreus, sought.  
Him sleeping in his tent he found, immersed  
In soft repose ambrosial. At his head  
The shadow stood, similitude exact



Of Nestor, son of Neleus; sage, with whom  
In Agamemnon's thought might none compare.  
His form assumed, the sacred Dream began.

Oh son of Atreus the renown'd in arms  
And in the race! Sleep'st thou? It ill behoves  
To sleep all night the man of high employ,  
And charged, as thou art, with a people's care.  
Now, therefore, mark me well, who, sent from Jove,  
Inform thee, that although so far remote,  
He yet compassionates and thinks on thee  
With kind solicitude. He bids thee arm  
Thy universal host, for that the time  
When the Achaeans shall at length possess  
Wide Ilium, hath arrived. The Gods above  
No longer dwell at variance. The requests  
Of Juno have prevail'd. Now, wo to Troy  
From Jove himself! Her fate is on the wing.  
Awaking from thy dewy slumbers, hold  
In firm remembrance all that thou hast heard.

So spake the Dream, and vanishing, him left  
In false hopes occupied and musings vain.  
Full sure he thought, ignorant of the plan  
By Jove design'd, that day the last of Troy.  
Fond thought! For toils and agonies to Greeks  
And Trojans both, in many a bloody field  
To be endured, the Thunderer yet ordain'd.  
Starting he woke, and seeming still to hear  
The warning voice divine, with hasty leap  
Sprang from his bed, and sat. His fleecy vest  
New-woven he put on, and mantle wide;  
His sandals fair to his unsullied feet  
He braced, and slung his argent-studded sword.  
Then, incorruptible for evermore  
The sceptre of his sires he took, with which  
He issued forth into the camp of Greece.

Aurora now on the Olympian heights  
Proclaiming stood new day to all in heaven,  
When he his clear-voiced heralds bade convene  
The Greeks in council. Went the summons forth  
Into all quarters, and the throng began.  
First, at the ship of Nestor, Pylian King,  
The senior Chiefs for high exploits renown'd  
He gather'd, whom he prudent thus address'd.  
My fellow warriors, hear! A dream from heaven,  
Amid the stillness of the vacant night  
Approach'd me, semblance close in stature, bulk,  
And air, of noble Nestor. At mine head  
The shadow took his stand, and thus he spake.

Oh son of Atreus the renown'd in arms  
And in the race, sleep'st thou? It ill behoves  
To sleep all night the man of high employ,  
And charged as thou art with a people's care.  
Now, therefore, mark me well, who, sent from Jove,  
Inform thee, that although so far remote,  
He yet compassionates and thinks on thee  
With kind solicitude. He bids thee arm  
Thy universal host; for that the time  
When the Achaians shall at length possess  
Wide Ilium, hath arrived. The Gods above  
No longer dwell at variance. The requests  
Of Juno have prevail'd. Now, wo to Troy  
From Jove himself! Her fate is on the wing.  
Charge this on thy remembrance. Thus he spake,  
Then vanished suddenly, and I awoke.  
Haste therefore, let us arm, if arm we may,  
The warlike sons of Greece; but first, myself  
Will prove them, recommending instant flight  
With all our ships, and ye throughout the host  
Dispersed, shall, next, encourage all to stay.

He ceased, and sat; when in the midst arose  
Of highest fame for wisdom, Nestor, King  
Of sandy Pylus, who them thus bespake.

Friends, Counsellors, and Leaders of the Greeks!  
Had any meaner Argive told his dream,  
We had pronounced it false, and should the more  
Have shrunk from battle; but the dream is his  
Who boasts himself our highest in command.  
Haste, arm we, if we may, the sons of Greece.

So saying, he left the council; him, at once  
The sceptred Chiefs, obedient to his voice,  
Arising, follow'd; and the throng began.  
As from the hollow rock bees stream abroad,  
And in succession endless seek the fields,  
Now clustering, and now scattered far and near,  
In spring-time, among all the new-blown flowers,  
So they to council swarm'd, troop after troop,  
Grecians of every tribe, from camp and fleet  
Assembling orderly o'er all the plain  
Beside the shore of Ocean. In the midst  
A kindling rumor, messenger of Jove,  
Impell'd them, and they went. Loud was the din  
Of the assembling thousands; groan'd the earth  
When down they sat, and murmurs ran around.  
Nine heralds cried aloud—Will ye restrain  
Your clamors, that your heaven-taught Kings may speak?  
Scarce were they settled, and the clang had ceased,  
When Agamemnon, sovereign o'er them all,  
Sceptre in hand, arose. (That sceptre erst  
Vulcan with labor forged, and to the hand  
Consign'd it of the King, Saturnian Jove;  
Jove to the vanquisher of Ino's guard,  
And he to Pelops; Pelops in his turn,  
To royal Atreus; Atreus at his death  
Bequeath'd it to Thyestes rich in flocks,

And rich Thyestes left it to be borne  
By Agamemnon, symbol of his right  
To empire over Argos and her isles)  
On that he lean'd, and rapid, thus began.

Friends, Grecian Heroes, ministers of Mars!  
Ye see me here entangled in the snares  
Of unpropitious Jove. He promised once,  
And with a nod confirm'd it, that with spoils  
Of Ilium laden, we should hence return;  
But now, devising ill, he sends me shamed,  
And with diminished numbers, home to Greece.  
So stands his sovereign pleasure, who hath laid  
The bulwarks of full many a city low,  
And more shall level, matchless in his might.  
That such a numerous host of Greeks as we,  
Warring with fewer than ourselves, should find  
No fruit of all our toil, (and none appears)  
Will make us vile with ages yet to come.  
For should we now strike truce, till Greece and Troy  
Might number each her own, and were the Greeks  
Distributed in bands, ten Greeks in each,  
Our banded decads should exceed so far  
Their units, that all Troy could not supply  
For every ten, a man, to fill us wine;  
So far the Achaians, in my thought, surpass  
The native Trojans. But in Troy are those  
Who baffle much my purpose; aids derived  
From other states, spear-arm'd auxiliars, firm  
In the defence of Ilium's lofty towers.  
Nine years have passed us over, nine long years;  
Our ships are rotted, and our tackle marr'd,  
And all our wives and little-ones at home  
Sit watching our return, while this attempt  
Hangs still in doubt, for which that home we left.  
Accept ye then my counsel. Fly we swift

With all our fleet back to our native land,  
Hopeless of Troy, not yet to be subdued.

So spake the King, whom all the concourse heard  
With minds in tumult toss'd; all, save the few,  
Partners of his intent. Commotion shook  
The whole assembly, such as heaves the flood  
Of the Icarian Deep, when South and East  
Burst forth together from the clouds of Jove.  
And as when vehement the West-wind falls  
On standing corn mature, the loaded ears  
Innumerable bow before the gale,  
So was the council shaken. With a shout  
All flew toward the ships; uprais'd, the dust  
Stood o'er them; universal was the cry,  
"Now clear the passages, strike down the props,  
Set every vessel free, launch, and away!"  
Heaven rang with exclamation of the host  
All homeward bent, and launching glad the fleet.  
Then baffled Fate had the Achaians seen  
Returning premature, but Juno thus,  
With admonition quick to Pallas spake.

Unconquer'd daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd!  
Ah foul dishonor! Is it thus at last  
That the Achaians on the billows borne,  
Shall seek again their country, leaving here,  
To be the vaunt of Ilium and her King,  
Helen of Argos, in whose cause the Greeks  
Have numerous perish'd from their home remote?  
Haste! Seek the mail-arm'd multitude, by force  
Detain them of thy soothing speech, ere yet  
All launch their oary barks into the flood.

She spake, nor did Minerva not comply,  
But darting swift from the Olympian heights,  
Reach'd soon Achaia's fleet. There, she perceived

Prudent as Jove himself, Ulysses; firm  
He stood; he touch'd not even with his hand  
His sable bark, for sorrow whelm'd his soul.  
The Athenæan Goddess azure-eyed  
Beside him stood, and thus the Chief bespake.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!  
Why seek ye, thus precipitate, your ships?  
Intend ye flight? And is it thus at last,  
That the Achaïans on the billows borne,  
Shall seek again their country, leaving here,  
To be the vaunt of Ilium and her King,  
Helen of Argos, in whose cause the Greeks  
Have numerous perish'd from their home remote?  
Delay not. Rush into the throng; by force  
Detain them of thy soothing speech, ere yet  
All launch their oary barks into the flood.

She ceased, whom by her voice Ulysses knew,  
Casting his mantle from him, which his friend  
Eurybates the Ithacensian caught,  
He ran; and in his course meeting the son  
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, from his hand  
The everlasting sceptre quick received,  
Which bearing, through Achaïa's fleet he pass'd.  
What King soever, or distinguish'd Greek  
He found, approaching to his side, in terms  
Of gentle sort he stay'd him. Sir, he cried,  
It is unseemly that a man renown'd  
As thou, should tremble. Go—Resume the seat  
Which thou hast left, and bid the people sit.  
Thou know'st not clearly yet the monarch's mind.  
He proves us now, but soon he will chastize.  
All were not present; few of us have heard  
His speech this day in council. Oh, beware,  
Lest in resentment of this hasty course  
Irregular, he let his anger loose.

Dread is the anger of a King; he reigns  
By Jove's own ordinance, and is dear to Jove,

But what plebeian base soe'er he heard  
Stretching his throat to swell the general cry,  
He laid the sceptre smartly on his back,  
With reprimand severe. Fellow, he said,  
Sit still; hear others; thy superiors hear.  
For who art thou? A dastard and a drone,  
Of none account in council, or in arms.  
By no means may we all alike bear sway  
At Ilium; such plurality of Kings  
Were evil. One suffices. One, to whom  
The son of politic Saturn hath assign'd  
The sceptre, and inforcement of the laws,  
That he may rule us as a monarch ought.

With such authority the troubled host  
He sway'd; they, quitting camp and fleet again  
Rush'd back to council; deafening was the sound  
As when a billow of the boisterous deep  
Some broad beach dashes, and the Ocean roars.

The host all seated, and the benches fill'd,  
Thersites only of loquacious tongue  
Ungovern'd, clamor'd mutinous; a wretch  
Of utterance prompt, but in coarse phrase obscene  
Deep learn'd alone, with which to slander Kings.  
Might he but set the rabble in a roar,  
He cared not with what jest; of all from Greece  
To Ilium sent, his country's chief reproach.  
Cross-eyed he was, and halting moved on legs  
Ill-pair'd; his gibbous shoulders o'er his breast  
Contracted, pinch'd it; to a peak his head  
Was moulded sharp, and sprinkled thin with hair  
Of starveling length, flimsy and soft as down.  
Achilles and Ulysses had incurr'd

Most his aversion; them he never spared;  
But now, imperial Agamemnon 'self  
In piercing accents stridulous he charged  
With foul reproach. The Grecians with contempt  
Listen'd, and indignation, while with voice  
At highest pitch, he thus the monarch mock'd.

What wouldst thou now? Whereof is thy complaint  
Now, Agamemnon? Thou hast fill'd thy tents  
With treasure, and the Grecians, when they take  
A city, choose the loveliest girls for thee.  
Is gold thy wish? More gold? A ransom brought  
By some chief Trojan for his son's release  
Whom I, or other valiant Greek may bind?  
Or wouldst thou yet a virgin, one, by right  
Another's claim, but made by force thine own?  
It was not well, great Sir, that thou shouldst bring  
A plague on the Achaians, as of late.  
But come, my Grecian sisters, soldiers named  
Unfitly, of a sex too soft for war,  
Come, let us homeward: let him here digest  
What he shall gorge, alone; that he may learn  
If our assistance profit him or not.  
For when he shamed Achilles, he disgraced  
A Chief far worthier than himself, whose prize  
He now withholds. But tush,—Achilles lacks  
Himself the spirit of a man; no gall  
Hath he within him, or his hand long since  
Had stopp'd that mouth, that it should scoff no more.

Thus, mocking royal Agamemnon, spake  
Thersites. Instant starting to his side,  
Noble Ulysses with indignant brows  
Survey'd him, and him thus reproved severe.

Thersites! Railer!—peace. Think not thyself,  
Although thus eloquent, alone exempt



From obligation not to slander Kings.  
I deem thee most contemptible, the worst  
Of Agamemnon's followers to the war;  
Presume not then to take the names revered  
Of Sovereigns on thy sordid lips, to asperse  
Their sacred character, and to appoint  
The Greeks a time when they shall voyage home.  
How soon, how late, with what success at last  
We shall return, we know not: but because  
Achaia's heroes numerous spoils allot  
To Agamemnon, Leader of the host,  
Thou therefore from thy seat revilest the King.  
But mark me. If I find thee, as even now,  
Raving and foaming at the lips again,  
May never man behold Ulysses' head  
On these my shoulders more, and may my son  
Prove the begotten of another Sire,  
If I not strip thee to that hide of thine  
As bare as thou wast born, and whip thee hence  
Home to thy galley, sniveling like a boy.

He ceased, and with his sceptre on the back  
And shoulders smote him. Writhing to and fro,  
He wept profuse, while many a bloody welk  
Protuberant beneath the sceptre sprang.  
Awe-quell'd he sat, and from his visage mean,  
Deep-sighing, wiped the rheums. It was no time  
For mirth, yet mirth illumined every face,  
And laughing, thus they spake. A thousand acts  
Illustrious, both by well-concerted plans  
And prudent disposition of the host  
Ulysses hath achieved, but this by far  
Transcends his former praise, that he hath quell'd  
Such contumelious rhetoric profuse.  
The valiant talker shall not soon, we judge,  
Take liberties with royal names again.  
So spake the multitude. Then, stretching forth

The sceptre, city-spoiler Chief, arose  
Ulysses. Him beside, herald in form,  
Appeared Minerva. Silence she enjoined  
To all, that all Achaia's sons might hear,  
Foremost and rearmost, and might weigh his words.  
He then his counsel, prudent, thus proposed.

Atrides! Monarch! The Achaians seek  
To make thee ignominious above all  
In sight of all mankind. None recollects  
His promise more in steed-famed Argos pledged,  
Here to abide till Ilium wall'd to heaven  
Should vanquish'd sink, and all her wealth be ours.  
No—now, like widow'd women, or weak boys,  
They whimper to each other, wishing home.  
And home, I grant, to the afflicted soul  
Seems pleasant. The poor seaman from his wife  
One month detain'd, cheerless his ship and sad  
Possesses, by the force of wintry blasts,  
And by the billows of the troubled deep  
Fast lock'd in port. But us the ninth long year  
Revolving, finds camp'd under Ilium still.  
I therefore blame not, if they mourn beside  
Their sable barks, the Grecians. Yet the shame  
That must attend us after absence long  
Returning unsuccessful, who can bear?  
Be patient, friends! wait only till we learn  
If Calchas truly prophesied, or not;  
For well we know, and I to all appeal,  
Whom Fate hath not already snatch'd away,  
(It seems but yesterday, or at the most  
A day or two before) that when the ships  
Wo-fraught for Priam, and the race of Troy,  
At Aulis met, and we beside the fount  
With perfect hecatombs the Gods adored  
Beneath the plane-tree, from whose root a stream  
Ran crystal-clear, there we beheld a sign

Wonderful in all eyes. A serpent huge,  
Tremendous spectacle! with crimson spots  
His back all dappled, by Olympian Jove  
Himself protruded, from the altar's foot  
Slipp'd into light, and glided to the tree.  
There on the topmost bough, close-cover'd sat  
With foliage broad, eight sparrows, younglings all,  
Then newly feather'd, with their dam, the ninth.  
The little ones lamenting shrill he gorged,  
While, wheeling o'er his head, with screams the dam  
Bewail'd her darling brood. Her also next,  
Hovering and clamoring, he by the wing  
Within his spiry folds drew, and devoured.  
All eaten thus, the nestlings and the dam,  
The God who sent him, signalized him too,  
For him Saturnian Jove transform'd to stone.  
We wondering stood, to see that strange portent  
Intrude itself into our holy rites,  
When Calchas, instant, thus the sign explain'd.

Why stand ye, Greeks, astonish'd? Ye behold  
A prodigy by Jove himself produced,  
An omen, whose accomplishment indeed  
Is distant, but whose fame shall never die.  
E'en as this serpent in your sight devour'd  
Eight youngling sparrows, with their dam, the ninth,  
So we nine years must war on yonder plain,  
And in the tenth, wide-bulwark'd Troy is ours.

So spake the seer, and as he spake, is done.  
Wait, therefore, brave Achaians! go not hence  
Till Priam's spacious city be your prize.

He ceased, and such a shout ensued, that all  
The hollow ships the deafening roar return'd  
Of acclamation, every voice the speech  
Extolling of Ulysses, glorious Chief.

Then Nestor the Gerenian, warrior old,  
Arising, spake; and, by the Gods, he said,  
Ye more resemble children inexpert  
In war, than disciplined and prudent men.  
Where now are all your promises and vows,  
Councils, libations, right-hand covenants?  
Burn them, since all our occupation here  
Is to debate and wrangle, whereof end  
Or fruit though long we wait, shall none be found.  
But, Sovereign, be not thou appall'd. Be firm.  
Relax not aught of thine accustomed sway,  
But set the battle forth as thou art wont.  
And if there be a Grecian, here and there,  
One, adverse to the general voice, let such  
Wither alone. He shall not see his wish  
Gratified, neither will we hence return  
To Argos, ere events shall yet have proved  
Jove's promise false or true. For when we climb'd  
Our gallant barks full-charged with Ilium's fate,  
Saturnian Jove omnipotent, that day,  
(Omen propitious!) thunder'd on the right.  
Let no man therefore pant for home, till each  
Possess a Trojan spouse, and from her lips  
Take sweet revenge for Helen's pangs of heart.  
Who then? What soldier languishes and sighs  
To leave us? Let him dare to lay his hand  
On his own vessel, and he dies the first.  
But hear, O King! I shall suggest a course  
Not trivial. Agamemnon! sort the Greeks  
By districts and by tribes, that tribe may tribe  
Support, and each his fellow. This performed,  
And with consent of all, thou shalt discern  
With ease what Chief, what private man deserts,  
And who performs his part. The base, the brave,  
Such disposition made, shall both appear;

And thou shalt also know, if heaven or we,  
The Gods, or our supineness, succor Troy.

To whom Atrides, King of men, replied.  
Old Chief! Thou passest all Achaia's sons  
In consultation; would to Jove our Sire,  
To Athenæan Pallas, and Apollo!  
That I had ten such coadjutors, wise  
As thou art, and the royal city soon  
Of Priam, with her wealth, should all be ours.  
But me the son of Saturn, Jove supreme  
Himself afflicts, who in contentious broils  
Involves me, and in altercation vain.  
Thence all that wordy tempest for a girl  
Achilles and myself between, and I  
The fierce aggressor. Be that breach but heal'd!  
And Troy's reprieve thenceforth is at an end.  
Go—take refreshment now that we may march  
Forth to our enemies. Let each whet well  
His spear, brace well his shield, well feed his brisk  
High-mettled horses, well survey and search  
His chariot on all sides, that no defect  
Disgrace his bright habiliments of war.  
So will we give the day from morn to eve  
To dreadful battle. Pause there shall be none  
Till night divide us. Every buckler's thong  
Shall sweat on the toil'd bosom, every hand  
That shakes the spear shall ache, and every steed  
Shall smoke that whirls the chariot o'er the plain.  
Wo then to whom I shall discover here  
Loitering among the tents; let him escape  
My vengeance if he can. The vulture's maw  
Shall have his carcase, and the dogs his bones.

He spake; whom all applauded with a shout  
Loud as against some headland cliff the waves  
Roll'd by the stormy South o'er rocks that shoot

Afar into the deep, which in all winds  
The flood still overspreads, blow whence they may.  
Arising, forth they rush'd, among the ships  
All scatter'd; smoke from every tent arose,  
The host their food preparing; next, his God  
Each man invoked (of the Immortals him  
Whom he preferr'd) with sacrifice and prayer  
For safe escape from danger and from death.  
But Agamemnon to Saturnian Jove  
Omnipotent, an ox of the fifth year  
Full-flesh'd devoted, and the Princes call'd  
Noblest of all the Grecians to his feast.  
First, Nestor with Idomeneus the King,  
Then either Ajax, and the son he call'd  
Of Tydeus, with Ulysses sixth and last,  
Jove's peer in wisdom. Menelaus went,  
Heroic Chief! unbidden, for he knew  
His brother's mind with weight of care oppress'd.  
The ox encircling, and their hands with meal  
Of consecration fill'd, the assembly stood,  
When Agamemnon thus his prayer preferred.

Almighty Father! Glorious above all!  
Cloud-girt, who dwell'st in heaven thy throne sublime,  
Let not the sun go down, till Priam's roof  
Fall flat into the flames; till I shall burn  
His gates with fire; till I shall hew away  
His hack'd and riven corslet from the breast  
Of Hector, and till numerous Chiefs, his friends,  
Around him, prone in dust, shall bite the ground.

So prayed he, but with none effect, The God  
Received his offering, but to double toil  
Doom'd them, and sorrow more than all the past.

They then, the triturated barley grain  
First duly sprinkling, the sharp steel infix'd

Deep in the victim's neck reversed, then stripp'd  
The carcase, and divided at their joint  
The thighs, which in the double caul involved  
They spread with slices crude, and burn'd with fire  
Ascending fierce from billets sere and dry.  
The spitted entrails next they o'er the coals  
Suspended held. The thighs with fire consumed,  
They gave to each his portion of the maw,  
Then slash'd the remnant, pierced it with the spits,  
And managing with culinary skill  
The roast, withdrew it from the spits again.  
Thus, all their task accomplished, and the board  
Set forth, they feasted, and were all sufficed.  
When neither hunger more nor thirst remain'd  
Unsatisfied, Gerenian Nestor spake.

Atrides! Agamemnon! King of men!  
No longer waste we time in useless words,  
Nor to a distant hour postpone the work  
To which heaven calls thee. Send thine heralds forth.  
Who shall convene the Achaians at the fleet,  
That we, the Chiefs assembled here, may range,  
Together, the imbattled multitude,  
And edge their spirits for immediate fight.

He spake, nor Agamemnon not complied.  
At once he bade his clear-voiced heralds call  
The Greeks to battle. They the summons loud  
Gave forth, and at the sound the people throng'd.  
Then Agamemnon and the Kings of Greece  
Dispatchful drew them into order just,  
With whom Minerva azure-eyed advanced,  
The inestimable Ægis on her arm,  
Immortal, unobnoxious to decay  
A hundred braids, close twisted, all of gold,  
Each valued at a hundred beeves, around  
Dependent fringed it. She from side to side

Her eyes cerulean rolled, infusing thirst  
Of battle endless into every breast.  
War won them now, war sweeter now to each  
Than gales to waft them over ocean home.  
As when devouring flames some forest seize  
On the high mountains, splendid from afar  
The blaze appears, so, moving on the plain,  
The steel-clad host innumerable flash'd to heaven.  
And as a multitude of fowls in flocks  
Assembled various, geese, or cranes, or swans  
Lithe-neck'd, long hovering o'er Cayster's banks  
On wanton plumes, successive on the mead  
Alight at last, and with a clang so loud  
That all the hollow vale of Asius rings;  
In number such from ships and tents effused,  
They cover'd the Scamandrian plain; the earth  
Rebellow'd to the feet of steeds and men.  
They overspread Scamander's grassy vale,  
Myriads, as leaves, or as the flowers of spring.  
As in the hovel where the peasant milks  
His kine in spring-time, when his pails are fill'd,  
Thick clouds of humming insects on the wing  
Swarm all around him, so the Grecians swarm'd  
An unsumm'd multitude o'er all the plain,  
Bright arm'd, high crested, and athirst for war.  
As goat-herds separate their numerous flocks  
With ease, though fed promiscuous, with like ease  
Their leaders them on every side reduced  
To martial order glorious; among whom  
Stood Agamemnon "with an eye like Jove's,  
To threaten or command," like Mars in girth,  
And with the port of Neptune. As the bull  
Conspicuous among all the herd appears,  
For he surpasses all, such Jove ordain'd  
That day the son of Atreus, in the midst  
Of Heroes, eminent above them all.



Tell me, (for ye are are heavenly, and beheld  
A scene, whereof the faint report alone  
Hath reached our ears, remote and ill-informed,)  
Tell me, ye Muses, under whom, beneath  
What Chiefs of royal or of humbler note  
Stood forth the embattled Greeks? The host at large;  
*They* were a multitude in number more  
Than with ten tongues, and with ten mouths, each mouth  
Made vocal with a trumpet's throat of brass  
I might declare, unless the Olympian nine,  
Jove's daughters, would the chronicle themselves  
Indite, of all assembled, under Troy.  
I will rehearse the Captains and their fleets.

Bœotia's sturdy sons Peneleus led,  
And Leïtus, whose partners in command  
Arcesilaus and Prothoenor came,  
And Clonius. Them the dwellers on the rocks  
Of Aulis followed, with the hardy clans  
Of Hyrie, Schoenos, Scholos, and the hills  
Of Eteon; Thespia, Græa, and the plains  
Of Mycalessus them, and Harma served,  
Eleon, Erythræ, Peteon; Hyle them,  
Hesius and Ocalea, and the strength  
Of Medeon; Copæ also in their train  
Marched, with Eutresis and the mighty men  
Of Thisbe famed for doves; nor pass unnamed  
Whom Coronæa, and the grassy land  
Of Haliartus added to the war,  
Nor whom Plataæ, nor whom Glissa bred,  
And Hypothebæ, and thy sacred groves  
To Neptune, dark Onchestus. Arne claims  
A record next for her illustrious sons,  
Vine-bearing Arne. Thou wast also there  
Mideia, and thou Nissa; nor be thine  
Though last, Anthedon, a forgotten name.  
These in Bœotia's fair and gallant fleet

Of fifty ships, each bearing o'er the waves  
Thrice forty warriors, had arrived at Troy.

In thirty ships deep-laden with the brave,  
Aspledon and Orchomenos had sent  
Their chosen youth; them ruled a noble pair,  
Sons of Astyoche; she, lovely nymph,  
Received by stealth, on Actor's stately roof,  
The embraces of a God, and bore to Mars  
Twins like himself, Ascalaphus the bold,  
And bold Iälmenus, expert in arms.  
Beneath Epistrophus and Schedius, took  
Their destined station on Bæotia's left,  
The brave Phocensians; they in forty ships  
From Cyparissus came, and from the rocks  
Of Python, and from Crissa the divine;  
From Anemoria, Daulis, Panopeus,  
And from Hyampolis, and from the banks  
Of the Cephissus, sacred stream, and from  
Lilæa, seated at its fountain-head.

Next from beyond Eubœa's happy isle  
In forty ships conveyed, stood forth well armed  
The Locrians; dwellers in Augeia some  
The pleasant, some of Opoëis possessed,  
Some of Calliarus; these Scarpha sent,  
And Cynus those; from Bessa came the rest,  
From Tarpha, Thronius, and from the brink  
Of loud Boagrius; Ajax them, the swift,  
Son of Oïleus led, not such as he  
From Telamon, big-boned and lofty built,  
But small of limb, and of an humbler crest;  
Yet he, competitor had none throughout  
The Grecians of what land soe'er, for skill  
In ushering to its mark the rapid lance.

Elphenor brought (Calchodon's mighty son)  
The Eubœans to the field. In forty ships  
From Histriæa for her vintage famed,  
From Chalcis, from Iretria, from the gates  
Of maritime Cerinthus, from the heights  
Of Dios rock-built citadel sublime,  
And from Caristus and from Styra came  
His warlike multitudes, all named alike  
Abantes, on whose shoulders fell behind  
Their locks profuse, and they were eager all  
To split the hauberk with the pointed spear.

Nor Athens had withheld her generous sons,  
The people of Erectheus. Him of old  
The teeming glebe produced, a wondrous birth!  
And Pallas rear'd him: her own unctuous fane  
She made his habitation, where with bulls  
The youth of Athens, and with slaughter'd lambs  
Her annual worship celebrate. Then led  
Menestheus, whom, (sage Nestor's self except,  
Thrice school'd in all events of human life,)  
None rivall'd ever in the just array  
Of horse and man to battle. Fifty ships  
Black-prowed, had borne them to the distant war.

Ajax from Salamis twelve vessels brought,  
And where the Athenian band in phalanx stood  
Marshall'd compact, there station'd he his powers.

The men of Argos and Tyrintha next,  
And of Hermione, that stands retired  
With Asine, within her spacious bay;  
Of Epidaurus, crown'd with purple vines,  
And of Trœzena, with the Achaian youth  
Of sea-begirt Ægina, and with thine,  
Maseta, and the dwellers on thy coast,  
Wave-worn Eïonæ; these all obeyed

The dauntless Hero Diomed, whom served  
Sthenelus, son of Capaneus, a Chief  
Of deathless fame, his second in command,  
And godlike man, Euryalus, the son  
Of King Mecisteus, Talaüs' son, his third.  
But Diomed controll'd them all, and him  
Twice forty sable ships their leader own'd.

Came Agamemnon with a hundred ships,  
Exulting in his powers; more numerous they,  
And more illustrious far than other Chief  
Could boast, whoever. Clad in burnish'd brass,  
And conscious of pre-eminence, he stood.  
He drew his host from cities far renown'd,  
Mycenæ, and Corinthus, seat of wealth,  
Orneia, and Cleonæ bulwark'd strong,  
And lovely Aræthyria; Sicyon, where  
His seat of royal power held at the first  
Adrastus: Hyperesia, and the heights  
Of Gonoëssa; Ægium, with the towns  
That sprinkle all that far-extended coast,  
Pellene also and wide Helice  
With all their shores, were number'd in his train.

From hollow Lacedæmon's glen profound,  
From Phare, Sparta, and from Messa, still  
Resounding with the ring-dove's amorous moan,  
From Brysia, from Augeia, from the rocks  
Of Laas, from Amycla, Otilus,  
And from the towers of Helos, at whose foot  
The surf of Ocean falls, came sixty barks  
With Menelaus. From the monarch's host  
The royal brother ranged his own apart,  
and panted for revenge of Helen's wrongs,  
And of her sighs and tears. From rank to rank,  
Conscious of dauntless might he pass'd, and sent  
Into all hearts the fervor of his own.

Gerenian Nestor in thrice thirty ships  
Had brought his warriors; they from Pylus came,  
From blithe Arene, and from Thryos, built  
Fast by the fords of Alpheus, and from steep  
And stately Æpy. Their confederate powers  
Sent Amphigenia, Cyparissa veiled  
With broad redundance of funereal shades,  
Pteleos and Helos, and of deathless fame  
Dorion. In Dorion erst the Muses met  
Threïcian Thamyris, on his return  
From Eurytus, Oechalian Chief, and hush'd  
His song for ever; for he dared to vaunt  
That he would pass in song even themselves  
The Muses, daughters of Jove Ægis-arm'd.  
They therefore, by his boast incensed, the bard  
Struck blind, and from his memory dash'd severe  
All traces of his once celestial strains.

Arcadia's sons, the dwellers at the foot  
Of mount Cyllene, where Æpytus sleeps  
Intomb'd; a generation bold in fight,  
And warriors hand to hand; the valiant men  
Of Pheneus, of Orchomenos by flocks  
Grazed numberless, of Ripe, Stratia, bleak  
Enispe; Mantinea city fair,  
Stymphelus and Parrhasia, and the youth  
Of Tegea; royal Agapenor these,  
Ancæus' offspring, had in sixty ships  
To Troy conducted; numerous was the crew,  
And skilled in arms, which every vessel brought,  
And Agamemnon had with barks himself  
Supplied them, for, of inland realms possessed,  
They little heeded maritime employs.

The dwellers in Buprasium, on the shores  
Of pleasant Elis, and in all the land

Myrsinus and the Hyrminian plain between,  
The rock Olenian, and the Alysian fount;  
These all obey'd four Chiefs, and galleys ten  
Each Chief commanded, with Epeans filled.  
Amphimachus and Thalpius govern'd these,  
This, son of Cteatus, the other, sprung  
From Eurytus, and both of Actor's house.  
Diores, son of Amarynceus, those  
Led on, and, for his godlike form renown'd,  
Polyxenus was Chieftain o'er the rest,  
Son of Agasthenes, Augeias' son.

Dulichium, and her sister sacred isles  
The Echinades, whose opposite aspect  
Looks toward Elis o'er the curling waves,  
Sent forth their powers with Meges at their head,  
Brave son of Phyleus, warrior dear to Jove.  
Phyleus in wrath, his father's house renounced,  
And to Dulichium wandering, there abode.  
Twice twenty ships had follow'd Meges forth.

Ulysses led the Cephalenians bold.  
From Ithaca, and from the lofty woods  
Of Neritus they came, and from the rocks  
Of rude Ægilipa. Crocylia these,  
And these Zacynthus own'd; nor yet a few  
From Samos, from Epirus join'd their aid,  
And from the opposite Ionian shore.  
Them, wise as Jove himself, Ulysses led  
In twelve fair ships, with crimson prows adorn'd.

From forty ships, Thoas, Andræmon's son,  
Had landed his Ætolians; for extinct  
Was Meleager, and extinct the house  
Of Oeneus all, nor Oeneus self survived;  
To Thoas therefore had Ætolia fallen;

Him Olenos, Pylene, Chalcis served,  
With Pleuro, and the rock-bound Calydon.

Idomeneus, spear-practised warrior, led  
The numerous Cretans. In twice forty ships  
He brought his powers to Troy. The warlike bands  
Of Cnossus, of Gortyna wall'd around,  
Of Lyctus, of Lycastus chalky-white,  
Of Phæstus, of Miletus, with the youth  
Of Rhytius him obey'd; nor these were all,  
But others from her hundred cities Crete  
Sent forth, all whom Idomeneus the brave  
Commanded, with Meriones in arms  
Dread as the God of battles blood-imbrued.

Nine ships Tlepolemus, Herculean-born,  
For courage famed and for superior size,  
Fill'd with his haughty Rhodians. They, in tribes  
Divided, dwelt distinct. Jelyssus these,  
Those Lindus, and the rest the shining soil  
Of white Camirus occupied. Him bore  
To Hercules, (what time he led the nymph  
From Ephyre, and from Sellea's banks,  
After full many a city laid in dust.)  
Astyocheia. In his father's house  
Magnificent, Tlepolemus spear-famed  
Had scarce up-grown to manhood's lusty prime  
When he his father's hoary uncle slew  
Lycimnius, branch of Mars. Then built he ships,  
And, pushing forth to sea, fled from the threats  
Of the whole house of Hercules. Huge toil  
And many woes he suffer'd, till at length  
At Rhodes arriving, in three separate bands  
He spread himself abroad, Much was he loved  
Of all-commanding Jove, who bless'd him there,  
And shower'd abundant riches on them all.

Nireus of Syma, with three vessels came;  
Nireus, Aglæa's offspring, whom she bore  
To Charopus the King; Nireus in form,  
(The faultless son of Peleus sole except,)  
Loveliest of all the Grecians call'd to Troy.  
But he was heartless and his men were few.

Nisyros, Casus, Crapathus, and Cos  
Where reign'd Eurypylus, with all the isles  
Calydnæ named, under two valiant Chiefs  
Their troops disposed; Phidippus one, and one,  
His brother Antiphus, begotten both  
By Thessalus, whom Hercules begat.  
In thirty ships they sought the shores of Troy.

The warriors of Pelasgian Argos next,  
Of Alus, and Alope, and who held  
Trechina, Phthia, and for women fair  
Distinguish'd, Hellas; known by various names  
Hellenes, Myrmidons, Achæans, them  
In fifty ships embark'd, Achilles ruled.  
But these were deaf to the hoarse-throated war,  
For there was none to draw their battle forth,  
And give them just array. Close in his ships  
Achilles, after loss of the bright-hair'd  
Brisëis, lay, resentful; her obtained  
Not without labor hard, and after sack  
Of Thebes and of Lyrnessus, where he slew  
Two mighty Chiefs, sons of Evenus both,  
Epistrophus and Mynes, her he mourn'd,  
And for her sake self-prison'd in his fleet  
And idle lay, though soon to rise again.

From Phylace, and from the flowery fields  
Of Pyrrhasus, a land to Ceres given  
By consecration, and from Iton green,  
Mother of flocks; from Antron by the sea,



And from the grassy meads of Pteleus, came  
A people, whom while yet he lived, the brave  
Protesilaüs led; but him the earth  
Now cover'd dark and drear. A wife he left,  
To rend in Phylace her bleeding cheeks,  
And an unfinish'd mansion. First he died  
Of all the Greeks; for as he leap'd to land  
Foremost by far, a Dardan struck him dead.  
Nor had his troops, though filled with deep regret,  
No leader; them Podarces led, a Chief  
Like Mars in battle, brother of the slain,  
But younger born, and from Iphiclus sprung  
Who sprang from Phylacus the rich in flocks.  
But him Protesilaüs, as in years,  
So also in desert of arms excell'd  
Heroic, whom his host, although they saw  
Podarces at their head, still justly mourn'd;  
For he was fierce in battle, and at Troy  
With forty sable-sided ships arrived.

Eleven galleys, Pheræ on the lake,  
And Boebe, and Iölchus, and the vale  
Of Glaphyræ supplied with crews robust  
Under Eumelus; him Alcestis, praised  
For beauty above all her sisters fair,  
In Thessaly to King Admetus bore.

Methone, and Olizon's craggy coast,  
With Melibœa and Thaumasia sent  
Seven ships; their rowers were good archers all,  
And every vessel dipped into the wave  
Her fifty oars. Them Philoctetes, skill'd  
To draw with sinewy arm the stubborn bow,  
Commanded; but he suffering anguish keen  
Inflicted by a serpent's venom'd tooth,  
Lay sick in Lemnos; him the Grecians there  
Had left sore-wounded, but were destined soon

To call to dear remembrance whom they left.  
Meantime, though sorrowing for his sake, his troops  
Yet wanted not a chief; them Medon ruled,  
Whom Rhena to the far-famed conqueror bore  
Oïleus, fruit of their unsanction'd loves.

From Tricca, from Ithome rough and rude  
With rocks and glens, and from Oechalia, town  
Of Eurytus Oechalian-born, came forth  
Their warlike youth by Podalirius led  
And by Machaon, healers both expert  
Of all disease, and thirty ships were theirs.

The men of Ormenus, and from beside  
The fountain Hypereia, from the tops  
Of chalky Titan, and Asteria's band;  
Them ruled Eurypylus, Evæmon's son  
Illustrious, whom twice twenty ships obeyed.

Orthe, Gyrtone, Oloösso white,  
Argissa and Helone; they their youth  
Gave to control of Polypætes, son  
Undaunted of Pirithoüs, son of Jove.  
Him, to Pirithoüs, (on the self-same day  
When he the Centaurs punish'd and pursued  
Sheer to Æthicæ driven from Pelion's heights  
The shaggy race) Hippodamia bore.  
Nor he alone them led. With him was join'd  
Leonteus dauntless warrior, from the bold  
Coronus sprung, who Cæneus call'd his sire.  
Twice twenty ships awaited their command.

Guneus from Cyphus twenty and two ships  
Led forth; the Enienes him obey'd,  
And the robust Peræbi, warriors bold,  
And dwellers on Dodona's wintry brow.  
To these were join'd who till the pleasant fields

Where Titaresius winds; the gentle flood  
Pours into Peneus all his limpid stores,  
But with the silver-eddied Peneus flows  
Unmixt as oil; for Stygian is his stream,  
And Styx is the inviolable oath.

Last with his forty ships, Tenthredon's son,  
The active Prothoüs came. From the green banks  
Of Peneus his Magnesians far and near  
He gather'd, and from Pelion forest-crown'd.

These were the princes and the Chiefs of Greece.  
Say, Muse, who most in personal desert  
Excell'd, and whose were the most warlike steeds  
And of the noblest strain. Their hue, their age,  
Their height the same, swift as the winds of heaven  
And passing far all others, were the mares  
Which drew Eumelus; on Pierian hills  
The heavenly Archer of the silver bow,  
Apollo, bred them. But of men, the chief  
Was Telamonian Ajax, while wrath-bound  
Achilles lay; for he was worthier far,  
And more illustrious were the steeds which bore  
The noble son of Peleus; but revenge  
On Agamemnon leader of the host  
Was all his thought, while in his gallant ships  
Sharp-keel'd to cut the foaming flood, he lay.  
Meantime, along the margin of the deep  
His soldiers hurled the disk, or bent the bow.  
Or to its mark dispatch'd the quivering lance.  
Beside the chariots stood the unharness'd steeds  
Cropping the lotus, or at leisure browsed  
On celery wild, from watery freshes gleaned.  
Beneath the shadow of the sheltering tent  
The chariot stood, while they, the charioteers  
Roam'd here and there the camp, their warlike lord  
Regretting sad, and idle for his sake.

As if a fire had burnt along the ground,  
Such seem'd their march; earth groan'd their steps beneath;  
As when in Arimi, where fame reports  
Typhoëus stretch'd, the fires of angry Jove  
Down darted, lash the ground, so groan'd the earth  
Beneath them, for they traversed swift the plain.

And now from Jove, with heavy tidings charged,  
Wind-footed Iris to the Trojans came.  
It was the time of council, when the throng  
At Priam's gate assembled, young and old:  
Them, standing nigh, the messenger of heaven  
Accosted with the voice of Priam's son,  
Polites. He, confiding in his speed  
For sure deliverance, posted was abroad  
On Æsyeta's tomb, intent to watch  
When the Achaian host should leave the fleet.  
The Goddess in his form thus them address'd.

Oh, ancient Monarch! Ever, evermore  
Speaking, debating, as if all were peace;  
I have seen many a bright-embattled field,  
But never one so throng'd as this to-day.  
For like the leaves, or like the sands they come  
Swept by the winds, to gird the city round.

But Hector! chiefly thee I shall exhort.  
In Priam's spacious city are allies  
Collected numerous, and of nations wide  
Disseminated various are the tongues.  
Let every Chief his proper troop command,  
And marshal his own citizens to war.

She ceased; her Hector heard intelligent,  
And quick dissolved the council. All took arms.  
Wide flew the gates; forth rush'd the multitude,

Horsemen and foot, and boisterous stir arose.  
In front of Ilium, distant on the plain,  
Clear all around from all obstruction, stands  
An eminence high-raised, by mortal men  
Call'd Bateia, but the Gods the tomb  
Have named it of Myrinna swift in fight.  
Troy and her aids there set the battle forth.

Huge Priameian Hector, fierce in arms,  
Led on the Trojans; with whom march'd the most  
And the most valiant, dexterous at the spear.

Æneas, (on the hills of Ida him  
The lovely Venus to Anchises bore,  
A Goddess by a mortal man embraced)  
Led the Dardanians; but not he alone;  
Archilochus with him and Acamas  
Stood forth, the offspring of Antenor, each,  
And well instructed in all forms of war.

Fast by the foot of Ida, where they drank  
The limpid waters of Æsepus, dwelt  
The Trojans of Zeleia. Rich were they  
And led by Pandarus, Lycaon's son,  
Whom Phœbus self graced with the bow he bore.

Apæsus, Adrastea, Terie steep,  
And Pitueia—they, Amphius clad  
In mail thick-woven, and Adrastus, ruled.  
They were the sons of the Percosian seer  
Merops, expert in the soothsayers' art  
Above all other; he his sons forbad  
The bloody fight, but disobedient they  
Still sought it, for their destiny prevailed.

The warriors of Percote, and who dwelt  
In Practius, in Arisba, city fair,

In Sestus, in Abydus, march'd behind  
Princely Hyrtacides; his tawny steeds,  
Strong-built and tall, from Sellcentes' bank  
And from Arisba, had him borne to Troy.

Hippothous and Pilmus, branch of Mars,  
Both sons of Lethus the Pelasgian, they,  
Forth from Larissa for her fertile soil  
Far-famed, the spear-expert Pelasgians brought.

The Thracians (all whom Hellespont includes  
Within the banks of his swift-racing tide)  
Heroic Acamas and Pirous led.  
Euphemus, offspring of Trœzenus, son  
Of Jove-protected Ceas, was the Chief  
Whom the spear-arm'd Ciconian band obey'd.

Pæonia's archers follow'd to the field  
Pyræchmes; they from Amydon remote  
Were drawn, where Axius winds; broad Axius, stream  
Diffused delightful over all the vale.

Pylæmenes, a Chief of giant might  
From the Eneti for forest-mules renowned  
March'd with his Paphlagonians; dwellers they  
In Sesamus and in Cytorus were,  
And by the stream Parthenius; Cromna these  
Sent forth, and those Ægialus on the lip  
And margin of the land, and some, the heights  
Of Erythini, rugged and abrupt.

Epistrophus and Odius from the land  
Of Alybe, a region far remote,  
Where veins of silver wind, led to the field  
The Halizonians. With the Mysians came  
Chromis their Chief, and Ennomus; him skill'd  
In augury, but skill'd in vain, his art

Saved not, but by Æacides the swift,  
With others in the Xanthus slain, he died.  
Ascanius, lovely youth, and Phorcis, led  
The Phrygians from Ascania far remote,  
Ardent for battle. The Mæonian race,  
(All those who at the foot of Tmolus dwelt,)  
Mesthles and Antiphus, fraternal pair,  
Sons of Pylæmenes commanded, both  
Of the Gygæan lake in Lydia born.

Amphimachus and Nastes led to fight  
The Carians, people of a barbarous speech,  
With the Milesians, and the mountain-race  
Of wood-crown'd Phthira, and who dwelt beside  
Mæander, or on Mycale sublime.  
Them led Amphimachus and Nastes, sons  
Renown'd of Nomion. Like a simple girl  
Came forth Amphimachus with gold bedight,  
But him his trappings from a woful death  
Saved not, when whirled beneath the bloody tide  
To Peleus' stormy son his spoils he left.

Sarpedon with the noble Glaucus led  
Their warriors forth from farthest Lycia, where  
Xanthus deep-dimpled rolls his oozy tide.

## Book III

### ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

The armies meet. Paris throws out a challenge to the Grecian Princes. Menelaus accepts it. The terms of the combat are adjusted solemnly by Agamemnon on the part of Greece, and by Priam on the part of Troy. The combat ensues, in which Paris is vanquished, whom yet Venus rescues. Agamemnon demands from the Trojans a performance of the covenant.

Now marshall'd all beneath their several chiefs,  
With deafening shouts, and with the clang of arms,  
The host of Troy advanced. Such clang is heard  
Along the skies, when from incessant showers  
Escaping, and from winter's cold, the cranes  
Take wing, and over Ocean speed away;  
Wo to the land of dwarfs! prepared they fly  
For slaughter of the small Pygmæan race.  
Not so the Greeks; they breathing valor came,  
But silent all, and all with faithful hearts  
On succor mutual to the last, resolved.  
As when the south wind wraps the mountain top  
In mist the shepherd's dread, but to the thief  
Than night itself more welcome, and the eye  
Is bounded in its ken to a stone's cast,  
Such from beneath their footsteps dun and dense  
Uprose the dust, for swift they cross the plain.

When, host to host opposed, full nigh they stood,  
Then Alexander in the Trojan van  
Advanced was seen, all beauteous as a God;  
His leopard's skin, his falchion and his bow  
Hung from his shoulder; bright with heads of brass  
He shook two spears, and challenged to the fight  
The bravest Argives there, defying all.



Him, striding haughtily his host before  
When Menelaus saw, such joy he felt  
As hunger-pinch'd the lion feels, by chance  
Conducted to some carcase huge, wild goat,  
Or antler'd stag; huntsmen and baying hounds  
Disturb not *him*, he gorges in their sight.  
So Menelaus at the view rejoiced  
Of lovely Alexander, for he hoped  
His punishment at hand. At once, all armed,  
Down from his chariot to the ground he leap'd

When godlike Paris him in front beheld  
Conspicuous, his heart smote him, and his fate  
Avoiding, far within the lines he shrank.  
As one, who in some woodland height descrying  
A serpent huge, with sudden start recoils,  
His limbs shake under him; with cautious step  
He slow retires; fear blanches cold his cheeks;  
So beauteous Alexander at the sight  
Of Atreus' son dishearten'd sore, the ranks  
Of haughty Trojans enter'd deep again:  
Him Hector eyed, and thus rebuked severe.

Curst Paris! Fair deceiver! Woman-mad!  
I would to all in heaven that thou hadst died  
Unborn, at least unmated! happier far  
Than here to have incurr'd this public shame!  
Well may the Grecians taunt, and laughing loud,  
Applaud the champion, slow indeed to fight  
And pusillanimous, but wondrous fair.  
Wast thou as timid, tell me, when with those  
Thy loved companions in that famed exploit,  
Thou didst consort with strangers, and convey  
From distant lands a warrior's beauteous bride  
To be thy father's and his people's curse,  
Joy to our foes, but to thyself reproach?  
Behold her husband! Darest thou not to face

The warlike prince? Now learn how brave a Chief  
Thou hast defrauded of his blooming spouse.  
Thy lyre, thy locks, thy person, specious gifts  
Of partial Venus, will avail thee nought,  
Once mixt by Menelaus with the dust.  
But we are base ourselves, or long ago,  
For all thy numerous mischiefs, thou hadst slept  
Secure beneath a coverlet of stone.

Then godlike Alexander thus replied.  
Oh Hector, true in temper as the axe  
Which in the shipwright's hand the naval plank  
Divides resistless, doubling all his force,  
Such is thy dauntless spirit whose reproach  
Perforce I own, nor causeless nor unjust.  
Yet let the gracious gifts uncensured pass  
Of golden Venus; man may not reject  
The glorious bounty by the Gods bestow'd,  
Nor follows their beneficence our choice.  
But if thy pleasure be that I engage  
With Menelaus in decision fierce  
Of desperate combat bid the host of Troy  
And bid the Grecians sit; then face to face  
Commit us, in the vacant field between,  
To fight for Helen and for all her wealth.  
Who strongest proves, and conquers, he, of her  
And hers possess'd shall bear them safe away;  
While ye (peace sworn and firm accord) shall dwell  
At Troy, and these to Argos shall return  
And to Achaia praised for women fair.

He ceased, whom Hector heard with joy; he moved  
Into the middle space, and with his spear  
Advanced athwart push'd back the Trojan van,  
And all stood fast. Meantime at him the Greeks  
Discharged full volley, showering thick around

From bow and sling; when with a mighty voice  
Thus Agamemnon, leader of the host.

Argives! Be still—shoot not, ye sons of Greece!  
Hector bespeaks attention. Hear the Chief!

He said, at once the Grecians ceased to shoot,  
And all sat silent. Hector then began.

Hear me, ye Trojans, and ye Greeks mail-arm'd,  
While I shall publish in your ears the words  
Of Alexander, author of our strife.  
Trojans, he bids, and Grecians on the field  
Their arms dispose; while he, the hosts between,  
With warlike Menelaus shall in fight  
Contend for Helen, and for all her wealth.  
Who strongest proves, and conquers, he, of her  
And hers possess'd, shall bear them safe away,  
And oaths of amity shall bind the rest.

He ceased, and all deep silence held, amazed;  
When valiant Menelaus thus began.

Hear now me also, on whose aching heart  
These woes have heaviest fallen. At last I hope  
Decision near, Trojans and Greeks between,  
For ye have suffer'd in my quarrel much,  
And much by Paris, author of the war.  
Die he who must, and peace be to the rest.  
But ye shall hither bring two lambs, one white,  
The other black; this to the Earth devote,  
That to the Sun. We shall ourselves supply  
A third for Jove. Then bring ye Priam forth,  
Himself to swear the covenant, (for his sons  
Are faithless) lest the oath of Jove be scorn'd.  
Young men are ever of unstable mind;  
But when an elder interferes, he views

Future and past together, and insures  
The compact, to both parties, uninfringed.

So Menelaus spake; and in all hearts  
Awaken'd joyful hope that there should end  
War's long calamities. Alighted each,  
And drew his steeds into the lines. The field  
Glitter'd with arms put off, and side by side,  
Ranged orderly, while the interrupted war  
Stood front to front, small interval between.

Then Hector to the city sent in haste  
Two heralds for the lambs, and to invite  
Priam; while Agamemnon, royal Chief,  
Talthybius to the Grecian fleet dismiss'd  
For a third lamb to Jove; nor he the voice  
Of noble Agamemnon disobey'd.

Iris, ambadress of heaven, the while,  
To Helen came. Laödice she seem'd,  
Loveliest of all the daughters of the house  
Of Priam, wedded to Antenor's son,  
King Helicäon. Her she found within,  
An ample web magnificent she wove,  
Inwrought with numerous conflicts for her sake  
Beneath the hands of Mars endured by Greeks  
Mail-arm'd, and Trojans of equestrian fame.  
Swift Iris, at her side, her thus address'd.

Haste, dearest nymph! a wondrous sight behold!  
Greeks brazen-mail'd, and Trojans steed-renown'd.  
So lately on the cruel work of Mars  
Intent and hot for mutual havoc, sit  
Silent; the war hath paused, and on his shield  
Each leans, his long spear planted at his side.  
Paris and Menelaus, warrior bold,

With quivering lances shall contend for thee,  
And thou art his who conquers; his for ever.

So saying, the Goddess into Helen's soul  
Sweetest desire infused to see again  
Her former Lord, her parents, and her home.  
At once o'ermantled with her snowy veil  
She started forth, and as she went let fall  
A tender tear; not unaccompanied  
She went, but by two maidens of her train  
Attended, Æthra, Pittheus' daughter fair,  
And soft-eyed Clymene. Their hasty steps  
Convey'd them quickly to the Scæan gate.  
There Priam, Panthous, Clytius, Lampus sat,  
Thymoetes, Hicetaon, branch of Mars,  
Antenor and Ucalegon the wise,  
All, elders of the people; warriors erst,  
But idle now through age, yet of a voice  
Still indefatigable as the fly's  
Which perch'd among the boughs sends forth at noon  
Through all the grove his slender ditty sweet.  
Such sat those Trojan leaders on the tower,  
Who, soon as Helen on the steps they saw,  
In accents quick, but whisper'd, thus remark'd.

Trojans and Grecians wage, with fair excuse,  
Long war for so much beauty. Oh, how like  
In feature to the Goddesses above!  
Pernicious loveliness! Ah, hence away,  
Resistless as thou art and all divine,  
Nor leave a curse to us, and to our sons.

So they among themselves; but Priam call'd  
Fair Helen to his side. My daughter dear!  
Come, sit beside me. Thou shalt hence discern  
Thy former Lord, thy kindred and thy friends.  
I charge no blame on thee. The Gods have caused,

Not thou, this lamentable war to Troy.  
Name to me yon Achaian Chief for bulk  
Conspicuous, and for port. Taller indeed  
I may perceive than he; but with these eyes  
Saw never yet such dignity, and grace.  
Declare his name. Some royal Chief he seems.

To whom thus Helen, loveliest of her sex,  
My other Sire! by me for ever held  
In reverence, and with filial fear beloved!  
Oh that some cruel death had been my choice,  
Rather than to abandon, as I did,  
All joys domestic, matrimonial bliss,  
Brethren, dear daughter, and companions dear,  
A wanderer with thy son. Yet I alas!  
Died not, and therefore now, live but to weep.  
But I resolve thee. Thou behold'st the son  
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, mighty king,  
In arms heroic, gracious in the throne,  
And, (though it shame me now to call him such,)  
By nuptial ties a brother once to me.

Then him the ancient King-admiring, said.  
Oh blest Atrides, happy was thy birth,  
And thy lot glorious, whom this gallant host  
So numerous, of the sons of Greece obey!  
To vine-famed Phrygia, in my days of youth,  
I journey'd; many Phrygians there I saw,  
Brave horsemen, and expert; they were the powers  
Of Otreus and of Mygdon, godlike Chief,  
And on the banks of Sangar's stream encamp'd.  
I march'd among them, chosen in that war  
Ally of Phrygia, and it was her day  
Of conflict with the man-defying race,  
The Amazons; yet multitudes like these  
Thy bright-eyed Greeks, I saw not even there.

The venerable King observing next  
Ulysses, thus inquired. My child, declare  
Him also. Shorter by the head he seems  
Than Agamemnon, Atreus' mighty son,  
But shoulder'd broader, and of ampler chest;  
He hath disposed his armor on the plain,  
But like a ram, himself the warrior ranks  
Ranges majestic; like a ram full-fleeced  
By numerous sheep encompass'd snowy-white.

To whom Jove's daughter Helen thus replied.  
In him the son of old Laërtes know,  
Ulysses; born in Ithaca the rude,  
But of a piercing wit, and deeply wise.

Then answer thus, Antenor sage return'd.  
Princess thou hast described him: hither once  
The noble Ithacan, on thy behalf  
Ambassador with Menelaus, came:  
Beneath my roof, with hospitable fare  
Friendly I entertained them. Seeing then  
Occasion opportune, I closely mark'd  
The genius and the talents of the Chiefs,  
And this I noted well; that when they stood  
Amid the assembled counsellors of Troy,  
Then Menelaus his advantage show'd,  
Who by the shoulders overtopp'd his friend.  
But when both sat, Ulysses in his air  
Had more of state and dignity than he.  
In the delivery of a speech address'd  
To the full senate, Menelaus used  
Few words, but to the matter, fitly ranged,  
And with much sweetness utter'd; for in loose  
And idle play of ostentatious terms  
He dealt not, though he were the younger man.  
But when the wise Ulysses from his seat  
Had once arisen, he would his downcast eyes

So rivet on the earth, and with a hand  
That seem'd untutor'd in its use, so hold  
His sceptre, swaying it to neither side,  
That hadst thou seen him, thou hadst thought him, sure,  
Some chafed and angry idiot, passion-fixt.  
Yet, when at length, the clear and mellow base  
Of his deep voice brake forth, and he let fall  
His chosen words like flakes of feather'd snow,  
None then might match Ulysses; leisure, then,  
Found none to wonder at his noble form.

The third of whom the venerable king  
Inquired, was Ajax.—Yon Achaian tall,  
Whose head and shoulders tower above the rest,  
And of such bulk prodigious—who is he?

Him answer'd Helen, loveliest of her sex.  
A bulwark of the Greeks. In him thou seest  
Gigantic Ajax. Opposite appear  
The Cretans, and among the Chiefs of Crete  
stands, like a God, Idomeneus. Him oft  
From Crete arrived, was Menelaüs wont  
To entertain; and others now I see,  
Achaians, whom I could recall to mind,  
And give to each his name; but two brave youths  
I yet discern not; for equestrian skill  
One famed, and one a boxer never foiled;  
My brothers; born of Leda; sons of Jove;  
Castor and Pollux. Either they abide  
In lovely Sparta still, or if they came,  
Decline the fight, by my disgrace abash'd  
And the reproaches which have fallen on me.

She said; but they already slept inhumed  
In Lacedemon, in their native soil.



And now the heralds, through the streets of Troy  
Charged with the lambs, and with a goat-skin filled  
With heart-exhilarating wine prepared  
For that divine solemnity, return'd.  
Idæus in his hand a beaker bore  
Resplendent, with its fellow cups of gold,  
And thus he summon'd ancient Priam forth.

Son of Laömedon, arise. The Chiefs  
Call thee, the Chiefs of Ilium and of Greece.  
Descend into the plain. We strike a truce,  
And need thine oath to bind it. Paris fights  
With warlike Menelaüs for his spouse;  
Their spears decide the strife. The conqueror wins  
Helen and all her treasures. We, thenceforth,  
(Peace sworn and amity) shall dwell secure  
In Troy, while they to Argos shall return  
And to Achaia praised for women fair.

He spake, and Priam, shuddering, bade his train  
Prepare his steeds; they sedulous obey'd.  
First, Priam mounting, backward stretch'd the reins;  
Antenor, next, beside him sat, and through  
The Scæan gate they drove into the plain.  
Arriving at the hosts of Greece and Troy  
They left the chariot, and proceeded both  
Into the interval between the hosts.  
Then uprose Agamemnon, and uprose  
All-wise Ulysses. Next, the heralds came  
Conspicuous forward, expediting each  
The ceremonial; they the beaker fill'd  
With wine, and to the hands of all the kings  
Minister'd water. Agamemnon then  
Drawing his dagger which he ever bore  
Appendant to his heavy falchion's sheath,  
Cut off the forelocks of the lambs, of which  
The heralds gave to every Grecian Chief

A portion, and to all the Chiefs of Troy.  
Then Agamemnon raised his hands, and pray'd.

Jove, Father, who from Ida stretchest forth  
Thine arm omnipotent, o'erruling all,  
And thou, all-seeing and all-hearing Sun,  
Ye Rivers, and thou conscious Earth, and ye  
Who under earth on human kind avenge  
Severe, the guilt of violated oaths,  
Hear ye, and ratify what now we swear!  
Should Paris slay the hero amber-hair'd,  
My brother Menelaüs, Helen's wealth  
And Helen's self are his, and all our host  
Shall home return to Greece; but should it chance  
That Paris fall by Menelaüs' hand,  
Then Troy shall render back what she detains,  
With such amercement as is meet, a sum  
To be remember'd in all future times.  
Which penalty should Priam and his sons  
Not pay, though Paris fall, then here in arms  
I will contend for payment of the mulct  
My due, till, satisfied, I close the war.

He said, and with his ruthless steel the lambs  
Stretch'd panting all, but soon they ceased to pant,  
For mortal was the stroke. Then drawing forth  
Wine from the beaker, they with brimming cups  
Hail'd the immortal Gods, and pray'd again,  
And many a Grecian thus and Trojan spake.

All-glorious Jove, and ye the powers of heaven,  
Whoso shall violate this contract first,  
So be the brains of them and of their sons  
Pour'd out, as we this wine pour on the earth,  
And may their wives bring forth to other men!

So they: but them Jove heard not. Then arose  
Priam, the son of Dardanus, and said,

Hear me, ye Trojans and ye Greeks well-arm'd.  
Hence back to wind-swept Ilium I return,  
Unable to sustain the sight, my son  
With warlike Menelaüs match'd in arms.  
Jove knows, and the immortal Gods, to whom  
Of both, this day is preordain'd the last.

So spake the godlike monarch, and disposed  
Within the royal chariot all the lambs;  
Then, mounting, check'd the reins; Antenor next  
Ascended, and to Ilium both return'd.

First, Hector and Ulysses, noble Chief,  
Measured the ground; then taking lots for proof  
Who of the combatants should foremost hurl  
His spear, they shook them in a brazen casque;  
Meantime the people raised their hands on high,  
And many a Grecian thus and Trojan prayed.

Jove, Father, who on Ida seated, seest  
And rulest all below, glorious in power!  
Of these two champions, to the drear abodes  
Of Aides him appoint who furnish'd first  
The cause of strife between them, and let peace  
Oath-bound, and amity unite the rest!

So spake the hosts; then Hector shook the lots,  
Majestic Chief, turning his face aside.  
Forth sprang the lot of Paris. They in ranks  
Sat all, where stood the fiery steeds of each,  
And where his radiant arms lay on the field.  
Illustrious Alexander his bright arms  
Put on, fair Helen's paramour. He clasp'd  
His polish'd greaves with silver studs secured;

His brother's corselet to his breast he bound,  
Lycaon's, apt to his own shape and size,  
And slung athwart his shoulders, bright emboss'd,  
His brazen sword; his massy buckler broad  
He took, and to his graceful head his casque  
Adjusted elegant, which, as he moved,  
Its bushy crest waved dreadful; last he seized,  
Well fitted to his gripe, his ponderous spear.  
Meantime the hero Menelaüs made  
Like preparation, and his arms put on.

When thus, from all the multitude apart,  
Both combatants had arm'd, with eyes that flash'd  
Defiance, to the middle space they strode,  
Trojans and Greeks between. Astonishment  
Seized all beholders. On the measured ground  
Full near they stood, each brandishing on high  
His massy spear, and each was fiery wroth.

First, Alexander his long-shadow'd spear  
Sent forth, and on his smooth shield's surface struck  
The son of Atreus, but the brazen guard  
Pierced not, for at the disk, with blunted point  
Reflex, his ineffectual weapon stay'd.  
Then Menelaüs to the fight advanced  
Impetuous, after prayer offer'd to Jove.

King over all! now grant me to avenge  
My wrongs on Alexander; now subdue  
The aggressor under me; that men unborn  
May shudder at the thought of faith abused,  
And hospitality with rape repaid.  
He said, and brandishing his massy spear,  
Dismiss'd it. Through the burnish'd buckler broad  
Of Priam's son the stormy weapon flew,  
Transpierced his costly hauberk, and the vest

Ripp'd on his flank; but with a sideward bend  
He baffled it, and baulk'd the dreadful death.

Then Menelaüs drawing his bright blade,  
Swung it aloft, and on the hairy crest  
Smote him; but shiver'd into fragments small  
The falchion at the stroke fell from his hand.  
Vexation fill'd him; to the spacious heavens  
He look'd, and with a voice of wo exclaim'd—

Jupiter! of all powers by man adored  
To me most adverse! Confident I hoped  
Revenge for Paris' treason, but my sword  
Is shivered, and I sped my spear in vain.

So saying, he sprang on him, and his long crest  
Seized fast; then, turning, drew him by that hold  
Toward the Grecian host. The broider'd band  
That underbraced his helmet at the chin,  
Strain'd to his smooth neck with a ceaseless force,  
Chok'd him; and now had Menelaus won  
Deathless renown, dragging him off the field,  
But Venus, foam-sprung Goddess, feeling quick  
His peril imminent, snapp'd short the brace  
Though stubborn, by a slaughter'd ox supplied,  
And the void helmet follow'd as he pull'd.  
That prize the Hero, whirling it aloft,  
Threw to his Greeks, who caught it and secured,  
Then with vindictive strides he rush'd again  
On Paris, spear in hand; but him involved  
In mist opaque Venus with ease divine  
Snatch'd thence, and in his chamber placed him, fill'd  
With scents odorous, spirit-soothing sweets.  
Nor stay'd the Goddess, but at once in quest  
Of Helen went; her on a lofty tower  
She found, where many a damsel stood of Troy,  
And twitch'd her fragrant robe. In form she seem'd

An ancient matron, who, while Helen dwelt  
In Lacedæmon, her unsullied wool  
Dress'd for her, faithfulest of all her train.  
Like her disguised the Goddess thus began.

Haste—Paris calls thee—on his sculptured couch,  
(Sparkling alike his looks and his attire)  
He waits thy wish'd return. Thou wouldst not dream  
That he had fought; he rather seems prepared  
For dance, or after dance, for soft repose.

So saying, she tumult raised in Helen's mind.  
Yet soon as by her symmetry of neck,  
By her love-kindling breasts and luminous eyes  
She knew the Goddess, her she thus bespake.

Ah whence, deceitful deity! thy wish  
Now to ensnare me? Wouldst thou lure me, say,  
To some fair city of Mæonian name  
Or Phrygian, more remote from Sparta still?  
Hast thou some human favorite also there?  
Is it because Atrides hath prevailed  
To vanquish Paris, and would bear me home  
Unworthy as I am, that thou attempt'st  
Again to cheat me? Go thyself—sit thou  
Beside him—for his sake renounce the skies;  
Watch him, weep for him; till at length his wife  
He deign to make thee, or perchance his slave.  
I go not (now to go were shame indeed)  
To dress his couch; nor will I be the jest  
Of all my sex in Ilium. Oh! my griefs  
Are infinite, and more than I can bear.

To whom, the foam-sprung Goddess, thus incensed.  
Ah wretch! provoke not me; lest in my wrath  
Abandoning thee, I not hate thee less  
Than now I fondly love thee, and beget

Such detestation of thee in all hearts,  
Grecian and Trojan, that thou die abhorr'd.

The Goddess ceased. Jove's daughter, Helen, fear'd,  
And, in her lucid veil close wrapt around,  
Silent retired, of all those Trojan dames  
Unseen, and Venus led, herself, the way.  
Soon then as Alexander's fair abode  
They reach'd, her maidens quick their tasks resumed,  
And she to her own chamber lofty-roof'd  
Ascended, loveliest of her sex. A seat  
For Helen, daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd,  
To Paris opposite, the Queen of smiles  
Herself disposed; but with averted eyes  
She sat before him, and him keen reproach'd.

Thou hast escaped.—Ah would that thou hadst died  
By that heroic arm, mine husband's erst!  
Thou once didst vaunt thee in address and strength  
Superior. Go then—challenge yet again  
The warlike Menelaüs forth in fight.  
But hold. The hero of the amber locks  
Provoke no more so rashly, lest the point  
Of his victorious spear soon stretch thee dead.

She ended, to whom Paris thus replied.  
Ah Helen, wound me not with taunt severe!  
Me, Menelaüs, by Minerva's aid,  
Hath vanquish'd now, who may hereafter, him.  
We also have our Gods. But let us love.  
For never since the day when thee I bore  
From pleasant Lacedæmon o'er the waves  
To Cranæ's fair isle, and first enjoy'd  
Thy beauty, loved I as I love thee now,  
Or felt such sweetness of intense desire.

He spake, and sought his bed, whom follow'd soon  
Jove's daughter, reconciled to his embrace.

But Menelaüs like a lion ranged  
The multitude, inquiring far and near  
For Paris lost. Yet neither Trojan him  
Nor friend of Troy could show, whom, else, through love  
None had conceal'd, for him as death itself  
All hated, but his going none had seen.

Amidst them all then spake the King of men.  
Trojans, and Dardans, and allies of Troy!  
The warlike Menelaüs hath prevailed,  
As is most plain. Now therefore bring ye forth  
Helen with all her treasures, also bring  
Such large amercement as is meet, a sum  
To be remember'd in all future times.

So spake Atrides, and Achaia's host  
With loud applause confirm'd the monarch's claim.



## Book IV

### ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

In a Council of the Gods, a dispute arises between Jupiter and Juno, which is at last compromised, Jove consenting to dispatch Minerva with a charge to incite some Trojan to a violation of the truce. Minerva descends for that purpose, and in the form of Laodocus, a son of Priam, exhorts Pandarus to shoot at Menelaus, and succeeds. Menelaus is wounded, and Agamemnon having consigned him to the care of Machaon, goes forth to perform the duties of commander-in-chief, in the encouragement of his host to battle. The battle begins.

Now, on the golden floor of Jove's abode  
The Gods all sat consulting; Hebe them,  
Graceful, with nectar served; they pledging each  
His next, alternate quaff'd from cups of gold,  
And at their ease reclined, look'd down on Troy,  
When, sudden, Jove essay'd by piercing speech  
Invidious, to enkindle Juno's ire.

Two Goddesses on Menelaus' part  
Confederate stand, Juno in Argos known,  
Pallas in Alalcomene; yet they  
Sequester'd sit, look on, and are amused.  
Not so smile-loving Venus; she, beside  
Her champion station'd, saves him from his fate,  
And at this moment, by her aid, he lives.  
But now, since victory hath proved the lot  
Of warlike Menelaus, weigh ye well  
The matter; shall we yet the ruinous strife  
Prolong between the nations, or consent  
To give them peace? should peace your preference win,  
And prove alike acceptable to all,

Stand Ilium, and let Menelaus bear  
Helen of Argos back to Greece again.

He ended; Juno and Minerva heard,  
Low-murmuring deep disgust; for side by side  
They forging sat calamity to Troy.  
Minerva through displeasure against Jove  
Nought utter'd, for with rage her bosom boil'd;  
But Juno check'd not hers, who thus replied.

What word hath pass'd thy lips, Jove most severe!  
How? wouldst thou render fruitless all my pains?  
The sweat that I have pour'd? my steeds themselves  
Have fainted while I gather'd Greece in arms  
For punishment of Priam and his sons.  
Do it. But small thy praise shall be in heaven.

Then her the Thunderer answer'd sore displeased.  
Ah shameless! how have Priam and his sons  
So much transgress'd against thee, that thou burn'st  
With ceaseless rage to ruin populous Troy?  
Go, make thine entrance at her lofty gates,  
Priam and all his house, and all his host  
Alive devour; then, haply, thou wilt rest;  
Do even as thou wilt, that this dispute  
Live not between us a consuming fire  
For ever. But attend; mark well the word.  
When I shall also doom in future time  
Some city to destruction, dear to thee,  
Oppose me not, but give my fury way  
As I give way to thine, not pleased myself,  
Yet not unsatisfied, so thou be pleased.  
For of all cities of the sons of men,  
And which the sun and stars from heaven behold,  
Me sacred Troy most pleases, Priam me  
Most, and the people of the warrior King.  
Nor without cause. They feed mine altar well;

Libation there, and steam of savory scent  
Fail not, the tribute which by lot is ours.

Him answer'd, then, the Goddess ample-eyed,  
Majestic Juno: Three fair cities me,  
Of all the earth, most interest and engage,  
Mycenæ for magnificence renown'd,  
Argos, and Sparta. Them, when next thy wrath  
Shall be inflamed against them, lay thou waste;  
I will not interpose on their behalf;  
Thou shalt not hear me murmur; what avail  
Complaint or force against thy matchless arm?  
Yet were it most unmeet that even I  
Should toil in vain; I also boast a birth  
Celestial; Saturn deeply wise, thy Sire,  
Is also mine; our origin is one.  
Thee I acknowledge Sovereign, yet account  
Myself entitled by a twofold claim  
To veneration both from Gods and men,  
The daughter of Jove's sire, and spouse of Jove.  
Concession mutual therefore both thyself  
Befits and me, whom when the Gods perceive  
Disposed to peace, they also shall accord.  
Come then.—To yon dread field dispatch in haste  
Minerva, with command that she incite  
The Trojans first to violate their oath  
By some fresh insult on the exulting Greeks.

So Juno; nor the sire of all refused,  
But in wing'd accents thus to Pallas spake.

Begone; swift fly to yonder field; incite  
The Trojans first to violate their oath  
By some fresh insult on the exulting Greeks.

The Goddess heard, and what she wish'd, enjoin'd,  
Down-darted swift from the Olympian heights,

In form a meteor, such as from his hand  
Not seldom Jove dismisses, beaming bright  
And breaking into stars, an omen sent  
To mariners, or to some numerous host.  
Such Pallas seem'd, and swift descending, dropp'd  
Full in the midst between them. They with awe  
That sign portentous and with wonder view'd,  
Achaïans both and Trojans, and his next  
The soldier thus bespake. Now either war  
And dire hostility again shall flame,  
Or Jove now gives us peace. Both are from Jove.

So spake the soldiery; but she the form  
Taking of brave Laodocus, the son  
Of old Antenor, throughout all the ranks  
Sought godlike Pandarus. Ere long she found  
The valiant son illustrious of Lycaon,  
Standing encompass'd by his dauntless troops,  
Broad-shielded warriors, from Æsepus' stream  
His followers; to his side the Goddess came,  
And in wing'd accents ardent him bespake.

Brave offspring of Lycaon, is there hope  
That thou wilt hear my counsel? darest thou slip  
A shaft at Menelaus? much renown  
Thou shalt and thanks from all the Trojans win,  
But most of all, from Paris, prince of Troy.  
From him illustrious gifts thou shalt receive  
Doubtless, when Menelaus he shall see  
The martial son of Atreus by a shaft  
Subdued of thine, placed on his funeral pile.  
Come. Shoot at Menelaus, glorious Chief!  
But vow to Lycian Phœbus bow-renown'd  
A hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock,  
To fair Zeleia's walls once safe restored.

So Pallas spake, to whom infatuate he  
Listening, uncased at once his polished bow.  
That bow, the laden brows of a wild goat  
Salacious had supplied; him on a day  
Forth-issuing from his cave, in ambush placed  
He wounded with an arrow to his breast  
Dispatch'd, and on the rock supine he fell.  
Each horn had from his head tall growth attain'd,  
Full sixteen palms; them shaven smooth the smith  
Had aptly join'd, and tipt their points with gold.  
That bow he strung, then, stooping, planted firm  
The nether horn, his comrades bold the while  
Screening him close with shields, lest ere the prince  
Were stricken, Menelaus brave in arms,  
The Greeks with fierce assault should interpose.  
He raised his quiver's lid; he chose a dart  
Unflown, full-fledged, and barb'd with pangs of death.  
He lodged in haste the arrow on the string,  
And vow'd to Lycian Phœbus bow-renown'd  
A hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock,  
To fair Zeleia's walls once safe restored.  
Compressing next nerve and notch'd arrow-head  
He drew back both together, to his pap  
Drew home the nerve, the barb home to his bow,  
And when the horn was curved to a wide arch,  
He twang'd it. Whizz'd the bowstring, and the reed  
Leap'd off, impatient for the distant throng.

Thee, Menelaus, then the blessed Gods  
Forgot not; Pallas huntress of the spoil,  
Thy guardian then, baffled the cruel dart.  
Far as a mother wafts the fly aside  
That haunts her slumbering babe, so far she drove  
Its course aslant, directing it herself  
Against the golden clasps that join'd his belt;  
For there the doubled hauberk interposed.  
The bitter arrow plunged into his belt.

It pierced his broider'd belt, stood fixt within  
His twisted hauberk, nor the interior quilt,  
Though penetrable least to arrow-points  
And his best guard, withheld it, but it pass'd  
That also, and the Hero's skin inscribed.  
Quick flowed a sable current from the wound.

As when a Carian or Mæonian maid  
Impurples ivory ordain'd to grace  
The cheek of martial steed; safe stored it lies,  
By many a Chief desired, but proves at last  
The stately trapping of some prince, the pride  
Of his high pamper'd steed, nor less his own;  
Such, Menelaus, seem'd thy shapely thighs,  
Thy legs, thy feet, stained with thy trickling blood.

Shudder'd King Agamemnon when he saw  
The blood fast trickling from the wound, nor less  
Shudder'd himself the bleeding warrior bold.  
But neck and barb observing from the flesh  
Extant, he gather'd heart, and lived again.  
The royal Agamemnon, sighing, grasp'd  
The hand of Menelaus, and while all  
Their followers sigh'd around them, thus began.

I swore thy death, my brother, when I swore  
This truce, and set thee forth in sight of Greeks  
And Trojans, our sole champion; for the foe  
Hath trodden underfoot his sacred oath,  
And stained it with thy blood. But not in vain,  
The truce was ratified, the blood of lambs  
Poured forth, libation made, and right hands join'd  
In holy confidence. The wrath of Jove  
May sleep, but will not always; they shall pay  
Dear penalty; their own obnoxious heads  
Shall be the mulct, their children and their wives.  
For this I know, know surely; that a day

Shall come, when Ilium, when the warlike King  
Of Ilium and his host shall perish all.  
Saturnian Jove high-throned, dwelling in heaven,  
Resentful of this outrage, then shall shake  
His storm-clad Ægis over them. He will;  
I speak no fable. Time shall prove me true.  
But, oh my Menelaus, dire distress  
Awaits me, if thy close of life be come,  
And thou must die. Then ignominy foul  
Shall hunt me back to Argos long-desired;  
For then all here will recollect their home,  
And, hope abandoning, will Helen yield  
To be the boast of Priam, and of Troy.  
So shall our toils be vain, and while thy bones  
Shall waste these clods beneath, Troy's haughty sons  
The tomb of Menelaus glory-crown'd  
Insulting barbarous, shall scoff at me.  
So may Atrides, shall they say, perform  
His anger still as he performed it here,  
Whither he led an unsuccessful host,  
Whence he hath sail'd again without the spoils,  
And where he left his brother's bones to rot.  
So shall the Trojan speak; then open earth  
Her mouth, and hide me in her deepest gulfs!

But him, the hero of the golden locks  
Thus cheer'd. My brother, fear not, nor infect  
With fear the Grecians; the sharp-pointed reed  
Hath touch'd no vital part. The broider'd zone,  
The hauberk, and the tough interior quilt,  
Work of the armorer, its force repress'd.

Him answer'd Agamemnon, King of men.  
So be it brother! but the hand of one  
Skilful to heal shall visit and shall dress  
The wound with drugs of pain-assuaging power.

He ended, and his noble herald, next,  
Bespake, Talthybius. Haste, call hither quick  
The son of Æsculapius, leech renown'd,  
The prince Machaon. Bid him fly to attend  
The warlike Chieftain Menelaus; him  
Some archer, either Lycian or of Troy,  
A dexterous one, hath stricken with a shaft  
To his own glory, and to our distress.

He spake, nor him the herald disobey'd,  
But through the Greeks bright-arm'd his course began  
The Hero seeking earnest on all sides  
Machaon. Him, ere long, he station'd saw  
Amid the shielded-ranks of his brave band  
From steed-famed Tricca drawn, and at his side  
With accents ardor-wing'd, him thus address'd.

Haste, Asclepiades! The King of men  
Calls thee. Delay not. Thou must visit quick  
Brave Menelaus, Atreus' son, for him  
Some archer, either Lycian or of Troy,  
A dexterous one, hath stricken with a shaft  
To his own glory, and to our distress.

So saying, he roused Machaon, who his course  
Through the wide host began. Arriving soon  
Where wounded Menelaus stood, while all  
The bravest of Achaia's host around  
The godlike hero press'd, he strove at once  
To draw the arrow from his cincture forth.  
But, drawing, bent the barbs. He therefore loosed  
His broider'd belt, his hauberk and his quilt,  
Work of the armorer, and laying bare  
His body where the bitter shaft had plow'd  
His flesh, he suck'd the wound, then spread it o'er  
With drugs of balmy power, given on a time  
For friendship's sake by Chiron to his sire.



While Menelaus thus the cares engross'd  
Of all those Chiefs, the shielded powers of Troy  
'Gan move toward them, and the Greeks again  
Put on their armor, mindful of the fight.  
Then hadst thou not great Agamemnon seen  
Slumbering, or trembling, or averse from war,  
But ardent to begin his glorious task.  
His steeds, and his bright chariot brass-inlaid  
He left; the snorting steeds Eurymedon,  
Offspring of Ptolemy Piraïdes  
Detain'd apart; for him he strict enjoin'd  
Attendance near, lest weariness of limbs  
Should seize him marshalling his numerous host.  
So forth he went, and through the files on foot  
Proceeding, where the warrior Greeks he saw  
Alert, he roused them by his words the more.

Argives! abate no spark of all your fire.  
Jove will not prosper traitors. Them who first  
Transgress'd the truce the vultures shall devour,  
But we (their city taken) shall their wives  
Lead captive, and their children home to Greece.

So cheer'd he them. But whom he saw supine,  
Or in the rugged work of war remiss,  
In terms of anger them he stern rebuked.

Oh Greeks! The shame of Argos! Arrow-doom'd!  
Blush ye not? Wherefore stand ye thus aghast,  
Like fawns which wearied after scouring wide  
The champain, gaze and pant, and can no more?  
Senseless like them ye stand, nor seek the fight.  
Is it your purpose patient here to wait  
Till Troy invade your vessels on the shore  
Of the grey deep, that ye may trial make  
Of Jove, if he will prove, himself, your shield?

Thus, in discharge of his high office, pass'd  
Atrides through the ranks, and now arrived  
Where, hardy Chief! Idomeneus in front  
Of his bold Cretans stood, stout as a boar  
The van he occupied, while in the rear  
Meriones harangued the most remote.  
Them so prepared the King of men beheld  
With joyful heart, and thus in courteous terms  
Instant the brave Idomeneus address'd.

Thee fighting, feasting, howsoe'er employed,  
I most respect, Idomeneus, of all  
The well-horsed Danäi; for when the Chiefs  
Of Argos, banqueting, their beakers charge  
With rosy wine the honorable meed  
Of valor, thou alone of all the Greeks  
Drink'st not by measure. No—thy goblet stands  
Replenish'd still, and like myself thou know'st  
No rule or bound, save what thy choice prescribes.  
March. Seek the foe. Fight now as heretofore,

To whom Idomeneus of Crete replied,  
Atrides! all the friendship and the love  
Which I have promised will I well perform.  
Go; animate the rest, Chief after Chief  
Of the Achaians, that the fight begin.  
For Troy has scatter'd to the winds all faith,  
All conscience; and for such her treachery foul  
Shall have large recompence of death and wo.

He said, whom Agamemnon at his heart  
Exulting, pass'd, and in his progress came  
Where stood each Ajax; them he found prepared  
With all their cloud of infantry behind.  
As when the goat-herd on some rocky point  
Advanced, a cloud sees wafted o'er the deep

By western gales, and rolling slow along,  
To him, who stands remote, pitch-black it seems,  
And comes with tempest charged; he at the sight  
Shuddering, his flock compels into a cave;  
So moved the gloomy phalanx, rough with spears,  
And dense with shields of youthful warriors bold,  
Close-following either Ajax to the fight.

Them also, pleased, the King of men beheld,  
And in wing'd accents hail'd them as he pass'd.

Brave leaders of the mail-clad host of Greece!  
I move not you to duty; ye yourselves  
Move others, and no lesson need from me.  
Jove, Pallas, and Apollo! were but all  
Courageous as yourselves, soon Priam's towers  
Should totter, and his Ilium storm'd and sack'd  
By our victorious bands, stoop to the dust.

He ceased, and still proceeding, next arrived  
Where stood the Pylian orator, his band  
Marshalling under all their leaders bold  
Alastor, Chromius, Pelagon the vast,  
Hæmon the prince, and Bias, martial Chief.  
Chariot and horse he station'd in the front;  
His numerous infantry, a strong reserve  
Right valiant, in the rear; the worst, and those  
In whom he trusted least, he drove between,  
That such through mere necessity might act.  
First to his charioteers he gave in charge  
Their duty; bade them rein their horses hard,  
Shunning confusion. Let no warrior, vain  
And overweening of his strength or skill,  
Start from his rank to dare the fight alone,  
Or fall behind it, weakening whom he leaves.  
And if, dismounted from his own, he climb  
Another's chariot, let him not affect

Perverse the reins, but let him stand, his spear  
Advancing firm, far better so employ'd.  
Such was the discipline, in ancient times,  
Of our forefathers; by these rules they fought  
Successful, and laid many a city low.

So counsell'd them the venerable Chief  
Long time expert in arms; him also saw  
King Agamemnon with delight, and said,

Old Chief! ah how I wish, that thy firm heart  
Were but supported by as firm a knee!  
But time unhinges all. Oh that some youth  
Had thine old age, and thou wast young again!  
To whom the valiant Nestor thus replied.

Atrides, I could also ardent wish  
That I were now robust as when I struck  
Brave Ereuthalion breathless to the ground!  
But never all their gifts the Gods confer  
On man at once; if then I had the force  
Of youth, I suffer now the effects of age.  
Yet ancient as I am, I will be seen  
Still mingling with the charioteers, still prompt  
To give them counsel; for to counsel youth  
Is the old warrior's province. Let the green  
In years, my juniors, unimpaired by time,  
Push with the lance, for they have strength to boast.

So he, whom Agamemnon joyful heard,  
And passing thence, the son of Peteos found  
Menestheus, foremost in equestrian fame,  
Among the brave Athenians; near to him  
Ulysses held his station, and at hand  
The Cephallenians stood, hardy and bold;  
For rumor none of the approaching fight  
Them yet had reach'd, so recent had the stir

Arisen in either host; they, therefore, watch'd  
Till the example of some other band  
Marching, should prompt them to begin the fight,  
But Agamemnon, thus, the King of men  
Them seeing, sudden and severe reproved.

Menestheus, son of Peteos prince renown'd,  
And thou, deviser of all evil wiles!  
Adept in artifice! why stand ye here  
Appall'd? why wait ye on this distant spot  
'Till others move? I might expect from you  
More readiness to meet the burning war,  
Whom foremost I invite of all to share  
The banquet, when the Princes feast with me.  
There ye are prompt; ye find it pleasant there  
To eat your savory food, and quaff your wine  
Delicious 'till satiety ensue;  
But here you could be well content to stand  
Spectators only, while ten Grecian troops  
Should wage before you the wide-wasting war.

To whom Ulysses, with resentful tone  
Dark-frowning, thus replied. What words are these  
Which have escaped thy lips; and for what cause,  
Atrides, hast thou call'd me slow to fight?  
When we of Greece shall in sharp contest clash  
With you steed-tamer Trojans, mark me then;  
Then thou shalt see (if the concerns of war  
So nearly touch thee, and thou so incline)  
The father of Telemachus, engaged  
Among the foremost Trojans. But thy speech  
Was light as is the wind, and rashly made.  
When him thus moved he saw, the monarch smiled  
Complacent, and in gentler terms replied.

Laërtes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!  
Short reprimand and exhortation short

Suffice for thee, nor did I purpose more.  
For I have known thee long, that thou art one  
Of kindest nature, and so much my friend  
That we have both one heart. Go therefore thou,  
Lead on, and if a word have fallen amiss,  
We will hereafter mend it, and may heaven  
Obliterate in thine heart its whole effect!

He ceased, and ranging still along the line,  
The son of Tydeus, Diomedes, perceived,  
Heroic Chief, by chariots all around  
Environ'd, and by steeds, at side of whom  
Stood Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus.  
Him also, Agamemnon, King of men,  
In accents of asperity reproved.

Ah, son of Tydeus, Chief of dauntless heart  
And of equestrian fame! why standest thou  
Appall'd, and peering through the walks of war?  
So did not Tydeus. In the foremost fight  
His favorite station was, as they affirm  
Who witness'd his exploits; I never saw  
Or met him, but by popular report  
He was the bravest warrior of his day.  
Yet came he once, but not in hostile sort,  
To fair Mycenæ, by the godlike prince  
Attended, Polynices, at what time  
The host was called together, and the siege  
Was purposed of the sacred city Thebes.  
Earnest they sued for an auxiliar band,  
Which we had gladly granted, but that Jove  
By unpropitious tokens interfered.  
So forth they went, and on the reedy banks  
Arriving of Asopus, there thy sire  
By designation of the Greeks was sent  
Ambassador, and enter'd Thebes. He found  
In Eteocles' palace numerous guests,

The sons of Cadmus feasting, among whom,  
Although a solitary stranger, stood  
Thy father without fear, and challenged forth  
Their best to cope with him in manly games.  
Them Tydeus vanquish'd easily, such aid  
Pallas vouchsafed him. Then the spur-arm'd race  
Of Cadmus was incensed, and fifty youths  
In ambush close expected his return.  
Them, Lycophontes obstinate in fight,  
Son of Autophonus, and Mæon, son  
Of Hæmon, Chief of godlike stature, led.  
Those also Tydeus slew; Mæon except,  
(Whom, warned from heaven, he spared, and sent him home  
With tidings of the rest) he slew them all.  
Such was Ætolian Tydeus; who begat  
A son in speech his better, not in arms.

He ended, and his sovereign's awful voice  
Tydides reverencing, nought replied;  
But thus the son of glorious Capaneus.

Atrides, conscious of the truth, speak truth.  
We with our sires compared, superior praise  
Claim justly. We, confiding in the aid  
Of Jove, and in propitious signs from heaven,  
Led to the city consecrate to Mars  
Our little host, inferior far to theirs,  
And took seven-gated Thebes, under whose walls  
Our fathers by their own imprudence fell.  
Their glory, then, match never more with ours.

He spake, whom with a frowning brow the brave  
Tydides answer'd. Sthenelus, my friend!  
I give thee counsel. Mark it. Hold thy peace.  
If Agamemnon, who hath charge of all,  
Excite his well-appointed host to war,  
He hath no blame from me. For should the Greeks

(Her people vanquished) win imperial Troy,  
The glory shall be his; or, if his host  
O'erpower'd in battle perish, his the shame.  
Come, therefore; be it ours to rouse at once  
To action all the fury of our might.

He said, and from his chariot to the plain  
Leap'd ardent; rang the armor on the breast  
Of the advancing Chief; the boldest heart  
Had felt emotion, startled at the sound.

As when the waves by Zephyrus up-heaved  
Crowd fast toward some sounding shore, at first,  
On the broad bosom of the deep their heads  
They curl on high, then breaking on the land  
Thunder, and o'er the rocks that breast the flood  
Borne turgid, scatter far the showery spray;  
So moved the Greeks successive, rank by rank,  
And phalanx after phalanx, every Chief  
His loud command proclaiming, while the rest,  
As voice in all those thousands none had been  
Heard mute; and, in resplendent armor clad,  
With martial order terrible advanced.  
Not so the Trojans came. As sheep, the flock  
Of some rich man, by thousands in his court  
Penn'd close at milking time, incessant bleat,  
Loud answering all their bleating lambs without,  
Such din from Ilium's wide-spread host arose.  
Nor was their shout, nor was their accent one,  
But mingled languages were heard of men  
From various climes. These Mars to battle roused,  
Those Pallas azure-eyed; nor Terror thence  
Nor Flight was absent, nor insatiate Strife,  
Sister and mate of homicidal Mars,  
Who small at first, but swift to grow, from earth  
Her towering crest lifts gradual to the skies.  
She, foe alike to both, the brands dispersed



Of burning hate between them, and the woes  
Enhanced of battle wheresoe'er she pass'd.

And now the battle join'd. Shield clash'd with shield  
And spear with spear, conflicting corselets rang,  
Boss'd bucklers met, and tumult wild arose.  
Then, many a yell was heard, and many a shout  
Loud intermix'd, the slayer o'er the maim'd  
Exulting, and the field was drench'd with blood.  
As when two winter torrents rolling down  
The mountains, shoot their floods through gulleys huge  
Into one gulf below, station'd remote  
The shepherd in the uplands hears the roar;  
Such was the thunder of the mingling hosts.  
And first, Antilochus a Trojan Chief  
Slew Echepolus, from Thalysias sprung,  
Contending valiant in the van of Troy.  
Him smiting on his crested casque, he drove  
The brazen lance into his front, and pierced  
The bones within; night overspread his eyes,  
And in fierce battle, like a tower, he fell.  
Him fallen by both feet Calchodon's son  
Seized, royal Elephenor, leader brave  
Of the Abantes, and in haste to strip  
His armor, drew him from the fight aside.  
But short was that attempt. Him so employ'd  
Dauntless Agenor mark'd, and as he stoop'd,  
In his unshielded flank a pointed spear  
Implanted deep; he languid sunk and died.  
So Elephenor fell, for whom arose  
Sharp conflict; Greeks and Trojans mutual flew  
Like wolves to battle, and man grappled man.  
Then Telamonian Ajax, in his prime  
Of youthful vigor Simöisius slew,  
Son of Anthemion. Him on Simoïs' banks  
His mother bore, when with her parents once  
She came from Ida down to view the flocks,

And thence they named him; but his parents'  
He lived not to requite, in early youth  
Slain by the spear of Ajax famed in arms.  
For him advancing Ajax at the pap  
Wounded; right through his shoulder driven the point  
Stood forth behind; he fell, and press'd the dust.  
So in some spacious marsh the poplar falls  
Smooth-skin'd, with boughs unladen save aloft;  
Some chariot-builder with his axe the trunk  
Severs, that he may warp it to a wheel  
Of shapely form; meantime exposed it lies  
To parching airs beside the running stream;  
Such Simöisius seemed, Anthemion's son,  
Whom noble Ajax slew. But soon at him  
Antiphus, son of Priam, bright in arms,  
Hurl'd through the multitude his pointed spear.  
He erred from Ajax, but he pierced the groin  
Of Leucus, valiant warrior of the band  
Led by Ulysses. He the body dragg'd  
Apart, but fell beside it, and let fall,  
Breathless himself, the burthen from his hand.  
Then burn'd Ulysses' wrath for Leucus slain,  
And through the foremost combatants, array'd  
In dazzling arms, he rush'd. Full near he stood,  
And, looking keen around him, hurl'd a lance.  
Back fell the Trojans from before the face  
Dispersed of great Ulysses. Not in vain  
His weapon flew, but on the field outstretch'd  
A spurious son of Priam, from the shores  
Call'd of Abydus famed for fleetest mares,  
Democoon; him, for Leucus' sake enraged,  
Ulysses through both temples with his spear  
Transpierced. The night of death hung on his eyes,  
And sounding on his batter'd arms he fell.  
Then Hector and the van of Troy retired;  
Loud shout the Grecians; these draw off the dead,  
Those onward march amain, and from the heights

Of Pergamus Apollo looking down  
In anger, to the Trojans called aloud.

Turn, turn, ye Trojans! face your Grecian foes.  
They, like yourselves, are vulnerable flesh,  
Not adamant or steel. Your direst dread  
Achilles, son of Thetis radiant-hair'd,  
Fights not, but sullen in his fleet abides.

Such from the citadel was heard the voice  
Of dread Apollo. But Minerva ranged  
Meantime, Tritonian progeny of Jove,  
The Grecians, rousing whom she saw remiss.  
Then Amarynceus' son, Diores, felt  
The force of fate, bruised by a rugged rock  
At his right heel, which Pirus, Thracian Chief,  
The son of Imbrasus of Ænos, threw.  
Bones and both tendons in its fall the mass  
Enormous crush'd. He, stretch'd in dust supine,  
With palms outspread toward his warrior friends  
Lay gasping life away. But he who gave  
The fatal blow, Pirus, advancing, urged  
Into his navel a keen lance, and shed  
His bowels forth; then, darkness veil'd his eyes.

Nor Pirus long survived; him through the breast  
Above the pap, Ætolian Thoas pierced,  
And in his lungs set fast the quivering spear.  
Then Thoas swift approach'd, pluck'd from the wound  
His stormy spear, and with his falchion bright  
Gashing his middle belly, stretch'd him dead.  
Yet stripp'd he not the slain, whom with long spears  
His Thracians hairy-scalp'd so round about  
Encompassed, that though bold and large of limb  
Were Thoas, from before them him they thrust  
Staggering and reeling in his forced retreat.

They therefore in the dust, the Epean Chief  
Diores, and the Thracian, Pirus lay  
Stretch'd side by side, with numerous slain around.

Then had Minerva led through all that field  
Some warrior yet unhurt, him sheltering safe  
From all annoyance dread of dart or spear,  
No cause of blame in either had he found  
That day, so many Greeks and Trojans press'd,  
Extended side by side, the dusty plain.

## Book V

### ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

Diomede is extraordinarily distinguished. He kills Pandarus, who had violated the truce, and wounds first Venus and then Mars.

Then Athenæan Pallas on the son  
Of Tydeus, Diomede, new force conferr'd  
And daring courage, that the Argives all  
He might surpass, and deathless fame achieve.  
Fires on his helmet and his shield around  
She kindled, bright and steady as the star  
Autumnal, which in Ocean newly bathed  
Assumes fresh beauty; with such glorious beams  
His head encircling and his shoulders broad,  
She urged him forth into the thickest fight.

There lived a man in Troy, Dares his name,  
The priest of Vulcan; rich he was and good,  
The father of two sons, Idæus this,  
That, Phegeus call'd; accomplish'd warriors both.  
These, issuing from their phalanx, push'd direct  
Their steeds at Diomede, who fought on foot.  
When now small interval was left between,  
First Phegeus his long-shadow'd spear dismiss'd;  
But over Diomede's left shoulder pass'd  
The point, innocuous. Then his splendid lance  
Tydides hurl'd; nor ineffectual flew  
The weapon from his hand, but Phegeus pierced  
His paps between, and forced him to the ground.  
At once, his sumptuous chariot left, down leap'd  
Idæus, wanting courage to defend  
His brother slain; nor had he scaped himself  
His louring fate, but Vulcan, to preserve

His ancient priest from unmixt sorrow, snatch'd  
The fugitive in darkness wrapt, away.  
Then brave Tydides, driving off the steeds,  
Consign'd them to his fellow-warriors' care,  
That they might lead them down into the fleet.

The valiant Trojans, when they saw the sons  
Of Dares, one beside his chariot slain,  
And one by flight preserved, through all their host  
Felt consternation. Then Minerva seized  
The hand of fiery Mars, and thus she spake.

Gore-tainted homicide, town-battering Mars!  
Leave we the Trojans and the Greeks to wage  
Fierce fight alone, Jove prospering whom he will,  
So shall we not provoke our father's ire.

She said, and from the fight conducted forth  
The impetuous Deity, whom on the side  
She seated of Scamander deep-embank'd.

And now the host of Troy to flight inclined  
Before the Grecians, and the Chiefs of Greece  
Each slew a warrior. Agamemnon first  
Gigantic Odus from his chariot hurl'd.  
Chief of the Halizonians. He to flight  
Turn'd foremost, when the monarch in his spine  
Between the shoulder-bones his spear infixt,  
And urged it through his breast. Sounding he fell,  
And loud his batter'd armor rang around.

By brave Idomeneus a Lydian died,  
Phæstus, from fruitful Tarne sent to Troy,  
Son of Mæonian Borus; him his steeds  
Mounting, Idomeneus the spear-renown'd  
Through his right shoulder pierced; unwelcome night

Involved him; from his chariot down he fell,  
And the attendant Cretans stripp'd his arms.

But Menelaus, son of Atreus slew  
With his bright spear Scamandrius, Stropius' son,  
A skilful hunter; for Diana him,  
Herself, the slaughter of all savage kinds  
Had taught, on mountain or in forest bred.  
But she, shaft-aiming Goddess, in that hour  
Avail'd him not, nor his own matchless skill;  
For Menelaus, Atreus son spear-famed,  
Him flying wounded in the spine between  
His shoulders, and the spear urged through his breast.  
Prone on his loud-resounding arms he fell.

Next, by Meriones, Phereclus died,  
Son of Harmonides. All arts that ask  
A well-instructed hand his sire had learn'd,  
For Pallas dearly loved him. He the fleet,  
Prime source of harm to Troy and to himself,  
For Paris built, unskill'd to spell aright  
The oracles predictive of the wo.  
Phereclus fled; Meriones his flight  
Outstripping, deep in his posterior flesh  
A spear infix'd; sliding beneath the bone  
It grazed his bladder as it pass'd, and stood  
Protruded far before. Low on his knees  
Phereclus sank, and with a shriek expired.  
Pedæus, whom, although his spurious son,  
Antenor's wife, to gratify her lord,  
Had cherish'd as her own—him Meges slew.  
Warlike Phylides following close his flight,  
His keen lance drove into his poll, cut sheer  
His tongue within, and through his mouth enforced  
The glittering point. He, prostrate in the dust,  
The cold steel press'd between his teeth and died.

Eurypylus, Evemon's son, the brave  
Hypsenor slew; Dolopion was his sire,  
Priest of Scamander, revered as a God.  
In vain before Eurypylus he fled;  
He, running, with his falchion lopp'd his arm  
Fast by the shoulder; on the field his hand  
Fell blood-distained, and destiny severe  
With shades of death for ever veil'd his eyes.

Thus strenuous they the toilsome battle waged.  
But where Tydides fought, whether in aid  
Of Ilium's host, or on the part of Greece,  
Might none discern. For as a winter-flood  
Impetuous, mounds and bridges sweeps away;  
The buttress'd bridge checks not its sudden force,  
The firm inclosure of vine-planted fields  
Luxuriant, falls before it; finish'd works  
Of youthful hinds, once pleasant to the eye,  
Now levell'd, after ceaseless rain from Jove;  
So drove Tydides into sudden flight  
The Trojans; phalanx after phalanx fled  
Before the terror of his single arm.

When him Lycaon's son illustrious saw  
Scouring the field, and from before his face  
The ranks dispersing wide, at once he bent  
Against Tydides his elastic bow.  
The arrow met him in his swift career  
Sure-aim'd; it struck direct the hollow mail  
Of his right shoulder, with resistless force  
Transfix'd it, and his hauberk stain'd with blood.  
Loud shouted then Lycaon's son renown'd.

Rush on, ye Trojans, spur your coursers hard.  
Our fiercest foe is wounded, and I deem  
His death not distant far, if me the King  
Jove's son, indeed, from Lycia sent to Troy.



So boasted Pandarus. Yet him the dart  
Quell'd not. Retreating, at his coursers' heads  
He stood, and to the son of Capaneus  
His charioteer and faithful friend he said.

Arise, sweet son of Capaneus, dismount,  
And from my shoulder draw this bitter shaft.

He spake; at once the son of Capaneus  
Descending, by its barb the bitter shaft  
Drew forth; blood spouted through his twisted mail  
Incontinent, and thus the Hero pray'd.

Unconquer'd daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd!  
If ever me, propitious, or my sire  
Thou hast in furious fight help'd heretofore,  
Now aid me also. Bring within the reach  
Of my swift spear, Oh grant me to strike through  
The warrior who hath check'd my course, and boasts  
The sun's bright beams for ever quench'd to me!

He prayed, and Pallas heard; she braced his limbs,  
She wing'd him with alacrity divine,  
And, standing at his side, him thus bespake.

Now Diomedes, be bold! Fight now with Troy.  
To thee, thy father's spirit I impart  
Fearless; shield-shaking Tydeus felt the same.  
I also from thine eye the darkness purge  
Which dimm'd thy sight before, that thou may'st know  
Both Gods and men; should, therefore, other God  
Approach to try thee, fight not with the powers  
Immortal; but if foam-born Venus come,  
Her spare not. Wound her with thy glittering spear.

So spake the blue-eyed Deity, and went,  
Then with the champions in the van again  
Tydides mingled; hot before, he fights  
With threefold fury now, nor less enraged  
Than some gaunt lion whom o'erleaping light  
The fold, a shepherd hath but gall'd, not kill'd,  
Him irritating more; thenceforth the swain  
Lurks unresisting; flies the abandon'd flock;  
Heaps slain on heaps he leaves, and with a bound  
Surmounting all impediment, escapes;  
Such seem'd the valiant Diomedes incensed  
To fury, mingling with the host of Troy.

Astynoös and Hypenor first he slew;  
One with his brazen lance above the pap  
He pierced, and one with his huge falchion smote  
Fast by the key-bone, from the neck and spine  
His parted shoulder driving at a blow.

Them leaving, Polyides next he sought  
And Abas, sons of a dream-dealing seer,  
Eurydamas; their hoary father's dreams  
Or not interpreted, or kept concealed,  
Them saved not, for by Diomedes they died.  
Xanthus and Thöon he encounter'd next,  
Both sons of Phænops, sons of his old age,  
Who other heir had none of all his wealth,  
Nor hoped another, worn with many years.  
Tydides slew them both; nor aught remain'd  
To the old man but sorrow for his sons  
For ever lost, and strangers were his heirs.  
Two sons of Priam in one chariot borne  
Echemon next, and Chromius felt his hand  
Resistless. As a lion on the herd  
Leaping, while they the shrubs and bushes browse,  
Breaks short the neck of heifer or of steer,  
So them, though clinging fast and loth to fall,

Tydides hurl'd together to the ground,  
Then stripp'd their splendid armor, and the steeds  
Consigned and chariot to his soldiers' care.

Æneas him discern'd scattering the ranks,  
And through the battle and the clash of spears  
Went seeking godlike Pandarus; ere long  
Finding Lycaon's martial son renown'd,  
He stood before him, and him thus address'd.

Thy bow, thy feather'd shafts, and glorious name  
Where are they, Pandarus? whom none of Troy  
Could equal, whom of Lycia, none excel.  
Come. Lift thine hands to Jove, and at yon Chief  
Dispatch an arrow, who afflicts the host  
Of Ilium thus, conquering where'er he flies,  
And who hath slaughter'd numerous brave in arms,  
But him some Deity I rather deem  
Avenging on us his neglected rites,  
And who can stand before an angry God?

Him answer'd then Lycaon's son renown'd.  
Brave leader of the Trojans brazen-mail'd,  
Æneas! By his buckler which I know,  
And by his helmet's height, considering, too  
His steeds, I deem him Diomed the bold;  
Yet such pronounce him not, who seems a God.  
But if bold Diomed indeed he be  
Of whom I speak, not without aid from heaven  
His fury thus prevails, but at his side  
Some God, in clouds enveloped, turns away  
From him the arrow to a devious course.  
Already, at his shoulder's hollow mail  
My shaft hath pierced him through, and him I deem'd  
Dismiss'd full sure to Pluto ere his time  
But he survives; whom therefore I at last  
Perforce conclude some angry Deity.

Steeds have I none or chariot to ascend,  
Who have eleven chariots in the stands  
Left of Lycaon, with fair hangings all  
O'ermantled, strong, new finish'd, with their steeds  
In pairs beside them, eating winnow'd grain.  
Me much Lycaon my old valiant sire  
At my departure from his palace gates  
Persuaded, that my chariot and my steeds  
Ascending, I should so conduct my bands  
To battle; counsel wise, and ill-refused!  
But anxious, lest (the host in Troy so long  
Immew'd) my steeds, fed plenteously at home,  
Should here want food, I left them, and on foot  
To Ilium came, confiding in my bow  
Ordain'd at last to yield me little good.  
Twice have I shot, and twice I struck the mark,  
First Menelaus, and Tydides next;  
From each I drew the blood, true, genuine blood,  
Yet have but more incensed them. In an hour  
Unfortunate, I therefore took my bow  
Down from the wall that day, when for the sake  
Of noble Hector, to these pleasant plains  
I came, a leader on the part of Troy.  
But should I once return, and with these eyes  
Again behold my native land, my sire,  
My wife, my stately mansion, may the hand,  
That moment, of some adversary there  
Shorten me by the head, if I not snap  
This bow with which I charged myself in vain,  
And burn the unprofitable tool to dust.

To whom Æneas, Trojan Chief, replied.  
Nay, speak not so. For ere that hour arrive  
We will, with chariot and with horse, in arms  
Encounter him, and put his strength to proof.  
Delay not, mount my chariot. Thou shalt see  
With what rapidity the steeds of Troy

Pursuing or retreating, scour the field.  
If after all, Jove purpose still to exalt  
The son of Tydeus, these shall bear us safe  
Back to the city. Come then. Let us on.  
The lash take thou, and the resplendent reins,  
While I alight for battle, or thyself  
Receive them, and the steeds shall be my care.

Him answer'd then Lycaon's son renown'd.  
Æneas! manage thou the reins, and guide  
Thy proper steeds. If fly at last we must  
The son of Tydeus, they will readier draw  
Directed by their wonted charioteer.  
Else, terrified, and missing thy control,  
They may refuse to bear us from the fight,  
And Tydeus' son assailing us, with ease  
Shall slay us both, and drive thy steeds away.  
Rule therefore thou the chariot, and myself  
With my sharp spear will his assault receive.

So saying, they mounted both, and furious drove  
Against Tydides. Them the noble son  
Of Capaneus observed, and turning quick  
His speech to Diomedes, him thus address'd.

Tydides, Diomedes, my heart's delight!  
Two warriors of immeasurable force  
In battle, ardent to contend with thee,  
Come rattling on. Lycaon's offspring one,  
Bow-practised Pandarus; with whom appears  
Æneas; he who calls the mighty Chief  
Anchises father, and whom Venus bore.  
Mount—drive we swift away—lest borne so far  
Beyond the foremost battle, thou be slain.

To whom, dark-frowning, Diomedes replied  
Speak not of flight to me, who am disposed

To no such course. I am ashamed to fly  
Or tremble, and my strength is still entire;  
I cannot mount. No. Rather thus, on foot,  
I will advance against them. Fear and dread  
Are not for me; Pallas forbids the thought.  
One falls, be sure; swift as they are, the steeds  
That whirl them on, shall never rescue both.  
But hear my bidding, and hold fast the word.  
Should all-wise Pallas grant me my desire  
To slay them both, drive not my coursers hence,  
But hook the reins, and seizing quick the pair  
That draw Æneas, urge them from the powers  
Of Troy away into the host of Greece.  
For they are sprung from those which Jove to Tros  
In compensation gave for Ganymede;  
The Sun himself sees not their like below.  
Anchises, King of men, clandestine them  
Obtain'd, his mares submitting to the steeds  
Of King Laomedon. Six brought him foals;  
Four to himself reserving, in his stalls  
He fed them sleek, and two he gave his son:  
These, might we win them, were a noble prize.

Thus mutual they conferr'd; those Chiefs, the while,  
With swiftest pace approach'd, and first his speech  
To Diomed Lycaon's son address'd.

Heroic offspring of a noble sire,  
Brave son of Tydeus! false to my intent  
My shaft hath harm'd thee little. I will now  
Make trial with my spear, if that may speed.

He said, and shaking his long-shadow'd spear,  
Dismiss'd it. Forceful on the shield it struck  
Of Diomed, transpierced it, and approach'd  
With threatening point the hauberk on his breast.  
Loud shouted Pandarus—Ah nobly thrown!

Home to thy bowels. Die, for die thou must,  
And all the glory of thy death is mine.

Then answer thus brave Diomedes return'd  
Undaunted. I am whole. Thy cast was short.  
But ye desist not, as I plain perceive,  
Till one at least extended on the plain  
Shall sate the God of battles with his blood.

He said and threw. Pallas the spear herself  
Directed; at his eye fast by the nose  
Deep-entering, through his ivory teeth it pass'd,  
At its extremity divided sheer  
His tongue, and started through his chin below.  
He headlong fell, and with his dazzling arms  
Smote full the plain. Back flew the fiery steeds  
With swift recoil, and where he fell he died.  
Then sprang Æneas forth with spear and shield,  
That none might drag the body; lion-like  
He stalk'd around it, oval shield and spear  
Advancing firm, and with incessant cries  
Terrific, death denouncing on his foes.  
But Diomedes with hollow grasp a stone  
Enormous seized, a weight to overtask  
Two strongest men of such as now are strong,  
Yet he, alone, wielded the rock with ease.  
Full on the hip he smote him, where the thigh  
Rolls in its cavity, the socket named.  
He crushed the socket, lacerated wide  
Both tendons, and with that rough-angled mass  
Flay'd all his flesh, The Hero on his knees  
Sank, on his ample palm his weight upbore  
Laboring, and darkness overspread his eyes.

There had Æneas perish'd, King of men,  
Had not Jove's daughter Venus quick perceived  
His peril imminent, whom she had borne

Herself to Anchises pasturing his herds.  
Her snowy arras her darling son around  
She threw maternal, and behind a fold  
Of her bright mantle screening close his breast  
From mortal harm by some brave Grecian's spear,  
Stole him with eager swiftness from the fight.

Nor then forgot brave Sthenelus his charge  
Received from Diomedes, but his own steeds  
Detaining distant from the boisterous war,  
Stretch'd tight the reins, and hook'd them fast behind.  
The coursers of Æneas next he seized  
Ardent, and them into the host of Greece  
Driving remote, consign'd them to his care,  
Whom far above all others his compeers  
He loved, Deipylus, his bosom friend  
Congenial. Him he charged to drive them thence  
Into the fleet, then, mounting swift his own,  
Lash'd after Diomedes; he, fierce in arms,  
Pursued the Cyprian Goddess, conscious whom,  
Not Pallas, not Enyo, waster dread  
Of cities close-beleaguer'd, none of all  
Who o'er the battle's bloody course preside,  
But one of softer kind and prone to fear.  
When, therefore, her at length, after long chase  
Through all the warring multitude he reach'd,  
With his protruded spear her gentle hand  
He wounded, piercing through her thin attire  
Ambrosial, by themselves the graces wrought,  
Her inside wrist, fast by the rosy palm.  
Blood follow'd, but immortal; ichor pure,  
Such as the blest inhabitants of heaven  
May bleed, nectareous; for the Gods eat not  
Man's food, nor slake as he with sable wine  
Their thirst, thence bloodless and from death exempt.  
She, shrieking, from her arms cast down her son,  
And Phœbus, in impenetrable clouds



Him hiding, lest the spear of some brave Greek  
Should pierce his bosom, caught him swift away.  
Then shouted brave Tydides after her—

Depart, Jove's daughter! fly the bloody field.  
Is't not enough that thou beguilest the hearts  
Of feeble women? If thou dare intrude  
Again into the war, war's very name  
Shall make thee shudder, wheresoever heard.

He said, and Venus with excess of pain  
Bewilder'd went; but Iris tempest-wing'd  
Forth led her through the multitude, oppress'd  
With anguish, her white wrist to livid changed.  
They came where Mars far on the left retired  
Of battle sat, his horses and his spear  
In darkness veil'd. Before her brother's knees  
She fell, and with entreaties urgent sought  
The succor of his coursers golden-rein'd.

Save me, my brother! Pity me! Thy steeds  
Give me, that they may bear me to the heights  
Olympian, seat of the immortal Gods!  
Oh! I am wounded deep; a mortal man  
Hath done it, Diomed; nor would he fear  
This day in fight the Sire himself of all.

Then Mars his coursers gold-caparison'd  
Resign'd to Venus; she, with countenance sad,  
The chariot climb'd, and Iris at her side  
The bright reins seizing lash'd the ready steeds.  
Soon as the Olympian heights, seat of the Gods,  
They reach'd, wing-footed Iris loosing quick  
The coursers, gave them large whereon to browse  
Ambrosial food; but Venus on the knees  
Sank of Dione, who with folded arms

Maternal, to her bosom straining close  
Her daughter, stroked her cheek, and thus inquired.

My darling child! who? which of all the Gods  
Hath rashly done such violence to thee  
As if convicted of some open wrong?

Her then the Goddess of love-kindling smiles  
Venus thus answer'd; Diomedes the proud,  
Audacious Diomedes; he gave the wound,  
For that I stole Æneas from the fight  
My son of all mankind my most beloved;  
Nor is it now the war of Greece with Troy,  
But of the Grecians with the Gods themselves.

Then thus Dione, Goddess all divine.  
My child! how hard soe'er thy sufferings seem  
Endure them patiently. Full many a wrong  
From human hands profane the Gods endure,  
And many a painful stroke, mankind from ours.  
Mars once endured much wrong, when on a time  
Him Otus bound and Ephialtes fast,  
Sons of Alöeus, and full thirteen moons  
In brazen thralldom held him. There, at length,  
The fierce blood-nourished Mars had pined away,  
But that Eëribœa, loveliest nymph,  
His step-mother, in happy hour disclosed  
To Mercury the story of his wrongs;  
He stole the prisoner forth, but with his woes  
Already worn, languid and fetter-gall'd.  
Nor Juno less endured, when erst the bold  
Son of Amphytrion with trident shaft  
Her bosom pierced; she then the misery felt  
Of irremediable pain severe.  
Nor suffer'd Pluto less, of all the Gods  
Gigantic most, by the same son of Jove  
Alcides, at the portals of the dead

Transfix'd and fill'd with anguish; he the house  
Of Jove and the Olympian summit sought  
Dejected, torture-stung, for sore the shaft  
Oppress'd him, into his huge shoulder driven.  
But Pæon him not liable to death  
With unction smooth of salutiiferous balms  
Heal'd soon. Presumptuous, sacrilegious man!  
Careless what dire enormities he wrought,  
Who bent his bow against the powers of heaven!  
But blue-eyed Pallas instigated him  
By whom thou bleed'st. Infatuate! he forgets  
That whoso turns against the Gods his arm  
Lives never long; he never, safe escaped  
From furious fight, the lisp'd caresses hears  
Of his own infants prattling at his knees.  
Let therefore Diomedes beware, lest strong  
And valiant as he is, he chance to meet  
Some mightier foe than thou, and lest his wife,  
Daughter of King Adrastus, the discrete  
Ægialea, from portentous dreams  
Upstarting, call her family to wail  
Her first-espoused, Achaia's proudest boast,  
Diomedes, whom she must behold no more.

She said, and from her wrist with both hands wiped  
The trickling ichor; the effectual touch  
Divine chased all her pains, and she was heal'd.  
Then Juno mark'd and Pallas, and with speech  
Sarcastic pointed at Saturnian Jove  
To vex him, blue-eyed Pallas thus began.

Eternal father! may I speak my thought,  
And not incense thee, Jove? I can but judge  
That Venus, while she coax'd some Grecian fair  
To accompany the Trojans whom she loves  
With such extravagance, hath heedless stroked  
Her golden clasps, and scratch'd her lily hand.

So she; then smiled the sire of Gods and men,  
And calling golden Venus, her bespake.

War and the tented field, my beauteous child,  
Are not for thee. Thou rather shouldst be found  
In scenes of matrimonial bliss. The toils  
Of war to Pallas and to Mars belong.

Thus they in heaven. But Diomedes the while  
Sprang on Æneas, conscious of the God  
Whose hand o'ershadow'd him, yet even him  
Regarding lightly; for he burn'd to slay  
Æneas, and to seize his glorious arms.  
Thrice then he sprang impetuous to the deed,  
And thrice Apollo with his radiant shield  
Repulsed him. But when ardent as a God  
The fourth time he advanced, with thundering-voice  
Him thus the Archer of the skies rebuked.

Think, and retire, Tydides! nor affect  
Equality with Gods; for not the same  
Our nature is and theirs who tread the ground.

He spake, and Diomedes a step retired,  
Not more; the anger of the Archer-God  
Declining slow, and with a sullen awe.  
Then Phœbus, far from all the warrior throng  
To his own shrine the sacred dome beneath  
Of Pergamus, Æneas bore; there him  
Latona and shaft-arm'd Diana heal'd  
And glorified within their spacious fane.  
Meantime the Archer of the silver bow  
A visionary form prepared; it seem'd  
Himself Æneas, and was arm'd as he.  
At once, in contest for that airy form,

Grecians and Trojans on each other's breasts  
The bull-hide buckler batter'd and light targe.

Then thus Apollo to the warrior God.  
Gore-tainted homicide, town-batterer Mars!  
Wilt thou not meet and from the fight withdraw  
This man Tydides, now so fiery grown  
That he would even cope with Jove himself?  
First Venus' hand he wounded, and assail'd  
Impetuous as a God, next, even me.  
He ceased, and on the topmost turret sat  
Of Pergamus. Then all-destroyer Mars  
Ranging the Trojan host, rank after rank  
Exhorted loud, and in the form assumed  
Of Acamas the Thracian leader bold,  
The godlike sons of Priam thus harangued.

Ye sons of Priam, monarch Jove-beloved!  
How long permit ye your Achaian foes  
To slay the people?—till the battle rage  
(Push'd home to Ilium) at her solid gates?  
Behold—a Chief disabled lies, than whom  
We reverence not even Hector more,  
Æneas; fly, save from the roaring storm  
The noble Anchisiades your friend.

He said; then every heart for battle glow'd;  
And thus Sarpedon with rebuke severe  
Upbraiding generous Hector, stern began.

Where is thy courage, Hector? for thou once  
Hadst courage. Is it fled? In other days  
Thy boast hath been that without native troops  
Or foreign aids, thy kindred and thyself  
Alone, were guard sufficient for the town.  
But none of all thy kindred now appears;  
I can discover none; they stand aloof

Quaking, as dogs that hear the lion's roar.  
We bear the stress, who are but Troy's allies;  
Myself am such, and from afar I came;  
For Lycia lies far distant on the banks  
Of the deep-eddied Xanthus. There a wife  
I left and infant son, both dear to me,  
With plenteous wealth, the wish of all who want.  
Yet urge I still my Lycians, and am prompt  
Myself to fight, although possessing here  
Nought that the Greeks can carry or drive hence.  
But there stand'st thou, neither employed thyself,  
Nor moving others to an active part  
For all their dearest pledges. Oh beware!  
Lest, as with meshes of an ample net,  
At one huge draught the Grecians sweep you all,  
And desolate at once your populous Troy!  
By day, by night, thoughts such as these should still  
Thy conduct influence, and from Chief to Chief  
Of the allies should send thee, praying each  
To make firm stand, all bickerings put away.

So spake Sarpedon, and his reprimand  
Stung Hector; instant to the ground he leap'd  
All arm'd, and shaking his bright spears his host  
Ranged in all quarters animating loud  
His legions, and rekindling horrid war.  
Then, rolling back, the powers of Troy opposed  
Once more the Grecians, whom the Grecians dense  
Expected, unretreating, void of fear.

As flies the chaff wide scatter'd by the wind  
O'er all the consecrated floor, what time  
Ripe Ceres with brisk airs her golden grain  
Ventilates, whitening with its husk the ground;  
So grew the Achaians white, a dusty cloud  
Descending on their arms, which steeds with steeds  
Again to battle mingling, with their hoofs

Up-stamp'd into the brazen vault of heaven;  
For now the charioteers turn'd all to fight.  
Host toward host with full collected force  
They moved direct. Then Mars through all the field  
Took wide his range, and overhung the war  
With night, in aid of Troy, at the command  
Of Phœbus of the golden sword; for he  
Perceiving Pallas from the field withdrawn,  
Patroness of the Greeks, had Mars enjoin'd  
To rouse the spirit of the Trojan host.  
Meantime Apollo from his unctuous shrine  
Sent forth restored and with new force inspired  
Æneas. He amidst his warriors stood,  
Who him with joy beheld still living, heal'd,  
And all his strength possessing unimpair'd.  
Yet no man ask'd him aught. No leisure now  
For question was; far other thoughts had they;  
Such toils the archer of the silver bow,  
Wide-slaughtering Mars, and Discord as at first  
Raging implacable, for them prepared.

Ulysses, either Ajax, Diomed—  
These roused the Greeks to battle, who themselves  
The force fear'd nothing, or the shouts of Troy,  
But steadfast stood, like clouds by Jove amass'd  
On lofty mountains, while the fury sleeps  
Of Boreas, and of all the stormy winds  
Shrill-voiced, that chase the vapors when they blow,  
So stood the Greeks, expecting firm the approach  
Of Ilium's powers, and neither fled nor fear'd.

Then Agamemnon the embattled host  
On all sides ranging, cheer'd them. Now, he cried,  
Be steadfast, fellow warriors, now be men!  
Hold fast a sense of honor. More escape  
Of men who fear disgrace, than fall in fight,  
While dastards forfeit life and glory both.

He said, and hurl'd his spear. He pierced a friend  
Of brave Æneas, warring in the van,  
Deicöon son of Pergasus, in Troy  
Not less esteem'd than Priam's sons themselves,  
Such was his fame in foremost fight acquired.  
Him Agamemnon on his buckler smote,  
Nor stayed the weapon there, but through his belt  
His bowels enter'd, and with hideous clang  
And outcry of his batter'd arms he fell.

Æneas next two mightiest warriors slew,  
Sons of Diocles, of a wealthy sire,  
Whose house magnificent in Phæræ stood,  
Orsilochus and Crethon. Their descent  
From broad-stream'd Alpheus, Pylian flood, they drew.  
Alpheus begat Orsilochus, a prince  
Of numerous powers. Orsilochus begat  
Warlike Diodes. From Diodes sprang  
Twins, Crethon and Orsilochus, alike  
Valiant, and skilful in all forms of war.  
Their boyish prime scarce past, they, with the Greeks  
Embarking, in their sable ships had sail'd  
To steed-fam'd Ilium; just revenge they sought  
For Atreus' sons, but perished first themselves.

As two young lions, in the deep recess  
Of some dark forest on the mountain's brow  
Late nourished by their dam, forth-issuing, seize  
The fatted flocks and kine, both folds and stalls  
Wasting rapacious, till, at length, themselves  
Deep-wounded perish by the hand of man,  
So they, both vanquish'd by Æneas, fell,  
And like two lofty pines uprooted, lay.  
Them fallen in battle Menelaus saw  
With pity moved; radiant in arms he shook  
His brazen spear, and strode into the van.



Mars urged him furious on, conceiving hope  
Of his death also by Æneas' hand.

But him the son of generous Nestor mark'd  
Antilochus, and to the foremost fight  
Flew also, fearing lest some dire mischance  
The Prince befalling, at one fatal stroke  
Should frustrate all the labors of the Greeks.  
They, hand to hand, and spear to spear opposed,  
Stood threatening dreadful onset, when beside  
The Spartan chief Antilochus appear'd.  
Æneas, at the sight of two combined,  
Stood not, although intrepid. They the dead  
Thence drawing far into the Grecian host  
To their associates gave the hapless pair,  
Then, both returning, fought in front again.

Next, fierce as Mars, Pylæmenes they slew,  
Prince of the shielded band magnanimous  
Of Paphlagonia. Him Atrides kill'd  
Spear-practised Menelaus, with a lance  
His throat transpiercing while erect he rode.  
Then, while his charioteer, Mydon the brave,  
Son of Atymnias, turn'd his steeds to flight,  
Full on his elbow-point Antilochus,  
The son of Nestor, dash'd him with a stone.  
The slack reins, white as ivory, forsook  
His torpid hand and trail'd the dust. At once  
Forth sprang Antilochus, and with his sword  
Hew'd deep his temples. On his head he pitch'd  
Panting, and on his shoulders in the sand  
(For in deep sand he fell) stood long erect,  
Till his own coursers spread him in the dust;  
The son of Nestor seized, and with his scourge  
Drove them afar into the host of Greece.

Them Hector through the ranks espying, flew  
With clamor loud to meet them; after whom  
Advanced in phalanx firm the powers of Troy,  
Mars led them, with Enyo terror-clad;  
She by the maddening tumult of the fight  
Attended, he, with his enormous spear  
in both hands brandish'd, stalking now in front  
Of Hector, and now following his steps.

Him Diomede the bold discerning, felt  
Himself no small dismay; and as a man  
Wandering he knows not whither, far from home,  
If chance a rapid torrent to the sea  
Borne headlong thwart his course, the foaming flood  
Obstreperous views awhile, then quick retires,  
So he, and his attendants thus bespake.

How oft, my countrymen! have we admired  
The noble Hector, skillful at the spear  
And unappall'd in fight? but still hath he  
Some God his guard, and even now I view  
In human form Mars moving at his side.  
Ye, then, with faces to the Trojans turn'd,  
Ceaseless retire, and war not with the Gods.

He ended; and the Trojans now approach'd.  
Then two bold warriors in one chariot borne,  
By valiant Hector died, Menesthes one,  
And one, Anchialus. Them fallen in fight  
Ajax the vast, touch'd with compassion saw;  
Within small space he stood, his glittering spear  
Dismiss'd, and pierced Amphius. Son was he  
Of Selagus, and Pæsus was his home,  
Where opulent he dwelt, but by his fate  
Was led to fight for Priam and his sons.  
Him Telamonian Ajax through his belt  
Wounded, and in his nether bowels deep

Fix'd his long-shadow'd spear. Sounding he fell.  
Illustrious Ajax running to the slain  
Prepared to strip his arms, but him a shower  
Of glittering-weapons keen from Trojan hands  
Assail'd, and numerous his broad shield received.  
He, on the body planting firm his heel,  
Forth drew the polish'd spear, but his bright arms  
Took not, by darts thick-flying sore annoy'd,  
Nor fear'd he little lest his haughty foes,  
Spear-arm'd and bold, should compass him around;  
Him, therefore, valiant though he were and huge,  
They push'd before them. Staggering he retired.

Thus toil'd both hosts in that laborious field.  
And now his ruthless destiny impell'd  
Tlepolemus, Alcides' son, a Chief  
Dauntless and huge, against a godlike foe  
Sarpedon. They approaching face to face  
Stood, son and grandson of high-thundering Jove,  
And, haughty, thus Tlepolemus began.

Sarpedon, leader of the Lycian host,  
Thou trembler! thee what cause could hither urge  
A man unskill'd in arms? They falsely speak  
Who call thee son of Ægis-bearing Jove,  
So far below their might thou fall'st who sprang  
From Jove in days of old. What says report  
Of Hercules (for him I boast my sire)  
All-daring hero with a lion's heart?  
With six ships only, and with followers few,  
He for the horses of Laomedon  
Lay'd Troy in dust, and widow'd all her streets.  
But thou art base, and thy diminish'd powers  
Perish around thee; think not that thou earnest  
For Ilium's good, but rather, whatsoe'er  
Thy force in fight, to find, subdued by me,  
A sure dismissal to the gates of hell.

To whom the leader of the Lycian band.  
Tlepolemus! he ransack'd sacred Troy,  
As thou hast said, but for her monarch's fault  
Laomedon, who him with language harsh  
Requited ill for benefits received,  
Nor would the steeds surrender, seeking which  
He voyaged from afar. But thou shalt take  
Thy bloody doom from this victorious arm,  
And, vanquish'd by my spear, shalt yield thy fame  
To me, thy soul to Pluto steed-renown'd.

So spake Sarpedon, and his ashen beam  
Tlepolemus upraised. Both hurl'd at once  
Their quivering spears. Sarpedon's through the neck  
Pass'd of Tlepolemus, and show'd beyond  
Its ruthless point; thick darkness veil'd his eyes.  
Tlepolemus with his long lance the thigh  
Pierced of Sarpedon; sheer into his bone  
He pierced him, but Sarpedon's father, Jove,  
Him rescued even on the verge of fate.

His noble friends conducted from the field  
The godlike Lycian, trailing as he went  
The pendent spear, none thinking to extract  
For his relief the weapon from his thigh,  
Through eagerness of haste to bear him thence.  
On the other side, the Grecians brazen-mail'd  
Bore off Tlepolemus. Ulysses fill'd  
With earnest thoughts tumultuous them observed,  
Danger-defying Chief! Doubtful he stood  
Or to pursue at once the Thunderer's son  
Sarpedon, or to take more Lycian lives.  
But not for brave Ulysses had his fate  
That praise reserved, that he should slay the son<sup>800</sup>  
Renown'd of Jove; therefore his wavering mind  
Minerva bent against the Lycian band.

Then Cœranus, Alastor, Chromius fell,  
Alcander, Halius, Prytanis, and brave  
Noëmon; nor had these sufficed the Chief  
Of Ithaca, but Lycians more had fallen,  
Had not crest-tossing Hector huge perceived  
The havoc; radiant to the van he flew,  
Filling with dread the Grecians; his approach  
Sarpedon, son of Jove, joyful beheld,  
And piteous thus address'd him as he came.

Ah, leave not me, Priamides! a prey  
To Grecian hands, but in your city, at least,  
Grant me to die: since hither, doom'd, I came  
Never to gratify with my return  
To Lycia, my loved spouse, or infant child.

He spake; but Hector unreplying pass'd  
Impetuous, ardent to repulse the Greeks  
That moment, and to drench his sword in blood.  
Then, under shelter of a spreading beech  
Sacred to Jove, his noble followers placed  
The godlike Chief Sarpedon, where his friend  
Illustrious Pelagon, the ashen spear  
Extracted. Sightless, of all thought bereft,  
He sank, but soon revived, by breathing airs  
Refresh'd, that fann'd him gently from the North.

Meantime the Argives, although press'd alike  
By Mars himself and Hector brazen-arm'd,  
Neither to flight inclined, nor yet advanced  
To battle, but inform'd that Mars the fight  
Waged on the side of Ilium, slow retired.

Whom first, whom last slew then the mighty son  
Of Priam, Hector, and the brazen Mars!  
First godlike Teuthras, an equestrian Chief,  
Orestes, Trechus of Ætolian race,

Ænomaüs, Helenus from Ænops' sprung,  
And brisk in fight Oresbius; rich was he,  
And covetous of more; in Hyla dwelt  
Fast by the lake Cephissus, where abode  
Bœotian Princes numerous, rich themselves  
And rulers of a people wealth-renown'd.  
But Juno, such dread slaughter of the Greeks  
Noting, thus, ardent, to Minerva spake.

Daughter of Jove invincible! Our word  
That Troy shall perish, hath been given in vain  
To Menelaus, if we suffer Mars  
To ravage longer uncontrol'd. The time  
Urges, and need appears that we ourselves  
Now call to mind the fury of our might.

She spake; nor blue-eyed Pallas not complied.  
Then Juno, Goddess dread, from Saturn sprung,  
Her coursers gold-caparison'd prepared  
Impatient. Hebe to the chariot roll'd  
The brazen wheels, and joined them to the smooth  
Steel axle; twice four spokes divided each  
Shot from the centre to the verge. The verge  
Was gold by fellies of eternal brass  
Guarded, a dazzling show! The shining naves  
Were silver; silver cords and cords of gold  
The seat upbore; two crescents blazed in front.  
The pole was argent all, to which she bound  
The golden yoke, and in their place disposed  
The breast-bands incorruptible of gold;  
But Juno to the yoke, herself, the steeds  
Led forth, on fire to reach the dreadful field.

Meantime, Minerva, progeny of Jove,  
On the adamantine floor of his abode  
Let fall profuse her variegated robe,  
Labor of her own hands. She first put on

The corselet of the cloud-assembler God,  
Then arm'd her for the field of wo complete.  
She charged her shoulder with the dreadful shield  
The shaggy Ægis, border'd thick around  
With terror; there was Discord, Prowess there,  
There hot Pursuit, and there the feature grim  
Of Gorgon, dire Deformity, a sign  
Oft borne portentous on the arm of Jove.  
Her golden helm, whose concave had sufficed  
The legions of an hundred cities, rough  
With warlike ornament superb, she fix'd  
On her immortal head. Thus arm'd, she rose  
Into the flaming chariot, and her spear  
Seized ponderous, huge, with which the Goddess sprung  
From an Almighty father, levels ranks  
Of heroes, against whom her anger burns.  
Juno with lifted lash urged quick the steeds;  
At her approach, spontaneous roar'd the wide-  
Unfolding gates of heaven; the heavenly gates  
Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge  
Of the Olympian summit appertains,  
And of the boundless ether, back to roll,  
And to replace the cloudy barrier dense.  
Spurr'd through the portal flew the rapid steeds;  
Apart from all, and seated on the point  
Superior of the cloven mount, they found  
The Thunderer. Juno the white-arm'd her steeds  
There stay'd, and thus the Goddess, ere she pass'd,  
Question'd the son of Saturn, Jove supreme.

Jove, Father, seest thou, and art not incensed,  
These ravages of Mars? Oh what a field,  
Drench'd with what Grecian blood! All rashly spilt,  
And in despite of me. Venus, the while,  
Sits, and the Archer of the silver bow  
Delighted, and have urged, themselves, to this  
The frantic Mars within no bounds confined

Of law or order. But, eternal sire!  
Shall I offend thee chasing far away  
Mars deeply smitten from the field of war?

To whom the cloud-assembler God replied.  
Go! but exhort thou rather to the task  
Spoil-huntress Athenæan Pallas, him  
Accustom'd to chastise with pain severe.

He spake, nor white-arm'd Juno not obey'd.  
She lash'd her steeds; they readily their flight  
Began, the earth and starry vault between.  
Far as from his high tower the watchman kens  
O'er gloomy ocean, so far at one bound  
Advance the shrill-voiced coursers of the Gods.  
But when at Troy and at the confluent streams  
Of Simoïs and Scamander they arrived,  
There Juno, white-arm'd Goddess, from the yoke  
Her steeds releasing, them in gather'd shades  
Conceal'd opaque, while Simoïs caused to spring  
Ambrosia from his bank, whereon they browsed.

Swift as her pinions waft the dove away  
They sought the Grecians, ardent to begin:  
Arriving where the mightiest and the most  
Compass'd equestrian Diomedes around,  
In aspect lion-like, or like wild boars  
Of matchless force, there white-arm'd Juno stood,  
And in the form of Stentor for his voice  
Of brass renown'd, audible as the roar  
Of fifty throats, the Grecians thus harangued.

Oh shame, shame, shame! Argives in form alone,  
Beautiful but dishonorable race!  
While yet divine Achilles ranged the field,  
No Trojan stepp'd from yon Dardanian gates  
Abroad; all trembled at his stormy spear;



But now they venture forth, now at your ships  
Defy you, from their city far remote.

She ceased, and all caught courage from the sound.  
But Athenæan Pallas eager sought  
The son of Tydeus; at his chariot side  
She found the Chief cooling his fiery wound  
Received from Pandarus; for him the sweat  
Beneath the broad band of his oval shield  
Exhausted, and his arm fail'd him fatigued;  
He therefore raised the band and wiped the blood  
Coagulate; when o'er his chariot yoke  
Her arm the Goddess threw, and thus began.

Tydeus, in truth, begat a son himself  
Not much resembling. Tydeus was of size  
Diminutive, but had a warrior's heart.  
When him I once commanded to abstain  
From furious fight (what time he enter'd Thebes  
Ambassador, and the Cadmeans found  
Feasting, himself the sole Achaian there)  
And bade him quietly partake the feast.  
He, fired with wonted ardor, challenged forth  
To proof of manhood the Cadmean youth,  
Whom easily, through my effectual aid,  
In contests of each kind he overcame.  
But thou, whom I encircle with my power,  
Guard vigilant, and even bid thee forth  
To combat with the Trojans, thou, thy limbs  
Feel'st wearied with the toils of war, or worse,  
Indulgest womanish and heartless fear.  
Henceforth thou art not worthy to be deem'd  
Son of Oenides, Tydeus famed in arms.

To whom thus valiant Diomedes replied.  
I know thee well, oh Goddess sprung from Jove!  
And therefore willing shall, and plain, reply.

Me neither weariness nor heartless fear  
Restrains, but thine injunctions which impress  
My memory, still, that I should fear to oppose  
The blessed Gods in fight, Venus except,  
Whom in the battle found thou badest me pierce  
With unrelenting spear; therefore myself  
Retiring hither, I have hither call'd  
The other Argives also, for I know  
That Mars, himself in arms, controls the war.

Him answer'd then the Goddess azure-eyed.  
Tydides! Diomedes, my heart's delight!  
Fear not this Mars, nor fear thou other power  
Immortal, but be confident in me.  
Arise. Drive forth. Seek Mars; him only seek;  
Him hand to hand engage; this fiery Mars  
Respect not aught, base implement of wrong  
And mischief, shifting still from side to side.  
He promised Juno lately and myself  
That he would fight for Greece, yet now forgets  
His promise, and gives all his aid to Troy.

So saying, she backward by his hand withdrew  
The son of Capaneus, who to the ground  
Leap'd instant; she, impatient to his place  
Ascending, sat beside brave Diomedes.  
Loud groan'd the beechen axle, under weight  
Unwonted, for it bore into the fight  
An awful Goddess, and the chief of men.  
Quick-seizing lash and reins Minerva drove  
Direct at Mars. That moment he had slain  
Periphas, bravest of Ætolia's sons,  
And huge of bulk; Ochesius was his sire.  
Him Mars the slaughterer had of life bereft  
Newly, and Pallas to elude his sight  
The helmet fixed of Aides on her head.  
Soon as gore-tainted Mars the approach perceived

Of Diomede, he left the giant length  
Of Periphas extended where he died,  
And flew to cope with Tydeus' valiant son.  
Full nigh they came, when Mars on fire to slay  
The hero, foremost with his brazen lance  
Assail'd him, hurling o'er his horses' heads.  
But Athenæan Pallas in her hand  
The flying weapon caught and turn'd it wide,  
Baffling his aim. Then Diomede on him  
Rush'd furious in his turn, and Pallas plunged  
The bright spear deep into his cinctured waist  
Dire was the wound, and plucking back the spear  
She tore him. Bellow'd brazen-throated Mars  
Loud as nine thousand warriors, or as ten  
Join'd in close combat. Grecians, Trojans shook  
Appall'd alike at the tremendous voice  
Of Mars insatiable with deeds of blood.  
Such as the dimness is when summer winds  
Breathe hot, and sultry mist obscures the sky,  
Such brazen Mars to Diomede appear'd  
By clouds accompanied in his ascent  
Into the boundless ether. Reaching soon  
The Olympian heights, seat of the Gods, he sat  
Beside Saturnian Jove; wo fill'd his heart;  
He show'd fast-streaming from the wound his blood  
Immortal, and impatient thus complain'd.

Jove, Father! Seest thou these outrageous acts  
Unmoved with anger? Such are day by day  
The dreadful mischiefs by the Gods contrived  
Against each other, for the sake of man.  
Thou art thyself the cause. Thou hast produced  
A foolish daughter petulant, addict  
To evil only and injurious deeds;  
There is not in Olympus, save herself,  
Who feels not thy control; but she her will  
Gratifies ever, and reproof from thee

Finds none, because, pernicious as she is,  
She is thy daughter. She hath now the mind  
Of haughty Diomede with madness fill'd  
Against the immortal Gods; first Venus bled;  
Her hand he pierced impetuous, then assail'd,  
As if himself immortal, even me,  
But me my feet stole thence, or overwhelm'd  
Beneath yon heaps of carcasses impure,  
What had I not sustain'd? And if at last  
I lived, had halted crippled by the sword.

To whom with dark displeasure Jove replied.  
Base and side-shifting traitor! vex not me  
Here sitting querulous; of all who dwell  
On the Olympian heights, thee most I hate  
Contentious, whose delight is war alone.  
Thou hast thy mother's moods, the very spleen  
Of Juno, uncontrollable as she.  
Whom even I, reprove her as I may,  
Scarce rule by mere commands; I therefore judge  
Thy sufferings a contrivance all her own.  
But soft. Thou art my son whom I begat.  
And Juno bare thee. I can not endure  
That thou shouldst suffer long. Hadst thou been born  
Of other parents thus detestable,  
What Deity soe'er had brought thee forth,  
Thou shouldst have found long since a humbler sphere.

He ceased, and to the care his son consign'd  
Of Pæon; he with drugs of lenient powers,  
Soon heal'd whom immortality secured  
From dissolution. As the juice from figs  
Express'd what fluid was in milk before  
Coagulates, stirr'd rapidly around,  
So soon was Mars by Pæon skill restored.  
Him Hebe bathed, and with divine attire

Graceful adorn'd; when at the side of Jove  
Again his glorious seat sublime he took.

Meantime to the abode of Jove supreme  
Ascended Juno throughout Argos known  
And mighty Pallas; Mars the plague of man,  
By their successful force from slaughter driven.

## Book VI

### ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

The battle is continued. The Trojans being closely pursued, Hector by the advice of Helenus enters Troy, and recommends it to Hecuba to go in solemn procession to the temple of Minerva; she with the matrons goes accordingly. Hector takes the opportunity to find out Paris, and exhorts him to return to the field of battle. An interview succeeds between Hector and Andromache, and Paris, having armed himself in the mean time, comes up with Hector at the close of it, when they sally from the gate together.

Thus was the field forsaken by the Gods.  
And now success proved various; here the Greeks  
With their extended spears, the Trojans there  
Prevail'd alternate, on the champain spread  
The Xanthus and the Simoïs between.

First Telamonian Ajax, bulwark firm  
Of the Achaeans, broke the Trojan ranks,  
And kindled for the Greeks a gleam of hope,  
Slaying the bravest of the Thracian band,  
Huge Acamas, Eusorus' son; him first  
Full on the shaggy crest he smote, and urged  
The spear into his forehead; through his skull  
The bright point pass'd, and darkness veil'd his eyes.  
But Diomedes, heroic Chief, the son  
Of Teuthras slew, Axylus. Rich was he,  
And in Arisba (where he dwelt beside  
The public road, and at his open door  
Made welcome all) respected and beloved.  
But of his numerous guests none interposed  
To avert his woful doom; nor him alone  
He slew, but with him also to the shades  
Calesius sent, his friend and charioteer.

Opheltius fell and Dresus, by the hand  
Slain of Euryalus, who, next, his arms  
On Pedasus and on Æsepus turned  
Brethren and twins. Them Abarbarea bore,  
A Naiad, to Bucolion, son renown'd  
Of King Laomedon, his eldest born,  
But by his mother, at his birth, conceal'd.  
Bucolion pasturing his flocks, embraced  
The lovely nymph; she twins produced, both whom,  
Brave as they were and beautiful, thy son  
Mecisteus! slew, and from their shoulders tore  
Their armor. Dauntless Polypætes slew  
Astyalus. Ulysses with his spear  
Transfixed Pydites, a Percosian Chief,  
And Teucer Aretaön; Nestor's pride  
Antilochus, with his bright lance, of life  
Bereft Ablerus, and the royal arm  
Of Agamemnon, Elatus; he dwelt  
Among the hills of lofty Pedasus,  
On Satnio's banks, smooth-sliding river pure  
Phylacus fled, whom Leitus as swift  
Soon smote. Melanthius at the feet expired  
Of the renown'd Eurypylus, and, flush'd  
With martial ardor, Menelaus seized  
And took alive Adrastus. As it chanced  
A thicket his affrighted steeds detain'd  
Their feet entangling; they with restive force  
At its extremity snapp'd short the pole,  
And to the city, whither others fled,  
Fled also. From his chariot headlong hurl'd,  
Adrastus press'd the plain fast by his wheel.  
Flew Menelaus, and his quivering spear  
Shook over him; he, life imploring, clasp'd  
Importunate his knees, and thus exclaim'd.

Oh, son of Atreus, let me live! accept  
Illustrious ransom! In my father's house  
Is wealth abundant, gold, and brass, and steel  
Of truest temper, which he will impart  
Till he have gratified thine utmost wish,  
Inform'd that I am captive in your fleet.

He said, and Menelaus by his words  
Vanquish'd, him soon had to the fleet dismiss'd  
Given to his train in charge, but swift and stern  
Approaching, Agamemnon interposed.

Now, brother, whence this milkiness of mind,  
These scruples about blood? Thy Trojan friends  
Have doubtless much obliged thee. Die the race!  
May none escape us! neither he who flies,  
Nor even the infant in his mother's womb  
Unconscious. Perish universal Troy  
Unpitied, till her place be found no more!  
So saying, his brother's mind the Hero turn'd,  
Advising him aright; he with his hand  
Thrust back Adrastus, and himself, the King,  
His bowels pierced. Supine Adrastus fell,  
And Agamemnon, with his foot the corse  
Impressing firm, pluck'd forth his ashen spear.  
Then Nestor, raising high his voice, exclaim'd.

Friends, Heroes, Grecians, ministers of Mars!  
Let none, desirous of the spoil, his time  
Devote to plunder now; now slay your foes,  
And strip them when the field shall be your own.

He said, and all took courage at his word.

Then had the Trojans enter'd Troy again  
By the heroic Grecians foul repulsed,  
So was their spirit daunted, but the son



Of Priam, Helenus, an augur far  
Excelling all, at Hector's side his speech  
To him and to Æneas thus address'd.

Hector, and thou, Æneas, since on you  
The Lycians chiefly and ourselves depend,  
For that in difficult emprise ye show  
Most courage; give best counsel; stand yourselves,  
And, visiting all quarters, cause to stand  
Before the city-gates our scatter'd troops,  
Ere yet the fugitives within the arms  
Be slaughter'd of their wives, the scorn of Greece.  
When thus ye shall have rallied every band  
And roused their courage, weary though we be,  
Yet since necessity commands, even here  
Will we give battle to the host of Greece.  
But, Hector! to the city thou depart;  
There charge our mother, that she go direct,  
With the assembled matrons, to the fane  
Of Pallas in the citadel of Troy.  
Opening her chambers' sacred doors, of all  
Her treasured mantles there, let her select  
The widest, most magnificently wrought,  
And which she values most; *that* let her spread  
On Athenæan Pallas' lap divine.  
Twelve heifers of the year yet never touch'd  
With puncture of the goad, let her alike  
Devote to her, if she will pity Troy,  
Our wives and little ones, and will avert  
The son of Tydeus from these sacred towers,  
That dreadful Chief, terror of all our host,  
Bravest, in my account, of all the Greeks.  
For never yet Achilles hath himself  
So taught our people fear, although esteemed  
Son of a Goddess. But this warrior's rage  
Is boundless, and his strength past all compare.

So Helenus; nor Hector not complied.  
Down from his chariot instant to the ground  
All arm'd he leap'd, and, shaking his sharp spears,  
Through every phalanx pass'd, rousing again  
Their courage, and rekindling horrid war.  
They, turning, faced the Greeks; the Greeks repulsed,  
Ceased from all carnage, nor supposed they less  
Than that some Deity, the starry skies  
Forsaken, help'd their foes, so firm they stood.  
But Hector to the Trojans call'd aloud.  
Ye dauntless Trojans and confederate powers  
Call'd from afar! now be ye men, my friends,  
Now summon all the fury of your might!  
I go to charge our senators and wives  
That they address the Gods with prayers and vows  
For our success, and hecatombs devote.

So saying the Hero went, and as he strode  
The sable hide that lined his bossy shield  
Smote on his neck and on his ancle-bone.

And now into the middle space between  
Both hosts, the son of Tydeus and the son  
Moved of Hippolochus, intent alike  
On furious combat; face to face they stood,  
And thus heroic Diomed began.

Most noble Champion! who of human kind  
Art thou, whom in the man-ennobling fight  
I now encounter first? Past all thy peers  
I must esteem thee valiant, who hast dared  
To meet my coming, and my spear defy.  
Ah! they are sons of miserable sires  
Who dare my might; but if a God from heaven  
Thou come, behold! I fight not with the Gods.  
That war Lycurgus son of Dryas waged,  
And saw not many years. The nurses he

Of brain-disturbing Bacchus down the steep  
Pursued of sacred Nyssa; they their wands  
Vine-wreathed cast all away, with an ox-goad  
Chastised by fell Lycurgus. Bacchus plunged  
Meantime dismay'd into the deep, where him  
Trembling, and at the Hero's haughty threats  
Confounded, Thetis in her bosom hid.  
Thus by Lycurgus were the blessed powers  
Of heaven offended, and Saturnian Jove  
Of sight bereaved him, who not long that loss  
Survived, for he was curst by all above.  
I, therefore, wage no contest with the Gods;  
But if thou be of men, and feed on bread  
Of earthly growth, draw nigh, that with a stroke  
Well-aim'd, I may at once cut short thy days.

To whom the illustrious Lycian Chief replied.  
Why asks brave Diomedes of my descent?  
For, as the leaves, such is the race of man.  
The wind shakes down the leaves, the budding grove  
Soon teems with others, and in spring they grow.  
So pass mankind. One generation meets  
Its destined period, and a new succeeds.  
But since thou seem'st desirous to be taught  
My pedigree, whereof no few have heard,  
Know that in Argos, in the very lap  
Of Argos, for her steed-grazed meadows famed,  
Stands Ephyra; there Sisyphus abode,  
Shrewdest of human kind; Sisyphus, named  
Æolides. Himself a son begat,  
Glaucus, and he Bellerophon, to whom  
The Gods both manly force and beauty gave.  
Him Prætes (for in Argos at that time  
Prætes was sovereign, to whose sceptre Jove  
Had subjected the land) plotting his death,  
Contrived to banish from his native home.  
For fair Anteia, wife of Prætes, mad

Through love of young Bellerophon, him oft  
In secret to illicit joys enticed;  
But she prevail'd not o'er the virtuous mind  
Discrete of whom she wooed; therefore a lie  
Framing, she royal Prætus thus bespake.

Die thou, or slay Bellerophon, who sought  
Of late to force me to his lewd embrace.

So saying, the anger of the King she roused.  
Slay him himself he would not, for his heart  
Forbad the deed; him therefore he dismiss'd  
To Lycia, charged with tales of dire import  
Written in tablets, which he bade him show,  
That he might perish, to Anteia's sire.  
To Lycia then, conducted by the Gods,  
He went, and on the shores of Xanthus found  
Free entertainment noble at the hands  
Of Lycia's potent King. Nine days complete  
He feasted him, and slew each day an ox.  
But when the tenth day's ruddy morn appear'd,  
He asked him then his errand, and to see  
Those written tablets from his son-in-law.  
The letters seen, he bade him, first, destroy  
Chimæra, deem'd invincible, divine  
In nature, alien from the race of man,  
Lion in front, but dragon all behind,  
And in the midst a she-goat breathing forth  
Profuse the violence of flaming fire.  
Her, confident in signs from heaven, he slew.  
Next, with the men of Solymæ he fought,  
Brave warriors far renown'd, with whom he waged,  
In his account, the fiercest of his wars.  
And lastly, when in battle he had slain  
The man-resisting Amazons, the king  
Another stratagem at his return  
Devised against him, placing close-conceal'd

An ambush for him from the bravest chosen  
In Lycia; but they saw their homes no more;  
Bellerophon the valiant slew them all.  
The monarch hence collecting, at the last,  
His heavenly origin, him there detain'd,  
And gave him his own daughter, with the half  
Of all his royal dignity and power.  
The Lycians also, for his proper use,  
Large lot assigned him of their richest soil,  
Commodious for the vine, or for the plow.  
And now his consort fair three children bore  
To bold Bellerophon; Isandrus one,  
And one, Hippolochus; his youngest born  
Laodamia was for beauty such  
That she became a concubine of Jove.  
She bore Sarpedon of heroic note.  
But when Bellerophon, at last, himself  
Had anger'd all the Gods, feeding on grief  
He roam'd alone the Aleian field, exiled,  
By choice, from every cheerful haunt of man.  
Mars, thirsty still for blood, his son destroy'd  
Isandrus, warring with the host renown'd  
Of Solymæ; and in her wrath divine  
Diana from her chariot golden-rein'd  
Laodamia slew. Myself I boast  
Sprung from Hippolochus; he sent me forth  
To fight for Troy, charging me much and oft  
That I should outstrip always all mankind  
In worth and valor, nor the house disgrace  
Of my forefathers, heroes without peer  
In Ephyra, and in Lycia's wide domain.  
Such is my lineage; such the blood I boast.

He ceased. Then valiant Diomedes rejoiced.  
He pitch'd his spear, and to the Lycian Prince  
In terms of peace and amity replied.

Thou art my own hereditary friend,  
Whose noble grandsire was the guest of mine.  
For Oeneus, on a time, full twenty days  
Regaled Bellerophon, and pledges fair  
Of hospitality they interchanged.  
Oeneus a belt radiant with purple gave  
To brave Bellerophon, who in return  
Gave him a golden goblet. Coming forth  
I left the kind memorial safe at home.  
A child was I when Tydeus went to Thebes,  
Where the Achaeans perish'd, and of him  
Hold no remembrance; but henceforth, my friend,  
Thine host am I in Argos, and thou mine  
In Lycia, should I chance to sojourn there.  
We will not clash. Trojans or aids of Troy  
No few the Gods shall furnish to my spear,  
Whom I may slaughter; and no want of Greeks  
On whom to prove thy prowess, thou shalt find.  
But it were well that an exchange ensued  
Between us; take mine armor, give me thine,  
That all who notice us may understand  
Our patrimonial amity and love.

So they, and each alighting, hand in hand  
Stood lock'd, faith promising and firm accord.  
Then Jove of sober judgment so bereft  
Infatuate Glaucus that with Tydeus' son  
He barter'd gold for brass, an hundred beeves  
In value, for the value small of nine.

But Hector at the Scæan gate and beech  
Meantime arrived, to whose approach the wives  
And daughters flock'd of Troy, inquiring each  
The fate of husband, brother, son, or friend.  
He bade them all with solemn prayer the Gods  
Seek fervent, for that wo was on the wing.

But when he enter'd Priam's palace, built  
With splendid porticoes, and which within  
Had fifty chambers lined with polish'd stone,  
Contiguous all, where Priam's sons reposed  
And his sons' wives, and where, on the other side.  
In twelve magnificent chambers also lined  
With polish'd marble and contiguous all,  
The sons-in-law of Priam lay beside  
His spotless daughters, there the mother queen  
Seeking the chamber of Laodice,  
Loveliest of all her children, as she went  
Met Hector. On his hand she hung and said:

Why leavest thou, O my son! the dangerous field?  
I fear that the Achaians (hateful name!)  
Compass the walls so closely, that thou seek'st  
Urged by distress the citadel, to lift  
Thine hands in prayer to Jove? But pause awhile  
Till I shall bring thee wine, that having pour'd  
Libation rich to Jove and to the powers  
Immortal, thou may'st drink and be refresh'd.  
For wine is mighty to renew the strength  
Of weary man, and weary thou must be  
Thyself, thus long defending us and ours.  
To whom her son majestic thus replied.

My mother, whom I reverence! cheering wine  
Bring none to me, lest I forget my might.  
I fear, beside, with unwash'd hands to pour  
Libation forth of sable wine to Jove,  
And dare on none account, thus blood-defiled,  
Approach the tempest-stirring God in prayer.  
Thou, therefore, gathering all our matrons, seek  
The fane of Pallas, huntress of the spoil,  
Bearing sweet incense; but from the attire  
Treasured within thy chamber, first select  
The amplest robe, most exquisitely wrought,

And which thou prizest most—then spread the gift  
On Athenæan Pallas' lap divine.  
Twelve heifers also of the year, untouch'd  
With puncture of the goad, promise to slay  
In sacrifice, if she will pity Troy,  
Our wives and little ones, and will avert  
The son of Tydeus from these sacred towers,  
That dreadful Chief, terror of all our host.  
Go then, my mother, seek the hallowed fane  
Of the spoil-huntress Deity. I, the while,  
Seek Paris, and if Paris yet can hear,  
Shall call him forth. But oh that earth would yawn  
And swallow him, whom Jove hath made a curse  
To Troy, to Priam, and to all his house;  
Methinks, to see him plunged into the shades  
For ever, were a cure for all my woes.

He ceased; the Queen, her palace entering, charged  
Her maidens; they, incontinent, throughout  
All Troy convened the matrons, as she bade.  
Meantime into her wardrobe incense-fumed,  
Herself descended; there her treasures lay,  
Works of Sidonian women, whom her son  
The godlike Paris, when he cross'd the seas  
With Jove-begotten Helen, brought to Troy.  
The most magnificent, and varied most  
With colors radiant, from the rest she chose  
For Pallas; vivid as a star it shone,  
And lowest lay of all. Then forth she went,  
The Trojan matrons all following her steps.

But when the long procession reach'd the fane  
Of Pallas in the heights of Troy, to them  
The fair Theano ope'd the portals wide,  
Daughter of Cisseus, brave Antenor's spouse,  
And by appointment public, at that time,  
Priestess of Pallas. All with lifted hands



In presence of Minerva wept aloud.  
Beauteous Theano on the Goddess' lap  
Then spread the robe, and to the daughter fair  
Of Jove omnipotent her suit address'd.

Goddess of Goddesses, our city's shield,  
Adored Minerva, hear! oh! break the lance  
Of Diomedes, and give himself to fall  
Prone in the dust before the Scæan gate.  
So will we offer to thee at thy shrine,  
This day twelve heifers of the year, untouch'd  
By yoke or goad, if thou wilt pity show  
To Troy, and save our children and our wives.

Such prayer the priestess offer'd, and such prayer  
All present; whom Minerva heard averse.  
But Hector to the palace sped meantime  
Of Alexander, which himself had built,  
Aided by every architect of name  
Illustrious then in Troy. Chamber it had,  
Wide hall, proud dome, and on the heights of Troy  
Near-neighboring Hector's house and Priam's stood.  
There enter'd Hector, Jove-beloved, a spear  
Its length eleven cubits in his hand,  
Its glittering head bound with a ring of gold.  
He found within his chamber whom he sought,  
Polishing with exactest care his arms  
Resplendent, shield and hauberk fingering o'er  
With curious touch, and tampering with his bow.  
Helen of Argos with her female train  
Sat occupied, the while, to each in turn  
Some splendid task assigning. Hector fix'd  
His eyes on Paris, and him stern rebuked.

Thy sullen humors, Paris, are ill-timed.  
The people perish at our lofty walls;  
The flames of war have compass'd Troy around

And thou hast kindled them; who yet thyself  
That slackness show'st which in another seen  
Thou would'st resent to death. Haste, seek the field  
This moment, lest, the next, all Ilium blaze.

To whom thus Paris, graceful as a God.  
Since, Hector, thou hast charged me with a fault,  
And not unjustly, I will answer make,  
And give thou special heed. That here I sit,  
The cause is sorrow, which I wish'd to soothe  
In secret, not displeasure or revenge.  
I tell thee also, that even now my wife  
Was urgent with me in most soothing terms  
That I would forth to battle; and myself,  
Aware that victory oft changes sides,  
That course prefer. Wait, therefore, thou awhile,  
'Till I shall dress me for the fight, or go  
Thou first, and I will overtake thee soon.

He ceased, to whom brave Hector answer none  
Return'd, when Helen him with lenient speech  
Accosted mild. My brother! who in me  
Hast found a sister worthy of thy hate,  
Authoress of all calamity to Troy,  
Oh that the winds, the day when I was born,  
Had swept me out of sight, whirl'd me aloft  
To some inhospitable mountain-top,  
Or plunged me in the deep; there I had sunk  
O'erwhelm'd, and all these ills had never been.  
But since the Gods would bring these ills to pass,  
I should, at least, some worthier mate have chosen,  
One not insensible to public shame.  
But this, oh this, nor hath nor will acquire  
Hereafter, aught which like discretion shows  
Or reason, and shall find his just reward.  
But enter; take this seat; for who as thou  
Labors, or who hath cause like thee to rue

The crime, my brother, for which Heaven hath doom'd  
Both Paris and my most detested self  
To be the burthens of an endless song?

To whom the warlike Hector huge replied.  
Me bid not, Helen, to a seat, howe'er  
Thou wish my stay, for thou must not prevail.  
The Trojans miss me, and myself no less  
Am anxious to return. But urge in haste  
This loiterer forth; yea, let him urge himself  
To overtake me ere I quit the town.  
For I must home in haste, that I may see  
My loved Andromache, my infant boy,  
And my domestics, ignorant if e'er  
I shall behold them more, or if my fate  
Ordain me now to fall by Grecian hands.

So spake the dauntless hero, and withdrew.  
But reaching soon his own well-built abode  
He found not fair Andromache; she stood  
Lamenting Hector, with the nurse who bore  
Her infant, on a turret's top sublime.  
He then, not finding his chaste spouse within,  
Thus from the portal, of her train inquired.

Tell me, ye maidens, whither went from home  
Andromache the fair? Went she to see  
Her female kindred of my father's house,  
Or to Minerva's temple, where convened  
The bright-hair'd matrons of the city seek  
To soothe the awful Goddess? Tell me true.

To whom his household's governess discreet.  
Since, Hector, truth is thy demand, receive  
True answer. Neither went she forth to see  
Her female kindred of thy father's house,  
Nor to Minerva's temple, where convened

The bright-haired matrons of the city seek  
To soothe the awful Goddess; but she went  
Hence to the tower of Troy: for she had heard  
That the Achæians had prevail'd, and driven  
The Trojans to the walls; she, therefore, wild  
With grief, flew thither, and the nurse her steps  
Attended, with thy infant in her arms.

So spake the prudent governess; whose words  
When Hector heard, issuing from his door  
He backward trod with hasty steps the streets  
Of lofty Troy, and having traversed all  
The spacious city, when he now approach'd  
The Scæan gate, whence he must seek the field,  
There, hasting home again his noble wife  
Met him, Andromache the rich-endow'd  
Fair daughter of Eëtion famed in arms.  
Eëtion, who in Hypoplacian Thebes  
Umbrageous dwelt, Cilicia's mighty lord—  
His daughter valiant Hector had espoused.  
There she encounter'd him, and with herself  
The nurse came also, bearing in her arms  
Hectorides, his infant darling boy,  
Beautiful as a star. Him Hector called  
Scamandrios, but Astyanax all else  
In Ilium named him, for that Hector's arm  
Alone was the defence and strength of Troy.  
The father, silent, eyed his babe, and smiled.  
Andromache, meantime, before him stood,  
With streaming cheeks, hung on his hand, and said.

Thy own great courage will cut short thy days,  
My noble Hector! neither pitiest thou  
Thy helpless infant, or my hapless self,  
Whose widowhood is near; for thou wilt fall  
Ere long, assail'd by the whole host of Greece.  
Then let me to the tomb, my best retreat

When thou art slain. For comfort none or joy  
Can I expect, thy day of life extinct,  
But thenceforth, sorrow. Father I have none;  
No mother. When Cilicia's city, Thebes  
The populous, was by Achilles sack'd.  
He slew my father; yet his gorgeous arms  
Stripp'd not through reverence of him, but consumed,  
Arm'd as it was, his body on the pile,  
And heap'd his tomb, which the Oreades,  
Jove's daughters, had with elms inclosed around.  
My seven brothers, glory of our house,  
All in one day descended to the shades;  
For brave Achilles, while they fed their herds  
And snowy flocks together, slew them all.  
My mother, Queen of the well-wooded realm  
Of Hypoplacian Thebes, her hither brought  
Among his other spoils, he loosed again  
At an inestimable ransom-price,  
But by Diana pierced, she died at home.  
Yet Hector—oh my husband! I in thee  
Find parents, brothers, all that I have lost.  
Come! have compassion on us. Go not hence,  
But guard this turret, lest of me thou make  
A widow, and an orphan of thy boy.  
The city walls are easiest of ascent  
At yonder fig-tree; station there thy powers;  
For whether by a prophet warn'd, or taught  
By search and observation, in that part  
Each Ajax with Idomeneus of Crete,  
The sons of Atreus, and the valiant son  
Of Tydeus, have now thrice assail'd the town.

To whom the leader of the host of Troy.

These cares, Andromache, which thee engage,  
All touch me also; but I dread to incur  
The scorn of male and female tongues in Troy,

If, dastard-like, I should decline the fight.  
Nor feel I such a wish. No. I have learn'd  
To be courageous ever, in the van  
Among the flower of Ilium to assert  
My glorious father's honor, and my own.  
For that the day shall come when sacred Troy,  
When Priam, and the people of the old  
Spear-practised King shall perish, well I know.  
But for no Trojan sorrows yet to come  
So much I mourn, not e'en for Hecuba,  
Nor yet for Priam, nor for all the brave  
Of my own brothers who shall kiss the dust,  
As for thyself, when some Achaian Chief  
Shall have convey'd thee weeping hence, thy sun  
Of peace and liberty for ever set.  
Then shalt thou toil in Argos at the loom  
For a task-mistress, and constrain'd shalt draw  
From Hypereïa's fount, or from the fount  
Messeïs, water at her proud command.  
Some Grecian then, seeing thy tears, shall say—  
"This was the wife of Hector, who excell'd  
All Troy in fight when Ilium was besieged."  
Such he shall speak thee, and thy heart, the while,  
Shall bleed afresh through want of such a friend  
To stand between captivity and thee.  
But may I rest beneath my hill of earth  
Or ere that day arrive! I would not live  
To hear thy cries, and see thee torn away.

So saying, illustrious Hector stretch'd his arms  
Forth to his son, but with a scream, the child  
Fell back into the bosom of his nurse,  
His father's aspect dreading, whose bright arms  
He had attentive mark'd and shaggy crest  
Playing tremendous o'er his helmet's height.  
His father and his gentle mother laugh'd,  
And noble Hector lifting from his head

His dazzling helmet, placed it on the ground,  
Then kiss'd his boy and dandled him, and thus  
In earnest prayer the heavenly powers implored.

Hear all ye Gods! as ye have given to me,  
So also on my son excelling might  
Bestow, with chief authority in Troy.  
And be his record this, in time to come,  
When he returns from battle. Lo! how far  
The son excels the sire! May every foe  
Fall under him, and he come laden home  
With spoils blood-stain'd to his dear mother's joy.

He said, and gave his infant to the arms  
Of his Andromache, who him received  
Into her fragrant bosom, bitter tears  
With sweet smiles mingling; he with pity moved  
That sight observed, soft touch'd her cheek, and said,

Mourn not, my loved Andromache, for me  
Too much; no man shall send me to the shades  
Of Tartarus, ere mine allotted hour,  
Nor lives he who can overpass the date  
By heaven assign'd him, be he base or brave.  
Go then, and occupy content at home  
The woman's province; ply the distaff, spin  
And weave, and task thy maidens. War belongs  
To man; to all men; and of all who first  
Drew vital breath in Ilium, most to me.

He ceased, and from the ground his helmet raised  
Hair-crested; his Andromache, at once  
Obedient, to her home repair'd, but oft  
Turn'd as she went, and, turning, wept afresh.  
No sooner at the palace she arrived  
Of havoc-spreading Hector, than among  
Her numerous maidens found within, she raised

A general lamentation; with one voice,  
In his own house, his whole domestic train  
Mourn'd Hector, yet alive; for none the hope  
Conceived of his escape from Grecian hands,  
Or to behold their living master more.

Nor Paris in his stately mansion long  
Delay'd, but, arm'd resplendent, traversed swift  
The city, all alacrity and joy.  
As some stall'd horse high-fed, his stable-cord  
Snapt short, beats under foot the sounding plain,  
Accustomed in smooth-sliding streams to lave  
Exulting; high he bears his head, his mane  
Undulates o'er his shoulders, pleased he eyes  
His glossy sides, and borne on pliant knees  
Shoots to the meadow where his fellows graze;  
So Paris, son of Priam, from the heights  
Of Pergamus into the streets of Troy,  
All dazzling as the sun, descended, flush'd  
With martial pride, and bounding in his course.  
At once he came where noble Hector stood  
Now turning, after conference with his spouse,  
When godlike Alexander thus began.

My hero brother, thou hast surely found  
My long delay most irksome. More dispatch  
Had pleased thee more, for such was thy command.

To whom the warlike Hector thus replied.  
No man, judicious, and in feat of arms  
Intelligent, would pour contempt on thee  
(For thou art valiant) wert thou not remiss  
And wilful negligent; and when I hear  
The very men who labor in thy cause  
Reviling thee, I make thy shame my own.  
But let us on. All such complaints shall cease  
Hereafter, and thy faults be touch'd no more,



Let Jove but once afford us riddance clear  
Of these Achaians, and to quaff the cup  
Of liberty, before the living Gods.

## Book VII

### ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

Ajax and Hector engage in single combat. The Grecians fortify their camp.

So saying, illustrious Hector through the gates  
To battle rush'd, with Paris at his side,  
And both were bent on deeds of high renown.  
As when the Gods vouchsafe propitious gales  
To longing mariners, who with smooth oars  
Threshing the waves have all their strength consumed,  
So them the longing Trojans glad received.

At once each slew a Grecian. Paris slew  
Menesthus who in Arna dwelt, the son  
Of Areithoüs, club-bearing chief,  
And of Philomedusa radiant-eyed.  
But Hector wounded with his glittering spear  
Eioneus; he pierced his neck beneath  
His brazen morion's verge, and dead he fell.  
Then Glaucus, leader of the Lycian host,  
Son of Hippolochus, in furious fight  
Iphinoüs son of Dexias assail'd,  
Mounting his rapid mares, and with his lance  
His shoulder pierced; unhorsed he fell and died.

Such slaughter of the Grecians in fierce fight  
Minerva noting, from the Olympian hills  
Flew down to sacred Ilium; whose approach  
Marking from Pergamus, Apollo flew  
To meet her, ardent on the part of Troy.  
Beneath the beech they join'd, when first the King,  
The son of Jove, Apollo thus began.

Daughter of Jove supreme! why hast thou left  
Olympus, and with such impetuous speed?  
Comest thou to give the Danaï success  
Decisive? For I know that pity none  
Thou feel'st for Trojans, perish as they may  
But if advice of mine can influence thee  
To that which shall be best, let us compose  
This day the furious fight which shall again  
Hereafter rage, till Ilium be destroy'd.  
Since such is Juno's pleasure and thy own.

Him answer'd then Pallas cærulean-eyed.  
Celestial archer! be it so. I came  
Myself so purposing into the field  
From the Olympian heights. But by what means  
Wilt thou induce the warriors to a pause?

To whom the King, the son of Jove, replied.  
The courage of equestrian Hector bold  
Let us excite, that he may challenge forth  
To single conflict terrible some chief  
Achaian. The Achaians brazen-mail'd  
Indignant, will supply a champion soon  
To combat with the noble Chief of Troy.

So spake Apollo, and his counsel pleased  
Minerva; which when Helenus the seer,  
Priam's own son, in his prophetic soul  
Perceived, approaching Hector, thus he spake.

Jove's peer in wisdom, Hector, Priam's son!  
I am thy brother. Wilt thou list to me?  
Bid cease the battle. Bid both armies sit.  
Call first, thyself, the mightiest of the Greeks  
To single conflict. I have heard the voice

Of the Eternal Gods, and well-assured  
Foretell thee that thy death not now impends.

He spake, whom Hector heard with joy elate.  
Before his van striding into the space  
Both hosts between, he with his spear transverse  
Press'd back the Trojans, and they sat. Down sat  
The well-greaved Grecians also at command  
Of Agamemnon; and in shape assumed  
Of vultures, Pallas and Apollo perch'd  
High on the lofty beech sacred to Jove  
The father Ægis-arm'd; delighted thence  
They view'd the peopled plain horrent around  
With shields and helms and glittering spears erect.  
As when fresh-blowing Zephyrus the flood  
Sweeps first, the ocean blackens at the blast,  
Such seem'd the plain whereon the Achaians sat  
And Trojans, whom between thus Hector spake.

Ye Trojans and Achaians brazen-greaved,  
Attend while I shall speak! Jove high-enthroned  
Hath not fulfill'd the truce, but evil plans  
Against both hosts, till either ye shall take  
Troy's lofty towers, or shall yourselves in flight  
Fall vanquish'd at your billow-cleaving barks.  
With you is all the flower of Greece. Let him  
Whose heart shall move him to encounter sole  
Illustrious Hector, from among you all  
Stand forth, and Jove be witness to us both.  
If he, with his long-pointed lance, of life  
Shall me bereave, my armor is his prize,  
Which he shall hence into your fleet convey;  
Not so my body; that he shall resign  
For burial to the men and wives of Troy.  
But if Apollo make the glory mine,  
And he fall vanquish'd, him will I despoil,  
And hence conveying into sacred Troy

His arms, will in the temple hang them high  
Of the bow-bender God, but I will send  
His body to the fleet, that him the Greeks<sup>95</sup>  
May grace with rights funereal. On the banks  
Of wide-spread Hellespont ye shall upraise  
His tomb, and as they cleave with oary barks  
The sable deep, posterity shall say—  
"It is a warrior's tomb; in ancient days  
The Hero died; him warlike Hector slew."  
So men shall speak hereafter, and my fame  
Who slew him, and my praise, shall never die.

He ceased, and all sat mute. His challenge bold  
None dared accept, which yet they blush'd to shun,  
Till Menelaus, at the last, arose  
Groaning profound, and thus reproach'd the Greeks.

Ah boasters! henceforth women—men no more—  
Eternal shame, shame infinite is ours,  
If none of all the Grecians dares contend  
With Hector. Dastards—deaf to glory's call—  
Rot where ye sit! I will myself take arms  
Against him, for the gods alone dispose,  
At their own pleasure, the events of war.

He ended, and put on his radiant arms.  
Then, Menelaus, manifest appear'd  
Thy death approaching by the dreadful hands  
Of Hector, mightier far in arms than thou,  
But that the Chiefs of the Achaians all  
Upstarting stay'd thee, and himself the King,  
The son of Atreus, on thy better hand  
Seizing affectionate, thee thus address'd.

Thou ravest, my royal brother! and art seized  
With needless frenzy. But, however chafed,  
Restrain thy wrath, nor covet to contend

With Priameian Hector, whom in fight  
All dread, a warrior thy superior far.  
Not even Achilles, in the glorious field  
(Though stronger far than thou) this hero meets  
Undaunted. Go then, and thy seat resume  
In thy own band; the Achaians shall for him,  
Doubtless, some fitter champion furnish forth.  
Brave though he be, and with the toils of war  
Insatiable, he shall be willing yet,  
Seated on his bent knees, to breathe a while,  
Should he escape the arduous brunt severe.

So saying, the hero by his counsel wise  
His brother's purpose alter'd; he complied,  
And his glad servants eased him of his arms.  
Then Nestor thus the Argive host bespake.

Great wo, ye Gods! hath on Achaia fallen.  
Now may the warlike Pelaus, hoary Chief,  
Who both with eloquence and wisdom rules  
The Myrmidons, our foul disgrace deplore.  
With him discoursing, erst, of ancient times,  
When all your pedigrees I traced, I made  
His heart bound in him at the proud report.  
But now, when he shall learn how here we sat  
Cowering at the foot of Hector, he shall oft  
His hands uplift to the immortal Gods,  
Praying a swift release into the shades.  
Jove! Pallas! Phœbus! Oh that I were young  
As when the Pyliaus in fierce fight engaged  
The Arcadians spear-expert, beside the stream  
Of rapid Celadon! Beneath the walls  
We fought of Pheia, where the Jordan rolls.  
There Ereuthalion, Chief of godlike form,  
Stood forth before his van, and with loud voice  
Defied the Pyliaus. Arm'd he was in steel  
By royal Areïthous whilom worn;

Brave Areïthous, Corynetes named  
By every tongue; for that in bow and spear  
Nought trusted he, but with an iron mace  
The close-embattled phalanx shatter'd wide.  
Him by address, not by superior force,  
Lycurgus vanquish'd, in a narrow pass,  
Where him his iron whirl-bat nought avail'd.  
Lycurgus stealing on him, with his lance  
Transpierced and fix'd him to the soil supine.  
Him of his arms, bright gift of brazen Mars,  
He stripp'd, which after, in the embattled field  
Lycurgus wore himself, but, growing old,  
Surrender'd them to Ereuthalion's use  
His armor-bearer, high in his esteem,  
And Ereuthalion wore them on the day  
When he defied our best. All hung their heads  
And trembled; none dared meet him; till at last  
With inborn courage warm'd, and nought dismayed,  
Though youngest of them all, I undertook  
That contest, and, by Pallas' aid, prevail'd.  
I slew the man in height and bulk all men  
Surpassing, and much soil he cover'd slain.  
Oh for the vigor of those better days!  
Then should not Hector want a champion long,  
Whose call to combat, ye, although the prime  
And pride of all our land, seem slow to hear.

He spake reproachful, when at once arose  
Nine heroes. Agamemnon, King of men,  
Foremost arose; then Tydeus' mighty son,  
With either Ajax in fierce prowess clad;  
The Cretan next, Idomeneus, with whom  
Uprose Meriones his friend approved,  
Terrible as the man-destroyer Mars.  
Evæmon's noble offspring next appear'd  
Eurypylus; Andræmon's son the next  
Thoas; and last, Ulysses, glorious Chief.

All these stood ready to engage in arms  
With warlike Hector, when the ancient King,  
Gerenian Nestor, thus his speech resumed.

Now cast the lot for all. Who wins the chance  
Shall yield Achaia service, and himself  
Serve also, if successful he escape  
This brunt of hostile hardiment severe.

So Nestor. They, inscribing each his lot,  
Into the helmet cast it of the son  
Of Atreus, Agamemnon. Then the host  
Pray'd all, their hands uplifting, and with eyes  
To the wide heavens directed, many said-

Eternal sire! choose Ajax, or the son  
Of Tydeus, or the King himself who sways  
The sceptre in Mycenæ wealth-renown'd!

Such prayer the people made; then Nestor shook  
The helmet, and forth leaped, whose most they wished,  
The lot of Ajax. Throughout all the host  
To every chief and potentate of Greece,  
From right to left the herald bore the lot  
By all disown'd; but when at length he reach'd  
The inscriber of the lot, who cast it in,  
Illustrious Ajax, in his open palm  
The herald placed it, standing at his side.  
He, conscious, with heroic joy the lot  
Cast at his foot, and thus exclaim'd aloud.

My friends! the lot is mine, and my own heart  
Rejoices also; for I nothing doubt  
That noble Hector shall be foil'd by me.  
But while I put mine armor on, pray all  
In silence to the King Saturnian Jove,  
Lest, while ye pray, the Trojans overhear.



Or pray aloud, for whom have we to dread?  
No man shall my firm standing by his strength  
Unsettle, or for ignorance of mine  
Me vanquish, who, I hope, brought forth and train'd  
In Salamis, have, now, not much to learn.

He ended. They with heaven-directed eyes  
The King in prayer address'd, Saturnian Jove.

Jove! glorious father! who from Ida's height  
Controlest all below, let Ajax prove  
Victorious; make the honor all his own!  
Or, if not less than Ajax, Hector share  
Thy love and thy regard, divide the prize  
Of glory, and let each achieve renown!

Then Ajax put his radiant armor on,  
And, arm'd complete, rush'd forward. As huge Mars  
To battle moves the sons of men between  
Whom Jove with heart-devouring thirst inspires  
Of war, so moved huge Ajax to the fight,  
Tower of the Greeks, dilating with a smile  
His martial features terrible; on feet,  
Firm-planted, to the combat he advanced  
Stride after stride, and shook his quivering spear.  
Him viewing, Argos' universal host  
Exulted, while a panic loosed the knees  
Of every Trojan; even Hector's heart  
Beat double, but escape for him remain'd  
None now, or to retreat into his ranks  
Again, from whom himself had challenged forth.  
Ajax advancing like a tower his shield  
Sevenfold, approach'd. It was the labor'd work  
Of Tychius, armorer of matchless skill,  
Who dwelt in Hyla; coated with the hides  
Of seven high-pamper'd bulls that shield he framed  
For Ajax, and the disk plated with brass.

Advancing it before his breast, the son  
Of Telamon approach'd the Trojan Chief,  
And face to face, him threatening, thus began.

Now, Hector, prove, by me alone opposed,  
What Chiefs the Danaï can furnish forth  
In absence of the lion-hearted prince  
Achilles, breaker of the ranks of war.  
He, in his billow-cleaving barks incensed  
Against our leader Agamemnon, lies;  
But warriors of my measure, who may serve  
To cope with thee, we want not; numerous such  
Are found amongst us. But begin the fight.

To whom majestic Hector fierce in arms.  
Ajax! heroic leader of the Greeks!  
Offspring of Telamon! essay not me  
With words to terrify, as I were boy.  
Or girl unskill'd in war; I am a man  
Well exercised in battle, who have shed  
The blood of many a warrior, and have learn'd,  
From hand to hand shifting my shield, to fight  
Unwearied; I can make a sport of war,  
In standing fight adjusting all my steps  
To martial measures sweet, or vaulting light  
Into my chariot, thence can urge the foe.  
Yet in contention with a Chief like thee  
I will employ no stratagem, or seek  
To smite thee privily, but with a stroke  
(If I may reach thee) visible to all.

So saying, he shook, then hurl'd his massy spear  
At Ajax, and his broad shield sevenfold  
On its eighth surface of resplendent brass  
Smote full; six hides the unblunted weapon pierced,  
But in the seventh stood rooted. Ajax, next,  
Heroic Chief, hurl'd his long shadow'd spear

And struck the oval shield of Priam's son.  
Through his bright disk the weapon tempest-driven  
Glided, and in his hauberk-rings infixt  
At his soft flank, ripp'd wide his vest within.  
Inclined oblique he 'scaped the dreadful doom  
Then each from other's shield his massy spear  
Recovering quick, like lions hunger-pinch'd  
Or wild boars irresistible in force,  
They fell to close encounter. Priam's son  
The shield of Ajax at its centre smote,  
But fail'd to pierce it, for he bent his point.  
Sprang Ajax then, and meeting full the targe  
Of Hector, shock'd him; through it and beyond  
He urged the weapon with its sliding edge  
Athwart his neck, and blood was seen to start.  
But still, for no such cause, from battle ceased  
Crest-tossing Hector, but retiring, seized  
A huge stone angled sharp and black with age  
That on the champain lay. The bull-hide guard  
Sevenfold of Ajax with that stone he smote  
Full on its centre; sang the circling brass.  
Then Ajax far a heavier stone upheaved;  
He whirled it, and with might immeasurable  
Dismiss'd the mass, which with a mill-stone weight  
Sank through the shield of Hector, and his knees  
Disabled; with his shield supine he fell,  
But by Apollo raised, stood soon again.  
And now, with swords they had each other hewn,  
Had not the messengers of Gods and men  
The heralds wise, Idæus on the part  
Of Ilium, and Talthybius for the Greeks,  
Advancing interposed. His sceptre each  
Between them held, and thus Idæus spake.

My children, cease! prolong not still the fight.  
Ye both are dear to cloud-assembler Jove,

Both valiant, and all know it. But the Night  
Hath fallen, and Night's command must be obeyed.

To him the son of Telamon replied.  
Idæus! bid thy master speak as thou.  
He is the challenger. If such his choice,  
Mine differs not; I wait but to comply.

Him answer'd then heroic Hector huge.  
Since, Ajax, the immortal powers on thee  
Have bulk pre-eminent and strength bestow'd,  
With such address in battle, that the host  
Of Greece hath not thine equal at the spear,  
Now let the combat cease. We shall not want  
More fair occasion; on some future day  
We will not part till all-disposing heaven  
Shall give thee victory, or shall make her mine.  
But Night hath fallen, and Night must be obey'd,  
That them may'st gratify with thy return  
The Achaians, and especially thy friends  
And thy own countrymen. I go, no less  
To exhilarate in Priam's royal town  
Men and robed matrons, who shall seek the Gods  
For me, with pious ceremonial due.  
But come. We will exchange, or ere we part,  
Some princely gift, that Greece and Troy may say  
Hereafter, with soul-wasting rage they fought,  
But parted with the gentleness of friends.

So saying, he with his sheath and belt a sword  
Presented bright-emboss'd, and a bright belt  
Purpureal took from Ajax in return.  
Thus separated, one the Grecians sought,  
And one the Trojans; they when him they saw  
From the unconquer'd hands return'd alive  
Of Ajax, with delight their Chief received,  
And to the city led him, double joy

Conceiving all at his unhop'd escape.  
On the other side, the Grecians brazen-mail'd  
To noble Agamemnon introduced  
Exulting Ajax, and the King of men  
In honor of the conqueror slew an ox  
Of the fifth year to Jove omnipotent.  
Him flaying first, they carved him next and spread  
The whole abroad, then, scoring deep the flesh,  
They pierced it with the spits, and from the spits  
(Once roasted well) withdrew it all again.  
Their labor thus accomplish'd, and the board  
Furnish'd with plenteous cheer, they feasted all  
Till all were satisfied; nor Ajax miss'd  
The conqueror's meed, to whom the hero-king  
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, gave the chine  
Perpetual, his distinguish'd portion due.  
The calls of hunger and of thirst at length  
Both well sufficed, thus, foremost of them all  
The ancient Nestor, whose advice had oft  
Proved salutary, prudent thus began.

Chiefs of Achaia, and thou, chief of all,  
Great Agamemnon! Many of our host  
Lie slain, whose blood sprinkles, in battle shed,  
The banks of smooth Scamander, and their souls  
Have journey'd down into the realms of death.  
To-morrow, therefore, let the battle pause  
As need requires, and at the peep of day  
With mules and oxen, wheel ye from all parts  
The dead, that we may burn them near the fleet.  
So, home to Greece returning, will we give  
The fathers' ashes to the children's care.  
Accumulating next, the pile around,  
One common tomb for all, with brisk dispatch  
We will upbuild for more secure defence  
Of us and of our fleet, strong towers and tall  
Adjoining to the tomb, and every tower

Shall have its ponderous gate, commodious pass  
Affording to the mounted charioteer.  
And last, without those towers and at their foot,  
Dig we a trench, which compassing around  
Our camp, both steeds and warriors shall exclude,  
And all fierce inroad of the haughty foe.

So counsell'd he, whom every Chief approved.  
In Troy meantime, at Priam's gate beside  
The lofty citadel, debate began  
The assembled senators between, confused,  
Clamorous, and with furious heat pursued,  
When them Antenor, prudent, thus bespake.

Ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies of Troy,  
My counsel hear! Delay not. Instant yield  
To the Atridæ, hence to be convey'd,  
Helen of Greece with all that is her own.  
For charged with violated oaths we fight,  
And hope I none conceive that aught by us  
Design'd shall prosper, unless so be done.

He spake and sat; when from his seat arose  
Paris, fair Helen's noble paramour,  
Who thus with speech impassion'd quick replied.

Antenor! me thy counsel hath not pleased;  
Thou could'st have framed far better; but if this  
Be thy deliberate judgment, then the Gods  
Make thy deliberate judgment nothing worth.  
But I will speak myself. Ye Chiefs of Troy,  
I tell you plain. I will not yield my spouse.  
But all her treasures to our house convey'd  
From Argos, those will I resign, and add  
Still other compensation from my own.

Thus Paris said and sat; when like the Gods  
Themselves in wisdom, from his seat uprose  
Dardanian Priam, who them thus address'd.

Trojans, Dardanians, and allies of Troy!  
I shall declare my sentence; hear ye me.  
Now let the legions, as at other times,  
Take due refreshment; let the watch be set,  
And keep ye vigilant guard. At early dawn  
We will dispatch Idæus to the fleet,  
Who shall inform the Atridæ of this last  
Resolve of Paris, author of the war.  
Discreet Idæus also shall propose  
A respite (if the Atridæ so incline)  
From war's dread clamor, while we burn the dead.  
Then will we clash again, till heaven at length  
Shall part us, and the doubtful strife decide.

He ceased, whose voice the assembly pleased, obey'd.  
Then, troop by troop, the army took repast,  
And at the dawn Idæus sought the fleet.  
He found the Danaï, servants of Mars,  
Beside the stern of Agamemnon's ship  
Consulting; and amid the assembled Chiefs  
Arrived, with utterance clear them thus address'd.

Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Chiefs, the flower  
Of all Achaia! Priam and the Chiefs  
Of Ilium, bade me to your ear impart  
(If chance such embassy might please your ear)  
The mind of Paris, author of the war.  
The treasures which on board his ships he brought  
From Argos home (oh, had he perish'd first!)  
He yields them with addition from his own.  
Not so the consort of the glorious prince  
Brave Menelaus; her (although in Troy  
All counsel otherwise) he still detains.

Thus too I have in charge. Are ye inclined  
That the dread sounding clamors of the field  
Be caused to cease till we shall burn the dead?  
Then will we clash again, 'till heaven at length  
Shall part us, and the doubtful strife decide.

So spake Idæus, and all silent sat;  
Till at the last brave Diomedes replied.

No. We will none of Paris' treasures now,  
Nor even Helen's self. A child may see  
Destruction winging swift her course to Troy.

He said. The admiring Greeks with loud applause  
All praised the speech of warlike Diomedes,  
And answer thus the King of men return'd.

Idæus! thou hast witness'd the resolve  
Of the Achaian Chiefs, whose choice is mine.  
But for the slain, I shall not envy them  
A funeral pile; the spirit fled, delay  
Suits not. Last rites can not too soon be paid.  
Burn them. And let high-thundering Jove attest  
Himself mine oath, that war shall cease the while.

So saying, he to all the Gods upraised  
His sceptre, and Idæus homeward sped  
To sacred Ilium. The Dardanians there  
And Trojans, all assembled, his return  
Expected anxious. He amid them told  
Distinct his errand, when, at once dissolved,  
The whole assembly rose, these to collect  
The scatter'd bodies, those to gather wood;  
While on the other side, the Greeks arose  
As sudden, and all issuing from the fleet  
Sought fuel, some, and some, the scatter'd dead.



Now from the gently-swelling flood profound  
The sun arising, with his earliest rays  
In his ascent to heaven smote on the fields.  
When Greeks and Trojans met. Scarce could the slain  
Be clear distinguish'd, but they cleansed from each  
His clotted gore with water, and warm tears  
Distilling copious, heaved them to the wains.  
But wailing none was heard, for such command  
Had Priam issued; therefore heaping high  
The bodies, silent and with sorrowing hearts  
They burn'd them, and to sacred Troy return'd.  
The Grecians also, on the funeral pile  
The bodies heaping sad, burn'd them with fire  
Together, and return'd into the fleet.  
Then, ere the peep of dawn, and while the veil  
Of night, though thinner, still o'erhung the earth,  
Achaians, chosen from the rest, the pile  
Encompass'd. With a tomb (one tomb for all)  
They crown'd the spot adust, and to the tomb  
(For safety of their fleet and of themselves)  
Strong fortress added of high wall and tower,  
With solid gates affording egress thence  
Commodious to the mounted charioteer;  
Deep foss and broad they also dug without,  
And planted it with piles. So toil'd the Greeks.

The Gods, that mighty labor, from beside  
The Thunderer's throne with admiration view'd,  
When Neptune, shaker of the shores, began.

Eternal father! is there on the face  
Of all the boundless earth one mortal man  
Who will, in times to come, consult with heaven?  
See'st thou yon height of wall, and yon deep trench  
With which the Grecians have their fleet inclosed,  
And, careless of our blessing, hecatomb  
Or invocation have presented none?

Far as the day-spring shoots herself abroad,  
So far the glory of this work shall spread,  
While Phœbus and myself, who, toiling hard,  
Built walls for king Laomedon, shall see  
Forgotten all the labor of our hands.

To whom, indignant, thus high-thundering Jove.  
Oh thou, who shakest the solid earth at will,  
What hast thou spoken? An inferior power,  
A god of less sufficiency than thou,  
Might be allowed some fear from such a cause.  
Fear not. Where'er the morning shoots her beams,  
Thy glory shall be known; and when the Greeks  
Shall seek their country through the waves again,  
Then break this bulwark down, submerge it whole,  
And spreading deep with sand the spacious shore  
As at the first, leave not a trace behind.

Such conference held the Gods; and now the sun  
Went down, and, that great work perform'd, the Greeks  
From tent to tent slaughter'd the fatted ox  
And ate their evening cheer. Meantime arrived  
Large fleet with Lemnian wine; Euneus, son  
Of Jason and Hypsipile, that fleet  
From Lemnos freighted, and had stow'd on board  
A thousand measures from the rest apart  
For the Atridæ; but the host at large  
By traffic were supplied; some barter'd brass,  
Others bright steel; some purchased wine with hides,  
These with their cattle, with their captives those,  
And the whole host prepared a glad regale.  
All night the Grecians feasted, and the host  
Of Ilium, and all night deep-planning Jove  
Portended dire calamities to both,  
Thundering tremendous!—Pale was every cheek;  
Each pour'd his goblet on the ground, nor dared  
The hardiest drink, 'till he had first perform'd

Libation meet to the Saturnian King  
Omnipotent; then, all retiring, sought  
Their couches, and partook the gift of sleep.

## Book VIII

### ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

Jove calls a council, in which he forbids all interference of the Gods between the Greeks and Trojans. He repairs to Ida, where, having consulted the scales of destiny, he directs his lightning against the Grecians. Nestor is endangered by the death of one of his horses. Diomedes delivers him. In the chariot of Diomedes they both hasten to engage Hector, whose charioteer is slain by Diomedes. Jupiter again interposes by his thunders, and the whole Grecian host, discomfited, is obliged to seek refuge within the rampart. Diomedes, with others, at sight of a favorable omen sent from Jove in answer to Agamemnon's prayer, sallies. Teucer performs great exploits, but is disabled by Hector. Juno and Pallas set forth from Olympus in aid of the Grecians, but are stopped by Jupiter, who reascends from Ida, and in heaven foretells the distresses which await the Grecians.

Hector takes measures for the security of Troy during the night, and prepares his host for an assault to be made on the Grecian camp in the morning.

The saffron-mantled morning now was spread  
O'er all the nations, when the Thunderer Jove  
On the deep-fork'd Olympian topmost height  
Convened the Gods in council, amid whom  
He spake himself; they all attentive heard.

Gods! Goddesses! Inhabitants of heaven!  
Attend; I make my secret purpose known.  
Let neither God nor Goddess interpose  
My counsel to rescind, but with one heart  
Approve it, that it reach, at once, its end.  
Whom I shall mark soever from the rest  
Withdrawn, that he may Greeks or Trojans aid,  
Disgrace shall find him; shamefully chastised  
He shall return to the Olympian heights,

Or I will hurl him deep into the gulfs  
Of gloomy Tartarus, where Hell shuts fast  
Her iron gates, and spreads her brazen floor,  
As far below the shades, as earth from heaven.  
There shall he learn how far I pass in might  
All others; which if ye incline to doubt  
Now prove me. Let ye down the golden chain  
From heaven, and at its nether links pull all,  
Both Goddesses and Gods. But me your King,  
Supreme in wisdom, ye shall never draw  
To earth from heaven, toil adverse as ye may.  
Yet I, when once I shall be pleased to pull,  
The earth itself, itself the sea, and you  
Will lift with ease together, and will wind  
The chain around the spiry summit sharp  
Of the Olympian, that all things upheaved  
Shall hang in the mid heaven. So far do I,  
Compared with all who live, transcend them all.

He ended, and the Gods long time amazed  
Sat silent, for with awful tone he spake:  
But at the last Pallas blue-eyed began.  
Father! Saturnian Jove! of Kings supreme!  
We know thy force resistless; but our hearts  
Feel not the less, when we behold the Greeks  
Exhausting all the sorrows of their lot.  
If thou command, we, doubtless, will abstain  
From battle, yet such counsel to the Greeks  
Suggesting still, as may in part effect  
Their safety, lest thy wrath consume them all.

To whom with smiles answer'd cloud-gatherer Jove.  
Fear not, my child! stern as mine accent was,  
I forced a frown—no more. For in mine heart  
Nought feel I but benevolence to thee.

He said, and to his chariot join'd his steeds  
Swift, brazen-hoof'd, and mailed with wavy gold;  
He put on golden raiment, his bright scourge  
Of gold receiving rose into his seat,  
And lash'd his steeds; they not unwilling flew  
Midway the earth between and starry heaven.  
To spring-fed Ida, mother of wild beasts,  
He came, where stands in Gargarus his shrine  
Breathing fresh incense! there the Sire of all  
Arriving, loosed his coursers, and around  
Involving them in gather'd clouds opaque,  
Sat on the mountain's head, in his own might  
Exulting, with the towers of Ilium all  
Beneath his eye, and the whole fleet of Greece.

In all their tents, meantime, Achaia's sons  
Took short refreshment, and for fight prepared.  
On the other side, though fewer, yet constrain'd  
By strong necessity, throughout all Troy,  
In the defence of children and wives  
Ardent, the Trojans panted for the field.  
Wide flew the city gates: forth rush'd to war  
Horsemen and foot, and tumult wild arose.  
They met, they clash'd; loud was the din of spears  
And bucklers on their bosoms brazen-mail'd  
Encountering, shields in opposition from  
Met bossy shields, and tumult wild arose.

There many a shout and many a dying groan  
Were heard, the slayer and the maim'd aloud  
Clamoring, and the earth was drench'd with blood.  
'Till sacred morn had brighten'd into noon,  
The vollied weapons on both sides their task  
Perform'd effectual, and the people fell.  
But when the sun had climb'd the middle skies,  
The Sire of all then took his golden scales;  
Doom against doom he weigh'd, the eternal fates

In counterpoise, of Trojans and of Greeks.  
He rais'd the beam; low sank the heavier lot  
Of the Achaians; the Achaian doom  
Subsided, and the Trojan struck the skies.

Then roar'd the thunders from the summit hurl'd  
of Ida, and his vivid lightnings flew  
Into Achaia's host. They at the sight  
Astonish'd stood; fear whiten'd every cheek.  
Idomeneus dared not himself abide  
That shock, nor Agamemnon stood, nor stood  
The heroes Ajax, ministers of Mars.  
Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Greeks,  
Alone fled not, nor he by choice remain'd,  
But by his steed retarded, which the mate  
Of beauteous Helen, Paris, with a shaft  
Had stricken where the forelock grows, a part  
Of all most mortal. Tortured by the wound  
Erect he rose, the arrow in his brain,  
And writhing furious, scared his fellow-steeds.  
Meantime, while, strenuous, with his falchion's edge  
The hoary warrior stood slashing the reins,  
Through multitudes of fierce pursuers borne  
On rapid wheels, the dauntless charioteer  
Approach'd him, Hector. Then, past hope, had died  
The ancient King, but Diomed discern'd  
His peril imminent, and with a voice  
Like thunder, called Ulysses to his aid.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!  
Art thou too fugitive, and turn'st thy back  
Like the base multitude? Ah! fear a lance  
Implanted ignominious in thy spine.  
Stop—Nestor dies. Fell Hector is at hand.

So shouted Diomed, whose summons loud,  
Ulysses yet heard not, but, passing, flew

With headlong haste to the Achaian fleet.  
Then, Diomedes, unaided as he was,  
Rush'd ardent to the vanward, and before  
The steeds of the Neleian sovereign old  
Standing, in accents wing'd, him thus address'd.

Old Chief! these youthful warriors are too brisk  
For thee, press'd also by encroaching age,  
Thy servant too is feeble, and thy steeds  
Are tardy. Mount my chariot. Thou shalt see  
With what rapidity the steeds of Troy,  
Pursuing or retreating, scour the field.  
I took them from that terror of his foes,  
Æneas. Thine to our attendants leave,  
While these against the warlike powers of Troy  
We push direct; that Hector's self may know  
If my spear rage not furious as his own.

He said, nor the Gerenian Chief refused.  
Thenceforth their servants, Sthenelus and good  
Eurymedon, took charge of Nestor's steeds,  
And they the chariot of Tydides both  
Ascended; Nestor seized the reins, plied well  
The scourge, and soon they met. Tydides hurl'd  
At Hector first, while rapid he advanced;  
But missing Hector, wounded in the breast  
Eniopeus his charioteer, the son  
Of brave Thebæus, managing the steeds.  
He fell; his fiery coursers at the sound  
Startled, recoil'd, and where he fell he died.  
Deep sorrow for his charioteer o'erwhelm'd  
The mind of Hector; yet, although he mourn'd  
He left him, and another sought as brave.  
Nor wanted long his steeds a charioteer,  
For finding soon the son of Iphitus,  
Bold Archeptolemus, he bade him mount  
His chariot, and the reins gave to his hand.



Then deeds of bloodiest note should have ensued,  
Penn'd had the Trojans been, as lambs, in Troy,  
But for quick succor of the sire of all.  
Thundering, he downward hurled his candent bolt  
To the horse-feet of Diomedes; dire fumed  
The flaming sulphur, and both horses drove  
Under the axle, belly to the ground.  
Forth flew the splendid reins from Nestor's hand,  
And thus to Diomedes, appall'd, he spake.

Back to the fleet, Tydides! Can'st not see  
That Jove ordains not, now, the victory thine?  
The son of Saturn glorifies to-day  
This Trojan, and, if such his will, can make  
The morrow ours; but vain it is to thwart  
The mind of Jove, for he is Lord of all.

To him the valiant Diomedes replied.  
Thou hast well said, old warrior! but the pang  
That wrings my soul, is this. The public ear  
In Ilium shall from Hector's lips be told—  
I drove Tydides—fearing me he fled.  
So shall he vaunt, and may the earth her jaws  
That moment opening swallow me alive!

Him answer'd the Gerenian warrior old.  
What saith the son of Tydeus, glorious Chief?  
Should Hector so traduce thee as to call  
Thee base and timid, neither Trojan him  
Nor Dardan would believe, nor yet the wives  
Of numerous shielded warriors brave of Troy,  
Widow'd by thy unconquerable arm.

So saying, he through the fugitives his steeds  
Turn'd swift to flight. Then Hector and his host  
With clamor infinite their darts wo-wing'd

Shower'd after them, and Hector, mighty Chief  
Majestic, from afar, thus call'd aloud.

Tydides! thee the Danaï swift-horsed  
Were wont to grace with a superior seat,  
The mess of honor, and the brimming cup,  
But now will mock thee. Thou art woman now.  
Go, timorous girl! Thou never shalt behold  
Me flying, climb our battlements, or lead  
Our women captive. I will slay thee first.

He ceased. Then Diomede in dread suspense  
Thrice purposed, turning, to withstand the foe,  
And thrice in thunder from the mountain-top  
Jove gave the signal of success to Troy.  
When Hector thus the Trojans hail'd aloud.

Trojans and Lycians, and close-warring sons  
Of Dardanus, oh summon all your might,  
Now, now be men! I know that from his heart  
Saturnian Jove glory and bright success  
For me prepares, but havoc for the Greeks.  
Fools! they shall find this wall which they have raised  
Too weak to check my course, a feeble guard  
Contemptible; such also is the trench;  
My steeds shall slight it with an easy leap.  
But when ye see me in their fleet arrived,  
Remember fire. Then bring me flaming brands  
That I may burn their galleys and themselves  
Slaughter beside them, struggling in the smoke.

He spake, and thus encouraged next his steeds.  
Xanthus! Podargus! and ye generous pair  
Æthon and glossy Lampus! now requite  
Mine, and the bounty of Andromache,  
Far-famed Eëtion's daughter; she your bowl  
With corn fresh-flavor'd and with wine full oft

Hath mingled, your refreshment seeking first  
Ere mine, who have a youthful husband's claim.  
Now follow! now be swift; that we may seize  
The shield of Nestor, bruited to the skies  
As golden all, trappings and disk alike.  
Now from the shoulders of the equestrian Chief  
Tydides tear we off his splendid mail,  
The work of Vulcan. May we take but these,  
I have good hope that, ere this night be spent,  
The Greeks shall climb their galleys and away.

So vaunted he, but Juno with disdain  
His proud boast heard, and shuddering in her throne,  
Rock'd the Olympian; turning then toward  
The Ocean's mighty sovereign, thus she spake.

Alas! earth-shaking sovereign of the waves,  
Feel'st thou no pity of the perishing Greeks?  
Yet Greece, in Helice, with gifts nor few  
Nor sordid, and in Ægæ, honors thee,  
Whom therefore thou shouldst prosper. Would we all  
Who favor Greece associate to repulse  
The Trojans, and to check loud-thundering Jove,  
On Ida seated he might lour alone.

To whom the Sovereign, Shaker of the Shores,  
Indignant. Juno! rash in speech! what word  
Hath 'scaped thy lips? never, with my consent,  
Shall we, the powers subordinate, in arms  
With Jove contend. He far excels us all.

So they. Meantime, the trench and wall between,  
The narrow interval with steeds was fill'd  
Close throng'd and shielded warriors. There immew'd  
By Priameian Hector, fierce as Mars,  
They stood, for Hector had the help of Jove.  
And now with blazing fire their gallant barks

He had consumed, but Juno moved the mind  
Of Agamemnon, vigilant himself,  
To exhortation of Achaia's host.  
Through camp and fleet the monarch took his way,  
And, his wide robe imperial in his hand,  
High on Ulysses' huge black galley stood,  
The central ship conspicuous; thence his voice  
Might reach the most remote of all the line  
At each extreme, where Ajax had his tent  
Pitch'd, and Achilles, fearless of surprise.  
Thence, with loud voice, the Grecians thus he hail'd.

Oh shame to Greece! Warriors in show alone!  
Where is your boasted prowess? Ye profess'd  
Vain-glorious erst in Lemnos, while ye fed  
Plenteously on the flesh of beeves full-grown,  
And crown'd your beakers high, that ye would face  
Each man a hundred Trojans in the field—  
Ay, twice a hundred—yet are all too few  
To face one Hector now; nor doubt I aught  
But he shall soon fire the whole fleet of Greece.  
Jove! Father! what great sovereign ever felt  
Thy frowns as I? Whom hast thou shamed as me?  
Yet I neglected not, through all the course  
Of our disastrous voyage (in the hope  
That we should vanquish Troy) thy sacred rites,  
But where I found thine altar, piled it high  
With fat and flesh of bulls, on every shore.  
But oh, vouchsafe to us, that we at least  
Ourselves, deliver'd, may escape the sword,  
Nor let their foes thus tread the Grecians down!

He said. The eternal father pitying saw  
His tears, and for the monarch's sake preserved  
The people. Instant, surest of all signs,  
He sent his eagle; in his pounces strong  
A fawn he bore, fruit of the nimble hind,

Which fast beside the beauteous altar raised  
To Panomphæan Jove sudden he dropp'd.

They, conscious, soon, that sent from Jove he came,  
More ardent sprang to fight. Then none of all  
Those numerous Chiefs could boast that he outstripp'd  
Tydides, urging forth beyond the foss  
His rapid steeds, and rushing to the war.  
He, foremost far, a Trojan slew, the son  
Of Phradmon, Ageläus; as he turn'd  
His steeds to flight, him turning with his spear  
Through back and bosom Diomede transpierced.  
And with loud clangor of his arms he fell.  
Then, royal Agamemnon pass'd the trench  
And Menelaus; either Ajax, then,  
Clad with fresh prowess both; them follow'd, next,  
Idomeneus, with his heroic friend  
In battle dread as homicidal Mars,  
Meriones; Evæmon's son renown'd  
Succeeded, bold Eurypylus; and ninth  
Teucer, wide-straining his impatient bow.  
He under covert fought of the broad shield  
Of Telamonian Ajax; Ajax high  
Upraised his shield; the hero from beneath  
Took aim, and whom his arrow struck, he fell;  
Then close as to his mother's side a child  
For safety creeps, Teucer to Ajax' side  
Retired, and Ajax shielded him again.  
Whom then slew Teucer first, illustrious Chief?  
Orsilochus, and Ophelestes, first,  
And Ormenus he slew, then Dætor died,  
Chromius and Lycophontes brave in fight  
With Amopaon Polyæmon's son,  
And Melanippus. These, together heap'd,  
All fell by Teucer on the plain of Troy.  
The Trojan ranks thinn'd by his mighty bow

The King of armies Agamemnon saw  
Well-pleased, and him approaching, thus began.

Brave Telamonian Teucer, oh, my friend,  
Thus shoot, that light may visit once again  
The Danaï, and Telamon rejoice!  
Thee Telamon within his own abode  
Rear'd although spurious; mount him, in return,  
Although remote, on glory's heights again.  
I tell thee, and the effect shall follow sure,  
Let but the Thunderer and Minerva grant  
The pillage of fair Ilium to the Greeks,  
And I will give to thy victorious hand,  
After my own, the noblest recompense,  
A tripod or a chariot with its steeds,  
Or some fair captive to partake thy bed.

To whom the generous Teucer thus replied.  
Atrides! glorious monarch! wherefore me  
Exhortest thou to battle? who myself  
Glow with sufficient ardor, and such strength  
As heaven affords me spare not to employ.  
Since first we drove them back, with watchful eye  
Their warriors I have mark'd; eight shafts my bow  
Hath sent long-barb'd, and every shaft, well-aim'd.  
The body of some Trojan youth robust  
Hath pierced, but still you ravening wolf escapes.

He said, and from the nerve another shaft  
Impatient sent at Hector; but it flew  
Devious, and brave Gorgythion struck instead.  
Him beautiful Castianira, brought  
By Priam from Æsymba, nymph of form  
Celestial, to the King of Ilium bore.  
As in the garden, with the weight surcharged  
Of its own fruit, and drench'd by vernal rains  
The poppy falls oblique, so he his head

Hung languid, by his helmet's weight depress'd.  
Then Teucer yet an arrow from the nerve  
Dispatch'd at Hector, with impatience fired  
To pierce him; but again his weapon err'd  
Turn'd by Apollo, and the bosom struck  
Of Archeptolemus, his rapid steeds  
To battle urging, Hector's charioteer.  
He fell, his fiery coursers at the sound  
Recoil'd, and lifeless where he fell he lay.  
Deep sorrow for his charioteer the mind  
O'erwhelm'd of Hector, yet he left the slain,  
And seeing his own brother nigh at hand,  
Cebriones, him summon'd to the reins,  
Who with alacrity that charge received.  
Then Hector, leaping with a dreadful shout  
From his resplendent chariot, grasp'd a stone,  
And rush'd on Teucer, vengeance in his heart.  
Teucer had newly fitted to the nerve  
An arrow keen selected from the rest,  
And warlike Hector, while he stood the cord  
Retracting, smote him with that rugged rock  
Just where the key-bone interposed divides  
The neck and bosom, a most mortal part.  
It snapp'd the bow-string, and with numbing force  
Struck dead his hand; low on his knees he dropp'd,  
And from his opening grasp let fall the bow.  
Then not unmindful of a brother fallen  
Was Ajax, but, advancing rapid, stalk'd  
Around him, and his broad shield interposed,  
Till brave Alaster and Mecisteus, son  
Of Echius, friends of Teucer, from the earth  
Upraised and bore him groaning to the fleet.  
And now again fresh force Olympian Jove  
Gave to the Trojans; right toward the foss  
They drove the Greeks, while Hector in the van  
Advanced, death menacing in every look.

As some fleet hound close-threatening flank or haunch  
Of boar or lion, oft as he his head  
Turns flying, marks him with a steadfast eye,  
So Hector chased the Grecians, slaying still  
The hindmost of the scatter'd multitude.  
But when, at length, both piles and hollow foss  
They had surmounted, and no few had fallen  
By Trojan hands, within their fleet they stood  
Imprison'd, calling each to each, and prayer  
With lifted hands, loud offering to the Gods.  
With Gorgon looks, meantime, and eyes of Mars,  
Hector impetuous his mane-tossing steeds  
From side to side before the rampart drove,  
When white-arm'd Juno pitying the Greeks,  
In accents wing'd her speech to Pallas turn'd.

Alas, Jove's daughter! shall not we at least  
In this extremity of their distress  
Care for the Grecians by the fatal force  
Of this one Chief destroy'd? I can endure  
The rage of Priameïan Hector now  
No longer; such dire mischiefs he hath wrought.

Whom answer'd thus Pallas, cærulean-eyed.  
—And Hector had himself long since his life  
Resign'd and rage together, by the Greeks  
Slain under Ilium's walls, but Jove, my sire,  
Mad counsels executing and perverse,  
Me counterworks in all that I attempt,  
Nor aught remembers how I saved ofttimes  
His son enjoin'd full many a task severe  
By King Eurystheus; to the Gods he wept,  
And me Jove sent in haste to his relief.  
But had I then foreseen what now I know,  
When through the adamantine gates he pass'd  
To bind the dog of hell, by the deep floods  
Hemm'd in of Styx, he had return'd no more.



But Thetis wins him now; her will prevails,  
And mine he hates; for she hath kiss'd his knees  
And grasp'd his beard, and him in prayer implored  
That he would honor her heroic son  
Achilles, city-waster prince renown'd.  
'Tis well—the day shall come when Jove again  
Shall call me darling, and his blue-eyed maid  
As heretofore;—but thou thy steeds prepare,  
While I, my father's mansion entering, arm  
For battle. I would learn by trial sure,  
If Hector, Priam's offspring famed in fight  
(Ourselves appearing in the walks of war)  
Will greet us gladly. Doubtless at the fleet  
Some Trojan also, shall to dogs resign  
His flesh for food, and to the fowls of heaven.

So counsell'd Pallas, nor the daughter dread  
Of mighty Saturn, Juno, disapproved,  
But busily and with dispatch prepared  
The trappings of her coursers golden-rein'd.  
Meantime, Minerva progeny of Jove,  
On the adamant floor of his abode  
Let fall profuse her variegated robe,  
Labor of her own hands. She first put on  
The corslet of the cloud-assembler God,  
Then arm'd her for the field of wo, complete.  
Mounting the fiery chariot, next she seized  
Her ponderous spear, huge, irresistible,  
With which Jove's awful daughter levels ranks  
Of heroes against whom her anger burns.  
Juno with lifted lash urged on the steeds.  
At their approach, spontaneous roar'd the wide-  
Unfolding gates of heaven; the heavenly gates  
Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge  
Of the Olympian summit appertains,  
And of the boundless ether, back to roll,  
And to replace the cloudy barrier dense.

Spurr'd through the portal flew the rapid steeds:  
Which when the Eternal Father from the heights  
Of Ida saw, kindling with instant ire  
To golden-pinion'd Iris thus he spake.

Haste, Iris, turn them thither whence they came;  
Me let them not encounter; honor small  
To them, to me, should from that strife accrue.  
Tell them, and the effect shall sure ensue,  
That I will smite their steeds, and they shall halt  
Disabled; break their chariot, dash themselves  
Headlong, and ten whole years shall not efface  
The wounds by my avenging bolts impress'd.  
So shall my blue-eyed daughter learn to dread  
A father's anger; but for the offence  
Of Juno, I resent it less; for she  
Clashes with all my counsels from of old.  
He ended; Iris with a tempest's speed  
From the Idæan summit soar'd at once  
To the Olympian; at the open gates  
Exterior of the mountain many-valed  
She stayed them, and her coming thus declared.

Whither, and for what cause? What rage is this?  
Ye may not aid the Grecians; Jove forbids;  
The son of Saturn threatens, if ye force  
His wrath by perseverance into act,  
That he will smite your steeds, and they shall halt  
Disabled; break your chariot, dash yourselves  
Headlong, and ten whole years shall not efface  
The wounds by his avenging bolts impress'd.  
So shall his blue-eyed daughter learn to dread  
A father's anger; but for the offence  
Of Juno, he resents it less; for she  
Clashes with all his counsels from of old.  
But thou, Minerva, if thou dare indeed

Lift thy vast spear against the breast of Jove,  
Incorrigible art and dead to shame.

So saying, the rapid Iris disappear'd,  
And thus her speech to Pallas Juno turn'd.

Ah Pallas, progeny of Jove! henceforth  
No longer, in the cause of mortal men,  
Contend we against Jove. Perish or live  
Grecians or Trojans as he wills; let him  
Dispose the order of his own concerns,  
And judge between them, as of right he may.

So saying, she turn'd the coursers; them the Hours  
Released, and to ambrosial mangers bound,  
Then thrust their chariot to the luminous wall.  
They, mingling with the Gods, on golden thrones  
Dejected sat, and Jove from Ida borne  
Reach'd the Olympian heights, seat of the Gods.  
His steeds the glorious King of Ocean loosed,  
And thrust the chariot, with its veil o'erspread.  
Into its station at the altar's side.  
Then sat the Thunderer on his throne of gold  
Himself, and the huge mountain shook. Meantime  
Juno and Pallas, seated both apart,  
Spake not or question'd him. Their mute reserve  
He noticed, conscious of the cause, and said.

Juno and Pallas, wherefore sit ye sad?  
Not through fatigue by glorious fight incurr'd  
And slaughter of the Trojans whom ye hate.  
Mark now the difference. Not the Gods combined  
Should have constrain'd *me* back, till all my force,  
Superior as it is, had fail'd, and all  
My fortitude. But ye, ere ye beheld  
The wonders of the field, trembling retired.  
And ye did well—Hear what had else befallen.

My bolts had found you both, and ye had reach'd,  
In your own chariot borne, the Olympian height,  
Seat of the blest Immortals, never more.

He ended; Juno and Minerva heard  
Low murmuring deep disgust, and side by side  
Devising sat calamity to Troy.  
Minerva, through displeasure against Jove,  
Nought utter'd, for her bosom boil'd with rage;  
But Juno check'd not hers, who thus replied.

What word hath pass'd thy lips, Jove most severe?  
We know thy force resistless; yet our hearts  
Feel not the less when we behold the Greeks  
Exhausting all the sorrows of their lot.  
If thou command, we doubtless will abstain  
From battle, yet such counsel to the Greeks  
Suggesting still, as may in part effect  
Their safety, lest thy wrath consume them all.

Then answer, thus, cloud-gatherer Jove return'd.  
Look forth, imperial Juno, if thou wilt,  
To-morrow at the blush of earliest dawn,  
And thou shalt see Saturn's almighty son  
The Argive host destroying far and wide.  
For Hector's fury shall admit no pause  
Till he have roused Achilles, in that day  
When at the ships, in perilous straits, the hosts  
Shall wage fierce battle for Patroclus slain.  
Such is the voice of fate. But, as for thee—  
Withdraw thou to the confines of the abyss  
Where Saturn and Iäpetus retired,  
Exclusion sad endure from balmy airs  
And from the light of morn, hell-girt around,  
I will not call thee thence. No. Should thy rage  
Transport thee thither, there thou may'st abide,

There sullen nurse thy disregarded spleen  
Obstinate as thou art, and void of shame.

He ended; to whom Juno nought replied.  
And now the radiant Sun in Ocean sank,  
Drawing night after him o'er all the earth;  
Night, undesired by Troy, but to the Greeks  
Thrice welcome for its interposing gloom.

Then Hector on the river's brink fast by  
The Grecian fleet, where space he found unstrew'd  
With carcases convened the Chiefs of Troy.  
They, there dismounting, listen'd to the words  
Of Hector Jove-beloved; he grasp'd a spear  
In length eleven cubits, bright its head  
Of brass, and color'd with a ring of gold.  
He lean'd on it, and ardent thus began.

Trojans, Dardanians, and allies of Troy!  
I hoped, this evening (every ship consumed,  
And all the Grecians slain) to have return'd  
To wind-swept Ilium. But the shades of night  
Have intervened, and to the night they owe,  
In chief, their whole fleet's safety and their own.  
Now, therefore, as the night enjoins, all take  
Needful refreshment. Your high-mettled steeds  
Release, lay food before them, and in haste  
Drive hither from the city fatted sheep  
And oxen; bring ye from your houses bread,  
Make speedy purchase of heart-cheering wine,  
And gather fuel plenteous; that all night,  
E'en till Aurora, daughter of the morn  
Shall look abroad, we may with many fires  
Illume the skies; lest even in the night,  
Launching, they mount the billows and escape.  
Beware that they depart not unannoy'd,  
But, as he leaps on board, give each a wound

With shaft or spear, which he shall nurse at home.  
So shall the nations fear us, and shall vex  
With ruthless war Troy's gallant sons no more.  
Next, let the heralds, ministers of Jove,  
Loud notice issue that the boys well-grown,  
And ancients silver-hair'd on the high towers  
Built by the Gods, keep watch; on every hearth  
In Troy, let those of the inferior sex  
Make sprightly blaze, and place ye there a guard  
Sufficient, lest in absence of the troops  
An ambush enter, and surprise the town.  
Act thus, ye dauntless Trojans; the advice  
Is wholesome, and shall serve the present need,  
And so much for the night; ye shall be told  
The business of the morn when morn appears.  
It is my prayer to Jove and to all heaven  
(Not without hope) that I may hence expel  
These dogs, whom Ilium's unpropitious fates  
Have wafted hither in their sable barks.  
But we will also watch this night, ourselves,  
And, arming with the dawn, will at their ships  
Give them brisk onset. Then shall it appear  
If Diomede the brave shall me compel  
Back to our walls, or I, his arms blood-stain'd,  
Torn from his breathless body, bear away.  
To-morrow, if he dare but to abide  
My lance, he shall not want occasion meet  
For show of valor. But much more I judge  
That the next rising sun shall see him slain  
With no few friends around him. Would to heaven!  
I were as sure to 'scape the blight of age  
And share their honors with the Gods above,  
As comes the morrow fraught with wo to Greece.

So Hector, whom his host with loud acclaim  
All praised. Then each his sweating steeds released,  
And rein'd them safely at his chariot-side.

And now from Troy provision large they brought,  
Oxen, and sheep, with store of wine and bread,  
And fuel much was gather'd. Next the Gods  
With sacrifice they sought, and from the plain  
Upwafted by the winds the smoke aspired  
Savoury, but unacceptable to those  
Above; such hatred in their hearts they bore  
To Priam, to the people of the brave  
Spear-practised Priam, and to sacred Troy.

Big with great purposes and proud, they sat,  
Not disarray'd, but in fair form disposed  
Of even ranks, and watch'd their numerous fires,  
As when around the clear bright moon, the stars  
Shine in full splendor, and the winds are hush'd,  
The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland-heights  
Stand all apparent, not a vapor streaks  
The boundless blue, but ether open'd wide  
All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheer'd;  
So numerous seem'd those fires the bank between  
Of Xanthus, blazing, and the fleet of Greece,  
In prospect all of Troy; a thousand fires,  
Each watch'd by fifty warriors seated near.  
The steeds beside the chariots stood, their corn  
Chewing, and waiting till the golden-throned  
Aurora should restore the light of day.

## Book IX

### ARGUMENT OF THE NINTH BOOK.

By advice of Nestor, Agamemnon sends Ulysses, Phœnix, and Ajax to the tent of Achilles with proposals of reconciliation. They execute their commission, but without effect. Phœnix remains with Achilles; Ulysses and Ajax return.

So watch'd the Trojan host; but thoughts of flight,  
Companions of chill fear, from heaven infused,  
Possess'd the Grecians; every leader's heart  
Bled, pierced with anguish insupportable.  
As when two adverse winds blowing from Thrace,  
Boreas and Zephyrus, the fishy Deep  
Vex sudden, all around, the sable flood  
High curl'd, flings forth the salt weed on the shore  
Such tempest rent the mind of every Greek.

Forth stalk'd Atrides with heart-riving wo  
Transfixt; he bade his heralds call by name  
Each Chief to council, but without the sound  
Of proclamation; and that task himself  
Among the foremost sedulous perform'd.  
The sad assembly sat; when weeping fast  
As some deep fountain pours its rapid stream  
Down from the summit of a lofty rock,  
King Agamemnon in the midst arose,  
And, groaning, the Achaians thus address'd.

Friends, counsellors and leaders of the Greeks!  
In dire perplexity Saturnian Jove  
Involves me, cruel; he assured me erst,  
And solemnly, that I should not return  
Till I had wasted wall-encircled Troy;



But now (ah fraudulent and foul reverse!)  
Commands me back inglorious to the shores  
Of distant Argos, with diminish'd troops.  
So stands the purpose of almighty Jove,  
Who many a citadel hath laid in dust,  
And shall hereafter, matchless in his power.  
Haste therefore. My advice is, that we all  
Fly with our fleet into our native land,  
For wide-built Ilium shall not yet be ours.

He ceased, and all sat silent; long the sons  
Of Greece, o'erwhelm'd with sorrow, silent sat,  
When thus, at last, bold Diomedes began.

Atrides! foremost of the Chiefs I rise  
To contravert thy purpose ill-conceived,  
And with such freedom as the laws, O King!  
Of consultation and debate allow.  
Hear patient. Thou hast been thyself the first  
Who e'er reproach'd me in the public ear  
As one effeminate and slow to fight;  
How truly, let both young and old decide.  
The son of wily Saturn hath to thee  
Given, and refused; he placed thee high in power,  
Gave thee to sway the sceptre o'er us all,  
But courage gave thee not, his noblest gift.  
Art thou in truth persuaded that the Greeks  
Are pusillanimous, as thou hast said?  
If thy own fears impel thee to depart,  
Go thou, the way is open; numerous ships,  
Thy followers from Mycenæ, line the shore.  
But we, the rest, depart not, 'till the spoil  
Of Troy reward us. Or if all incline  
To seek again their native home, fly all;  
Myself and Sthenelus will persevere  
Till Ilium fall, for with the Gods we came.

He ended; all the admiring sons of Greece  
With shouts the warlike Diomedes extoll'd,  
When thus equestrian Nestor next began.

Tydidēs, thou art eminently brave  
In fight, and all the princes of thy years  
Excell'st in council. None of all the Greeks  
Shall find occasion just to blame thy speech  
Or to gainsay; yet thou hast fallen short.  
What wonder? Thou art young; and were myself  
Thy father, thou should'st be my latest born.  
Yet when thy speech is to the Kings of Greece,  
It is well-framed and prudent. Now attend!  
Myself will speak, who have more years to boast  
Than thou hast seen, and will so closely scan  
The matter, that Atreides, our supreme,  
Himself shall have no cause to censure *me*.  
He is a wretch, insensible and dead  
To all the charities of social life,  
Whose pleasure is in civil broils alone.  
But Night is urgent, and with Night's demands  
Let all comply. Prepare we now repast,  
And let the guard be stationed at the trench  
Without the wall; the youngest shall supply  
That service; next, Atreides, thou begin  
(For thou art here supreme) thy proper task.  
Banquet the elders; it shall not disgrace  
Thy sovereignty, but shall become thee well.  
Thy tents are fill'd with wine which day by day  
Ships bring from Thrace; accommodation large  
Hast thou, and numerous is thy menial train.  
Thy many guests assembled, thou shalt hear  
Our counsel, and shalt choose the best; great need  
Have all Achaia's sons, now, of advice  
Most prudent; for the foe, fast by the fleet  
Hath kindled numerous fires, which who can see  
Unmoved? This night shall save us or destroy.

He spake, whom all with full consent approved.  
Forth rush'd the guard well-arm'd; first went the son  
Of Nestor, Thrasymedes, valiant Chief;  
Then, sons of Mars, Ascalaphus advanced,  
And brave Iälmenus; whom follow'd next  
Deipyrus, Aphareus, Meriones,  
And Lycomedes, Creon's son renown'd.  
Seven were the leaders of the guard, and each  
A hundred spearmen headed, young and bold.  
Between the wall and trench their seat they chose,  
There kindled fires, and each his food prepared.

Atrides, then, to his pavilion led  
The thronging Chiefs of Greece, and at his board  
Regaled them; they with readiness and keen  
Dispatch of hunger shared the savory feast,  
And when nor thirst remain'd nor hunger more  
Unsated, Nestor then, arising first,  
Whose counsels had been ever wisest deem'd,  
Warm for the public interest, thus began.

Atrides! glorious sovereign! King of men!  
Thou art my first and last, proem and close,  
For thou art mighty, and to thee are given  
From Jove the sceptre and the laws in charge,  
For the advancement of the general good.  
Hence, in peculiar, both to speak and hear  
Become thy duty, and the best advice,  
By whomsoever offer'd, to adopt  
And to perform, for thou art judge alone.  
I will promulge the counsel which to me  
Seems wisest; such, that other Grecian none  
Shall give thee better; neither is it new,  
But I have ever held it since the day  
When, most illustrious! thou wast pleased to take  
By force the maid Briseïs from the tent

Of the enraged Achilles; not, in truth,  
By my advice, who did dissuade thee much;  
But thou, complying with thy princely wrath,  
Hast shamed a Hero whom themselves the Gods  
Delight to honor, and his prize detain'st.  
Yet even now contrive we, although late,  
By lenient gifts liberal, and by speech  
Conciliatory, to assuage his ire.

Then answer'd Agamemnon, King of men.  
Old Chief! there is no falsehood in thy charge;  
I have offended, and confess the wrong.  
The warrior is alone a host, whom Jove  
Loves as he loves Achilles, for whose sake  
He hath Achaia's thousands thus subdued.  
But if the impulse of a wayward mind  
Obeying, I have err'd, behold me, now,  
Prepared to soothe him with atonement large  
Of gifts inestimable, which by name  
I will propound in presence of you all.  
Seven tripods, never sullied yet with fire;  
Of gold ten talents; twenty cauldrons bright;  
Twelve coursers, strong, victorious in the race;  
No man possessing prizes such as mine  
Which they have won for me, shall feel the want  
Of acquisitions splendid or of gold.  
Seven virtuous female captives will I give  
Expert in arts domestic, Lesbians all,  
Whom, when himself took Lesbos, I received  
My chosen portion, passing womankind  
In perfect loveliness of face and form.  
These will I give, and will with these resign  
Her whom I took, Briseïs, with an oath  
Most solemn, that unconscious as she was  
Of my embraces, such I yield her his.  
All these I give him now; and if at length  
The Gods vouchsafe to us to overturn

Priam's great city, let him heap his ships  
With gold and brass, entering and choosing first  
When we shall share the spoil. Let him beside  
Choose twenty from among the maids of Troy,  
Helen except, loveliest of all their sex.  
And if once more, the rich milk-flowing land  
We reach of Argos, he shall there become  
My son-in-law, and shall enjoy like state  
With him whom I in all abundance rear,  
My only son Orestes. At my home  
I have three daughters; let him thence conduct  
To Phthia, her whom he shall most approve.  
Chrysothemis shall be his bride, or else  
Laodice; or if she please him more,  
Iphianassa; and from him I ask  
No dower; myself will such a dower bestow  
As never father on his child before.  
Seven fair well-peopled cities I will give  
Cardamyle and Enope, and rich  
In herbage, Hira; Pheræ stately-built,  
And for her depth of pasturage renown'd  
Antheia; proud Æpeia's lofty towers,  
And Pedasus impurpled dark with vines.  
All these are maritime, and on the shore  
They stand of Pylus, by a race possess'd  
Most rich in flocks and herds, who tributes large,  
And gifts presenting to his sceptred hand,  
Shall hold him high in honor as a God.  
These will I give him if from wrath he cease.  
Let him be overcome. Pluto alone  
Is found implacable and deaf to prayer,  
Whom therefore of all Gods men hate the most.  
My power is greater, and my years than his  
More numerous, therefore let him yield to me.

To him Gerenian Nestor thus replied.  
Atreides! glorious sovereign! King of men!

No sordid gifts, or to be view'd with scorn,  
Givest thou the Prince Achilles. But away!  
Send chosen messengers, who shall the son  
Of Peleus, instant, in his tent address.  
Myself will choose them, be it theirs to obey.  
Let Phœnix lead, Jove loves him. Be the next  
Huge Ajax; and the wise Ulysses third.  
Of heralds, Odius and Eurybates  
Shall them attend. Bring water for our hands;  
Give charge that every tongue abstain from speech  
Portentous, and propitiate Jove by prayer.

He spake, and all were pleased. The heralds pour'd  
Pure water on their hands; attendant youths  
The beakers crown'd, and wine from right to left  
Distributed to all. Libation made,  
All drank, and in such measure as they chose,  
Then hasted forth from Agamemnon's tent.  
Gerenian Nestor at their side them oft  
Instructed, each admonishing by looks  
Significant, and motion of his eyes,  
But most Ulysses, to omit no means  
By which Achilles likeliest might be won.  
Along the margin of the sounding deep  
They pass'd, to Neptune, compasser of earth,  
Preferring vows ardent with numerous prayers,  
That they might sway with ease the mighty mind  
Of fierce Æacides. And now they reach'd  
The station where his Myrmidons abode.  
Him solacing they found his heart with notes  
Struck from his silver-framed harmonious lyre;  
Among the spoils he found it when he sack'd  
Eëtion's city; with that lyre his cares  
He sooth'd, and glorious heroes were his theme.  
Patroclus silent sat, and he alone,  
Before him, on Æacides intent,  
Expecting still when he should cease to sing.

The messengers advanced (Ulysses first)  
Into his presence; at the sight, his harp  
Still in his hand, Achilles from his seat  
Started astonish'd; nor with less amaze  
Patroclus also, seeing them, arose.  
Achilles seized their hands, and thus he spake.

Hail friends! ye all are welcome. Urgent cause  
Hath doubtless brought you, whom I dearest hold  
(Though angry still) of all Achaia's host.

So saying, he introduced them, and on seats  
Placed them with purple arras overspread,  
Then thus bespake Patroclus standing nigh.

Son of Menætiüs! bring a beaker more  
Capacious, and replenish it with wine  
Diluted less; then give to each his cup;  
For dearer friends than these who now arrive  
My roof beneath, or worthier, have I none.

He ended, and Patroclus quick obey'd,  
Whom much he loved. Achilles, then, himself  
Advancing near the fire an ample tray,  
Spread goats' flesh on it, with the flesh of sheep  
And of a fatted brawn; of each a chine.  
Automedon attending held them fast,  
While with sharp steel Achilles from the bone  
Sliced thin the meat, then pierced it with the spits.  
Meantime the godlike Menætiades  
Kindled fierce fire, and when the flame declined,  
Raked wide the embers, laid the meat to roast,  
And taking sacred salt from the hearth-side  
Where it was treasured, shower'd it o'er the feast.  
When all was finish'd, and the board set forth,  
Patroclus furnish'd it around with bread  
In baskets, and Achilles served the guests.

Beside the tent-wall, opposite, he sat  
To the divine Ulysses; first he bade  
Patroclus make oblation; he consign'd  
The consecrated morsel to the fire,  
And each, at once, his savoury mess assail'd.  
When neither edge of hunger now they felt  
Nor thirsted longer, Ajax with a nod  
Made sign to Phœnix, which Ulysses mark'd,  
And charging high his cup, drank to his host.

Health to Achilles! hospitable cheer  
And well prepared, we want not at the board  
Of royal Agamemnon, or at thine,  
For both are nobly spread; but dainties now,  
Or plenteous boards, are little our concern.  
Oh godlike Chief! tremendous ills we sit  
Contemplating with fear, doubtful if life  
Or death, with the destruction of our fleet,  
Attend us, unless thou put on thy might.  
For lo! the haughty Trojans, with their friends  
Call'd from afar, at the fleet-side encamp,  
Fast by the wall, where they have kindled fires  
Numerous, and threaten that no force of ours  
Shall check their purposed inroad on the ships.  
Jove grants them favorable signs from heaven,  
Bright lightnings; Hector glares revenge, with rage  
Infuriate, and by Jove assisted, heeds  
Nor God nor man, but prays the morn to rise  
That he may hew away our vessel-heads,  
Burn all our fleet with fire, and at their sides  
Slay the Achaïans struggling in the smoke.  
Horrible are my fears lest these his threats  
The Gods accomplish, and it be our doom  
To perish here, from Argos far remote.  
Up, therefore! if thou canst, and now at last  
The weary sons of all Achaïa save  
From Trojan violence. Regret, but vain,



Shall else be thine hereafter, when no cure  
Of such great ill, once suffer'd, can be found.  
Thou therefore, seasonably kind, devise  
Means to preserve from such disast'rous fate  
The Grecians. Ah, my friend! when Peleus thee  
From Phthia sent to Agamemnon's aid,  
On that same day he gave thee thus in charge.  
"Juno, my son, and Pallas, if they please,  
Can make thee valiant; but thy own big heart  
Thyself restrain. Sweet manners win respect.  
Cease from pernicious strife, and young and old  
Throughout the host shall honor thee the more."  
Such was thy father's charge, which thou, it seems,  
Remember'st not. Yet even now thy wrath  
Renounce; be reconciled; for princely gifts  
Atrides gives thee if thy wrath subside.  
Hear, if thou wilt, and I will tell thee all,  
How vast the gifts which Agamemnon made  
By promise thine, this night within his tent.  
Seven tripods never sullied yet with fire;  
Of gold ten talents; twenty cauldrons bright;  
Twelve steeds strong-limb'd, victorious in the race;  
No man possessing prizes such as those  
Which they have won for him, shall feel the want  
Of acquisitions splendid, or of gold.  
Seven virtuous female captives he will give,  
Expert in arts domestic, Lesbians all,  
Whom when thou conquer'dst Lesbos, he received  
His chosen portion, passing woman-kind  
In perfect loveliness of face and form.  
These will he give, and will with these resign  
Her whom he took, Briseïs, with an oath  
Most solemn, that unconscious as she was  
Of his embraces, such he yields her back.  
All these he gives thee now! and if at length  
The Gods vouchsafe to us to overturn  
Priam's great city, thou shalt heap thy ships

With gold and brass, entering and choosing first,  
When we shall share the spoil; and shalt beside  
Choose twenty from among the maids of Troy,  
Helen except, loveliest of all their sex.  
And if once more the rich milk-flowing land  
We reach of Argos, thou shalt there become  
His son-in-law, and shalt enjoy like state  
With him, whom he in all abundance rears,  
His only son Orestes. In his house  
He hath three daughters; thou may'st home conduct  
To Phthia, her whom thou shalt most approve.  
Chrysothemis shall be thy bride; or else  
Laodice; or if she please thee more  
Iphianassa; and from thee he asks  
No dower; himself will such a dower bestow  
As never father on his child before.  
Seven fair well-peopled cities will he give;  
Cardamyle and Enope; and rich  
In herbage, Hira; Pheræ stately-built,  
And for her depth of pasturage renown'd,  
Antheia; proud Æpeia's lofty towers,  
And Pedasus impurpled dark with vines.  
All these are maritime, and on the shore  
They stand of Pylus, by a race possess'd  
Most rich in flocks and herds, who tribute large  
And gifts presenting to thy sceptred hand,  
Shall hold thee high in honor as a God.  
These will he give thee, if thy wrath subside.

But should'st thou rather in thine heart the more  
Both Agamemnon and his gifts detest,  
Yet oh compassionate the afflicted host  
Prepared to adore thee. Thou shalt win renown  
Among the Grecians that shall never die.  
Now strike at Hector. He is here;—himself  
Provokes thee forth; madness is in his heart,

And in his rage he glories that our ships  
Have hither brought no Grecian brave as he.

Then thus Achilles matchless in the race.  
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!  
I must with plainness speak my fixt resolve  
Unalterable; lest I hear from each  
The same long murmur'd melancholy tale.  
For I abhor the man, not more the gates  
Of hell itself, whose words belie his heart.  
So shall not mine. My judgment undisguised  
Is this; that neither Agamemnon me  
Nor all the Greeks shall move; for ceaseless toil  
Wins here no thanks; one recompense awaits  
The sedentary and the most alert,  
The brave and base in equal honor stand,  
And drones and heroes fall unwept alike.  
I after all my labors, who exposed  
My life continual in the field, have earn'd  
No very sumptuous prize. As the poor bird  
Gives to her unfledged brood a morsel gain'd  
After long search, though wanting it herself,  
So I have worn out many sleepless nights,  
And waded deep through many a bloody day  
In battle for their wives. I have destroy'd  
Twelve cities with my fleet, and twelve, save one,  
On foot contending in the fields of Troy.  
From all these cities, precious spoils I took  
Abundant, and to Agamemnon's hand  
Gave all the treasure. He within his ships  
Abode the while, and having all received,  
Little distributed, and much retained;  
He gave, however, to the Kings and Chiefs  
A portion, and they keep it. Me alone  
Of all the Grecian host he hath despoil'd;  
My bride, my soul's delight is in his hands,  
And let him, couch'd with her, enjoy his fill

Of dalliance. What sufficient cause, what need  
Have the Achæians to contend with Troy?  
Why hath Atreides gather'd such a host,  
And led them hither? Was't not for the sake  
Of beautiful Helen? And of all mankind  
Can none be found who love their proper wives  
But the Atreidæ? There is no good man  
Who loves not, guards not, and with care provides  
For his own wife, and, though in battle won,  
I loved the fair Briseïs at my heart.  
But having dispossess'd me of my prize  
So foully, let him not essay me now,  
For I am warn'd, and he shall not prevail.  
With thee and with thy peers let him advise,  
Ulysses! how the fleet may likeliest 'scape  
Yon hostile fires; full many an arduous task  
He hath accomplished without aid of mine;  
So hath he now this rampart and the trench  
Which he hath digg'd around it, and with stakes  
Planted contiguous—puny barriers all  
To hero-slaughtering Hector's force opposed.  
While I the battle waged, present myself  
Among the Achæians, Hector never fought  
Far from his walls, but to the Scæan gate  
Advancing and the beech-tree, there remain'd.  
Once, on that spot he met me, and my arm  
Escaped with difficulty even there.  
But, since I feel myself not now inclined  
To fight with noble Hector, yielding first  
To Jove due worship, and to all the Gods,  
To-morrow will I launch, and give my ships  
Their lading. Look thou forth at early dawn,  
And, if such spectacle delight thee aught,  
Thou shalt behold me cleaving with my prows  
The waves of Hellespont, and all my crews  
Of lusty rowers active in their task.  
So shall I reach (if Ocean's mighty God

Prosper my passage) Phthia the deep-soil'd  
On the third day. I have possessions there,  
Which hither roaming in an evil hour  
I left abundant. I shall also hence  
Convey much treasure, gold and burnish'd brass,  
And glittering steel, and women passing fair  
My portion of the spoils. But he, your King,  
The prize he gave, himself resumed,  
And taunted at me. Tell him my reply,  
And tell it him aloud, that other Greeks  
May indignation feel like me, if arm'd  
Always in impudence, he seek to wrong  
Them also. Let him not henceforth presume,  
Canine and hard in aspect though he be,  
To look me in the face. I will not share  
His counsels, neither will I aid his works.  
Let it suffice him, that he wrong'd me once,  
Deceived me once, henceforth his glozing arts  
Are lost on me. But let him rot in peace  
Crazed as he is, and by the stroke of Jove  
Infatuate. I detest his gifts, and him  
So honor as the thing which most I scorn.  
And would he give me twenty times the worth  
Of this his offer, all the treasured heaps  
Which he possesses, or shall yet possess,  
All that Orchomenos within her walls,  
And all that opulent Egyptian Thebes  
Receives, the city with a hundred gates,  
Whence twenty thousand chariots rush to war,  
And would he give me riches as the sands,  
And as the dust of earth, no gifts from him  
Should soothe me, till my soul were first avenged  
For all the offensive license of his tongue.  
I will not wed the daughter of your Chief,  
Of Agamemnon. Could she vie in charms  
With golden Venus, had she all the skill  
Of blue-eyed Pallas, even so endow'd

She were no bride for me. No. He may choose  
From the Achaians some superior Prince,  
One more her equal. Peleus, if the Gods  
Preserve me, and I safe arrive at home,  
Himself, ere long, shall mate me with a bride.  
In Hellas and in Phthia may be found  
Fair damsels many, daughters of the Chiefs  
Who guard our cities; I may choose of them,  
And make the loveliest of them all my own.  
There, in my country, it hath ever been  
My dearest purpose, wedded to a wife  
Of rank convenient, to enjoy in peace  
Such wealth as ancient Peleus hath acquired.  
For life, in my account, surpasses far  
In value all the treasures which report  
Ascribed to populous Ilium, ere the Greeks  
Arrived, and while the city yet had peace;  
Those also which Apollo's marble shrine  
In rocky Pytho boasts. Fat flocks and beeves  
May be by force obtain'd, tripods and steeds  
Are bought or won, but if the breath of man  
Once overpass its bounds, no force arrests  
Or may constrain the unbodied spirit back.  
Me, as my silver-footed mother speaks  
Thetis, a twofold consummation waits.  
If still with battle I encompass Troy,  
I win immortal glory, but all hope  
Renounce of my return. If I return  
To my beloved country, I renounce  
The illustrious meed of glory, but obtain  
Secure and long immunity from death.  
And truly I would recommend to all  
To voyage homeward, for the fall as yet  
Ye shall not see of Ilium's lofty towers,  
For that the Thunderer with uplifted arm  
Protects her, and her courage hath revived.  
Bear ye mine answer back, as is the part

Of good ambassadors, that they may frame  
Some likelier plan, by which both fleet and host  
May be preserved; for, my resentment still  
Burning, this project is but premature.  
Let Phœnix stay with us, and sleep this night  
Within my tent, that, if he so incline,  
He may to-morrow in my fleet embark,  
And hence attend me; but I leave him free.

He ended; they astonish'd at his tone  
(For vehement he spake) sat silent all,  
Till Phœnix, aged warrior, at the last  
Gush'd into tears (for dread his heart o'erwhelm'd  
Lest the whole fleet should perish) and replied.

If thou indeed have purposed to return,  
Noble Achilles! and such wrath retain'st  
That thou art altogether fixt to leave  
The fleet a prey to desolating fires,  
How then, my son! shall I at Troy abide  
Forlorn of thee? When Peleus, hoary Chief,  
Sent thee to Agamemnon, yet a child,  
Unpractised in destructive fight, nor less  
Of councils ignorant, the schools in which  
Great minds are form'd, he bade me to the war  
Attend thee forth, that I might teach thee all,  
Both elocution and address in arms.  
Me therefore shalt thou not with my consent  
Leave here, my son! no, not would Jove himself  
Promise me, reaping smooth this silver beard,  
To make me downy-cheek'd as in my youth;  
Such as when erst from Hellas beauty-famed  
I fled, escaping from my father's wrath  
Amyntor, son of Ormenus, who loved  
A beauteous concubine, and for her sake  
Despised his wife and persecuted me.  
My mother suppliant at my knees, with prayer

Perpetual importuned me to embrace  
The damsel first, that she might loathe my sire.  
I did so; and my father soon possess'd  
With hot suspicion of the fact, let loose  
A storm of imprecation, in his rage  
Invoking all the Furies to forbid<sup>565</sup>  
That ever son of mine should press his knees.  
Tartarian Jove and dread Persephone  
Fulfill'd his curses; with my pointed spear  
I would have pierced his heart, but that my wrath  
Some Deity assuaged, suggesting oft  
What shame and obloquy I should incur,  
Known as a parricide through all the land.  
At length, so treated, I resolved to dwell  
No longer in his house. My friends, indeed,  
And all my kindred compass'd me around  
With much entreaty, wooing me to stay;  
Oxen and sheep they slaughter'd, many a plump  
Well-fatted brawn extended in the flames,  
And drank the old man's vessels to the lees.  
Nine nights continual at my side they slept,  
While others watch'd by turns, nor were the fires  
Extinguish'd ever, one, beneath the porch  
Of the barr'd hall, and one that from within  
The vestibule illumed my chamber door.  
But when the tenth dark night at length arrived,  
Sudden the chamber doors bursting I flew  
That moment forth, and unperceived alike  
By guards and menial woman, leap'd the wall.  
Through spacious Hellas flying thence afar,  
I came at length to Phthia the deep-soil'd,  
Mother of flocks, and to the royal house  
Of Peleus; Peleus with a willing heart  
Receiving, loved me as a father loves  
His only son, the son of his old age,  
Inheritor of all his large demesnes.  
He made me rich; placed under my control



A populous realm, and on the skirts I dwelt  
Of Phthia, ruling the Dolopian race.  
Thee from my soul, thou semblance of the Gods,  
I loved, and all illustrious as thou art,  
Achilles! such I made thee. For with me,  
Me only, would'st thou forth to feast abroad,  
Nor would'st thou taste thy food at home, 'till first  
I placed thee on my knees, with my own hand  
Thy viands carved and fed thee, and the wine  
Held to thy lips; and many a time, in fits  
Of infant frowardness, the purple juice  
Rejecting thou hast deluged all my vest,  
And fill'd my bosom. Oh, I have endured  
Much, and have also much perform'd for thee,  
Thus purposing, that since the Gods vouchsaf'd  
No son to me, thyself shouldst be my son,  
Godlike Achilles! who shouldst screen perchance  
From a foul fate my else unshelter'd age.  
Achilles! bid thy mighty spirit down.  
Thou shouldst not be thus merciless; the Gods,  
Although more honorable, and in power  
And virtue thy superiors, are themselves  
Yet placable; and if a mortal man  
Offend them by transgression of their laws,  
Libation, incense, sacrifice, and prayer,  
In meekness offer'd turn their wrath away.  
Prayers are Jove's daughters, wrinkled, lame, slant-eyed,  
Which though far distant, yet with constant pace  
Follow Offence. Offence, robust of limb,  
And treading firm the ground, outstrips them all,  
And over all the earth before them runs  
Hurtful to man. They, following, heal the hurt.  
Received respectfully when they approach,  
They help us, and our prayers hear in return.  
But if we slight, and with obdurate heart  
Resist them, to Saturnian Jove they cry  
Against us, supplicating that Offence

May cleave to us for vengeance of the wrong.  
Thou, therefore, O Achilles! honor yield  
To Jove's own daughters, vanquished, as the brave  
Have ofttimes been, by honor paid to thee.  
For came not Agamemnon as he comes  
With gifts in hand, and promises of more  
Hereafter; burn'd his anger still the same,  
I would not move thee to renounce thy own,  
And to assist us, howsoe'er distress'd.  
But now, not only are his present gifts  
Most liberal, and his promises of more  
Such also, but these Princes he hath sent  
Charged with entreaties, thine especial friends,  
And chosen for that cause, from all the host.  
Slight not their embassy, nor put to shame  
Their intercession. We confess that once  
Thy wrath was unreprouable and just.  
Thus we have heard the heroes of old times  
Applauded oft, whose anger, though intense,  
Yet left them open to the gentle sway  
Of reason and conciliatory gifts.  
I recollect an ancient history,<sup>655</sup>  
Which, since all here are friends, I will relate.  
The brave Ætolians and Curetes met  
Beneath the walls of Calydon, and fought  
With mutual slaughter; the Ætolian powers  
In the defence of Calydon the fair,  
And the Curetes bent to lay it waste:  
That strife Diana of the golden throne  
Kindled between them, with resentment fired  
That Oeneus had not in some fertile spot  
The first fruits of his harvest set apart  
To her; with hecatombs he entertained  
All the Divinities of heaven beside,  
And her alone, daughter of Jove supreme,  
Or through forgetfulness, or some neglect,  
Served not; omission careless and profane!

She, progeny of Jove, Goddess shaft-arm'd,  
A savage boar bright-tusk'd in anger sent,  
Which haunting Oeneus' fields much havoc made.  
Trees numerous on the earth in heaps he cast  
Uprooting them, with all their blossoms on.  
But Meleager, Oeneus' son, at length  
Slew him, the hunters gathering and the hounds  
Of numerous cities; for a boar so vast  
Might not be vanquish'd by the power of few,  
And many to their funeral piles he sent.  
Then raised Diana clamorous dispute,  
And contest hot between them, all alike,  
Curetes and Ætolians fierce in arms  
The boar's head claiming, and his bristly hide.  
So long as warlike Meleager fought,  
Ætolia prosper'd, nor with all their powers  
Could the Curetes stand before the walls.  
But when resentment once had fired the heart  
Of Meleager, which hath tumult oft  
Excited in the breasts of wisest men,  
(For his own mother had his wrath provoked  
Althæa) thenceforth with his wedded wife  
He dwelt, fair Cleopatra, close retired.  
She was Marpessa's daughter, whom she bore  
To Idas, bravest warrior in his day  
Of all on earth. He fear'd not 'gainst the King  
Himself Apollo, for the lovely nymph  
Marpessa's sake, his spouse, to bend his bow.  
Her, therefore, Idas and Marpessa named  
Thenceforth Alcyone, because the fate  
Of sad Alcyone Marpessa shared,  
And wept like her, by Phœbus forced away.  
Thus Meleager, tortured with the pangs  
Of wrath indulged, with Cleopatra dwelt,  
Vex'd that his mother cursed him; for, with grief  
Frantic, his mother importuned the Gods  
To avenge her slaughter'd brothers on his head.

Oft would she smite the earth, while on her knees  
Seated, she fill'd her bosom with her tears,  
And call'd on Pluto and dread Proserpine  
To slay her son; nor vain was that request,  
But by implacable Erynnis heard  
Roaming the shades of Erebus. Ere long  
The tumult and the deafening din of war  
Roar'd at the gates, and all the batter'd towers  
Resounded. Then the elders of the town  
Dispatch'd the high-priests of the Gods to plead  
With Meleager for his instant aid,  
With strong assurances of rich reward.  
Where Calydon afforded fattest soil  
They bade him choose to his own use a farm  
Of fifty measured acres, vineyard half,  
And half of land commodious for the plow.  
Him Oeneus also, warrior grey with age,  
Ascending to his chamber, and his doors  
Smiting importunate, with earnest prayers  
Assay'd to soften, kneeling to his son.  
Nor less his sisters woo'd him to relent,  
Nor less his mother; but in vain; he grew  
Still more obdurate. His companions last,  
The most esteem'd and dearest of his friends,  
The same suit urged, yet he persisted still  
Relentless, nor could even they prevail.  
But when the battle shook his chamber-doors  
And the Curetes climbing the high towers  
Had fired the spacious city, then with tears  
The beauteous Cleopatra, and with prayers  
Assail'd him; in his view she set the woes  
Numberless of a city storm'd—the men  
Slaughter'd, the city burnt to dust, the chaste  
Matrons with all their children dragg'd away.  
That dread recital roused him, and at length  
Issuing, he put his radiant armor on.  
Thus Meleager, gratifying first

His own resentment from a fatal day  
Saved the Ætolians, who the promised gift  
Refused him, and his toils found no reward.  
But thou, my son, be wiser; follow thou  
No demon who would tempt thee to a course  
Like his; occasion more propitious far  
Smiles on thee now, than if the fleet were fired.  
Come, while by gifts invited, and receive  
From all the host, the honors of a God;  
For shouldst thou, by no gifts induced, at last  
Enter the bloody field, although thou chase  
The Trojans hence, yet less shall be thy praise.

Then thus Achilles, matchless in the race.  
Phœnix, my guide, wise, noble and revered!  
I covet no such glory! the renown  
Ordain'd by Jove for me, is to resist  
All importunity to quit my ships  
While I have power to move, or breath to draw.  
Hear now, and mark me well. Cease thou from tears.  
Confound me not, pleading with sighs and sobs  
In Agamemnon's cause; O love not him,  
Lest I renounce thee, who am now thy friend.  
Assist me rather, as thy duty bids,  
Him to afflict, who hath afflicted me,  
So shalt thou share my glory and my power.  
These shall report as they have heard, but here  
Rest thou this night, and with the rising morn  
We will decide, to stay or to depart.

He ceased, and silent, by a nod enjoin'd  
Patroclus to prepare an easy couch  
For Phœnix, anxious to dismiss the rest  
Incontinent; when Ajax, godlike son  
Of Telamon, arising, thus began.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd:  
Depart we now; for I perceive that end  
Or fruit of all our reasonings shall be none.  
It is expedient also that we bear  
Our answer back (unwelcome as it is)  
With all dispatch, for the assembled Greeks  
Expect us. Brave Achilles shuts a fire  
Within his breast; the kindness of his friends,  
And the respect peculiar by ourselves  
Shown to him, on his heart work no effect.  
Inexorable man! others accept  
Even for a brother slain, or for a son  
Due compensation; the delinquent dwells  
Secure at home, and the receiver, soothed  
And pacified, represses his revenge.  
But thou, resentful of the loss of one,  
One virgin (such obduracy of heart  
The Gods have given thee) can'st not be appeased  
Yet we assign thee seven in her stead,  
The most distinguish'd of their sex, and add  
Large gifts beside. Ah then, at last relent!  
Respect thy roof; we are thy guests; we come  
Chosen from the multitude of all the Greeks,  
Beyond them all ambitious of thy love.

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.  
My noble friend, offspring of Telamon!  
Thou seem'st sincere, and I believe thee such.  
But at the very mention of the name  
Of Atreus' son, who shamed me in the sight  
Of all Achaia's host, bearing me down  
As I had been some vagrant at his door,  
My bosom boils. Return ye and report  
Your answer. I no thought will entertain  
Of crimson war, till the illustrious son  
Of warlike Priam, Hector, blood-embued,  
Shall in their tents the Myrmidons assail

Themselves, and fire my fleet. At my own ship,  
And at my own pavilion it may chance  
That even Hector's violence shall pause.

He ended; they from massy goblets each  
Libation pour'd, and to the fleet their course  
Resumed direct, Ulysses at their head.  
Patroclus then his fellow-warriors bade,  
And the attendant women spread a couch  
For Phœnix; they the couch, obedient, spread  
With fleeces, with rich arras, and with flax  
Of subtlest woof. There hoary Phœnix lay  
In expectation of the sacred dawn.  
Meantime Achilles in the interior tent,  
With beauteous Diomeda by himself  
From Lesbos brought, daughter of Phorbas, lay.  
Patroclus opposite reposed, with whom  
Slept charming Iphis; her, when he had won  
The lofty towers of Scyros, the divine  
Achilles took, and on his friend bestow'd.

But when those Chiefs at Agamemnon's tent  
Arrived, the Greeks on every side arose  
With golden cups welcoming their return.  
All question'd them, but Agamemnon first.

Oh worthy of Achaia's highest praise,  
And her chief ornament, Ulysses, speak!  
Will he defend the fleet? or his big heart  
Indulging wrathful, doth he still refuse?

To whom renown'd Ulysses thus replied.  
Atrides, Agamemnon, King of men!  
He his resentment quenches not, nor will,  
But burns with wrath the more, thee and thy gifts  
Rejecting both. He bids thee with the Greeks  
Consult by what expedient thou may'st save

The fleet and people, threatening that himself  
Will at the peep of day launch all his barks,  
And counselling, beside, the general host  
To voyage homeward, for that end as yet  
Of Ilium wall'd to heaven, ye shall not find,  
Since Jove the Thunderer with uplifted arm  
Protects her, and her courage hath revived.  
Thus speaks the Chief, and Ajax is prepared,  
With the attendant heralds to report  
As I have said. But Phœnix in the tent  
Sleeps of Achilles, who his stay desired,  
That on the morrow, if he so incline,  
The hoary warrior may attend him hence  
Home to his country, but he leaves him free.

He ended. They astonish'd at his tone  
(For vehement he spake) sat silent all.  
Long silent sat the afflicted sons of Greece,  
When thus the mighty Diomed began.

Atrides, Agamemnon, King of men!  
Thy supplications to the valiant son  
Of Peleus, and the offer of thy gifts  
Innumerable, had been better far withheld.  
He is at all times haughty, and thy suit  
Hath but increased his haughtiness of heart  
Past bounds: but let him stay or let him go  
As he shall choose. He will resume the fight  
When his own mind shall prompt him, and the Gods  
Shall urge him forth. Now follow my advice.  
Ye have refresh'd your hearts with food and wine  
Which are the strength of man; take now repose.  
And when the rosy-finger'd morning fair  
Shall shine again, set forth without delay  
The battle, horse and foot, before the fleet,  
And where the foremost fight, fight also thou.



He ended; all the Kings applauded warm  
His counsel, and the dauntless tone admired  
Of Diomedes. Then, due libation made,  
Each sought his tent, and took the gift of sleep.

## Book X

### ARGUMENT OF THE TENTH BOOK.

Diomedes and Ulysses enter the Trojan host by night, and slay Rhesus.

All night the leaders of the host of Greece  
Lay sunk in soft repose, all, save the Chief,  
The son of Atreus; him from thought to thought  
Roving solicitous, no sleep relieved.  
As when the spouse of beauteous Juno, darts  
His frequent fires, designing heavy rain  
Immense, or hail-storm, or field-whitening snow,  
Or else wide-throated war calamitous,  
So frequent were the groans by Atreus' son  
Heaved from his inmost heart, trembling with dread.  
For cast he but his eye toward the plain  
Of Ilium, there, astonish'd he beheld  
The city fronted with bright fires, and heard  
Pipes, and recorders, and the hum of war;  
But when again the Grecian fleet he view'd,  
And thought on his own people, then his hair  
Uprooted elevating to the Gods,  
He from his generous bosom groan'd again.  
At length he thus resolved; of all the Greeks  
To seek Neleian Nestor first, with whom  
He might, perchance, some plan for the defence  
Of the afflicted Danaï devise.  
Rising, he wrapp'd his tunic to his breast,  
And to his royal feet unsullied bound  
His sandals; o'er his shoulders, next, he threw  
Of amplest size a lion's tawny skin  
That swept his footsteps, dappled o'er with blood,  
Then took his spear. Meantime, not less appall'd  
Was Menelaus, on whose eyelids sleep

Sat not, lest the Achaians for his sake  
O'er many waters borne, and now intent  
On glorious deeds, should perish all at Troy.  
With a pard's spotted hide his shoulders broad  
He mantled over; to his head he raised  
His brazen helmet, and with vigorous hand  
Grasping his spear, forth issued to arouse  
His brother, mighty sovereign of the host,  
And by the Grecians like a God revered.  
He found him at his galley's stern, his arms  
Assuming radiant; welcome he arrived  
To Agamemnon, whom he thus address'd.

Why arm'st thou, brother? Wouldst thou urge abroad  
Some trusty spy into the Trojan camp?  
I fear lest none so hardy shall be found  
As to adventure, in the dead still night,  
So far, alone; valiant indeed were he!

To whom great Agamemnon thus replied.  
Heaven-favor'd Menelaus! We have need,  
Thou and myself, of some device well-framed,  
Which both the Grecians and the fleet of Greece  
May rescue, for the mind of Jove hath changed,  
And Hector's prayers alone now reach his ear.  
I never saw, nor by report have learn'd  
From any man, that ever single chief  
Such awful wonders in one day perform'd  
As he with ease against the Greeks, although  
Nor from a Goddess sprung nor from a God.  
Deeds he hath done, which, as I think, the Greeks  
Shall deep and long lament, such numerous ills  
Achaia's host hath at his hands sustain'd.  
But haste, begone, and at their several ships  
Call Ajax and Idomeneus; I go  
To exhort the noble Nestor to arise,  
That he may visit, if he so incline,

The chosen band who watch, and his advice  
Give them; for him most prompt they will obey,  
Whose son, together with Meriones,  
Friend of Idomeneus, controls them all,  
Entrusted by ourselves with that command.

Him answer'd Menelaus bold in arms.  
Explain thy purpose. Wouldst thou that I wait  
Thy coming, there, or thy commands to both  
Given, that I incontinent return?

To whom the Sovereign of the host replied.  
There stay; lest striking into different paths  
(For many passes intersect the camp)  
We miss each other; summon them aloud  
Where thou shalt come; enjoin them to arise;  
Call each by his hereditary name,  
Honoring all. Beware of manners proud,  
For we ourselves must labor, at our birth  
By Jove ordain'd to suffering and to toil.

So saying, he his brother thence dismiss'd  
Instructed duly, and himself, his steps  
Turned to the tent of Nestor. Him he found  
Amid his sable galleys in his tent  
Reposing soft, his armor at his side,  
Shield, spears, bright helmet, and the broider'd belt  
Which, when the Senior arm'd led forth his host  
To fight, he wore; for he complied not yet  
With the encroachments of enfeebling age.  
He raised his head, and on his elbow propp'd,  
Questioning Agamemnon, thus began.

But who art thou, who thus alone, the camp  
Roamest, amid the darkness of the night,  
While other mortals sleep? Comest thou abroad

Seeking some friend or soldier of the guard?  
Speak—come not nearer mute. What is thy wish?  
To whom the son of Atreus, King of men.  
Oh Nestor, glory of the Grecian name,  
Offspring of Neleus! thou in me shalt know  
The son of Atreus, Agamemnon, doom'd  
By Jove to toil, while life shall yet inform  
These limbs, or I shall draw the vital air.  
I wander thus, because that on my lids  
Sweet sleep sits not, but war and the concerns  
Of the Achaians occupy my soul.  
Terrible are the fears which I endure  
For these my people; such as supersede  
All thought; my bosom can no longer hold  
My throbbing heart, and tremors shake my limbs.  
But if thy mind, more capable, project  
Aught that may profit us (for thee it seems  
Sleep also shuns) arise, and let us both  
Visit the watch, lest, haply, overtoil'd  
They yield to sleep, forgetful of their charge.  
The foe is posted near, and may intend  
(None knows his purpose) an assault by night.

To him Gerenian Nestor thus replied.  
Illustrious Agamemnon, King of men!  
Deep-planning Jove the imaginations proud  
Of Hector will not ratify, nor all  
His sanguine hopes effectuate; in his turn  
He also (fierce Achilles once appeased)  
Shall trouble feel, and haply, more than we.  
But with all readiness I will arise  
And follow thee, that we may also rouse  
Yet others; Diomedes the spear-renown'd,  
Ulysses, the swift Ajax, and the son  
Of Phyleus, valiant Meges. It were well  
Were others also visited and call'd,  
The godlike Ajax, and Idomeneus,

Whose ships are at the camp's extremest bounds.  
But though I love thy brother and revere,  
And though I grieve e'en thee, yet speak I must,  
And plainly censure him, that thus he sleeps  
And leaves to thee the labor, who himself  
Should range the host, soliciting the Chiefs  
Of every band, as utmost need requires.

Him answer'd Agamemnon, King of men.  
Old warrior, times there are, when I could wish  
Myself thy censure of him, for in act  
He is not seldom tardy and remiss.  
Yet is not sluggish indolence the cause,  
No, nor stupidity, but he observes  
Me much, expecting till I lead the way.  
But he was foremost now, far more alert  
This night than I, and I have sent him forth  
Already, those to call whom thou hast named.  
But let us hence, for at the guard I trust  
To find them, since I gave them so in charge.

To whom the brave Gerenian Chief replied.  
Him none will censure, or his will dispute,  
Whom he shall waken and exhort to rise.  
So saying, he bound his corselet to his breast,  
His sandals fair to his unsullied feet,  
And fastening by its clasps his purple cloak  
Around him, double and of shaggy pile,  
Seized, next, his sturdy spear headed with brass,  
And issued first into the Grecian fleet.  
There, Nestor, brave Gerenian, with a voice  
Sonorous roused the godlike counsellor  
From sleep, Ulysses; the alarm came o'er  
His startled ear, forth from his tent he sprang  
Sudden, and of their coming, quick, inquired.

Why roam ye thus the camp and fleet alone  
In darkness? by what urgent need constrain'd?

To whom the hoary Pylia thus replied.  
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!  
Resent it not, for dread is our distress.  
Come, therefore, and assist us to convene  
Yet others, qualified to judge if war  
Be most expedient, or immediate flight.

He ended, and regaining, quick, his tent,  
Ulysses slung his shield, then coming forth  
Join'd them. The son of Tydeus first they sought.  
Him sleeping arm'd before his tent they found,  
Encompass'd by his friends also asleep;  
His head each rested on his shield, and each  
Had planted on its nether point erect  
His spear beside him; bright their polish'd heads,  
As Jove's own lightning glittered from afar.  
Himself, the Hero, slept. A wild bull's hide  
Was spread beneath him, and on arras tinged  
With splendid purple lay his head reclined.  
Nestor, beside him standing, with his heel  
Shook him, and, urgent, thus the Chief reproved.

Awake, Tydides! wherefore givest the night  
Entire to balmy slumber? Hast not heard  
How on the rising ground beside the fleet  
The Trojans sit, small interval between?

He ceased; then up sprang Diomede alarm'd  
Instant, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

Old wakeful Chief! thy toils are never done.  
Are there not younger of the sons of Greece,  
Who ranging in all parts the camp, might call

The Kings to council? But no curb controls  
Or can abate activity like thine.

To whom Gerenian Nestor in return.  
My friend! thou hast well spoken. I have sons,  
And they are well deserving; I have here  
A numerous people also, one of whom  
Might have sufficed to call the Kings of Greece.  
But such occasion presses now the host  
As hath not oft occur'd; the overthrow  
Complete, or full deliverance of us all,  
In balance hangs, poised on a razor's edge.  
But haste, and if thy pity of my toils  
Be such, since thou art younger, call, thyself,  
Ajax the swift, and Meges to the guard.

Then Diomede a lion's tawny skin  
Around him wrapp'd, dependent to his heels,  
And, spear in hand, set forth. The Hero call'd  
Those two, and led them whither Nestor bade.

They, at the guard arrived, not sleeping found  
The captains of the guard, but sitting all  
In vigilant posture with their arms prepared.  
As dogs that, careful, watch the fold by night,  
Hearing some wild beast in the woods, which hounds  
And hunters with tumultuous clamor drive  
Down from the mountain-top, all sleep forego;  
So, sat not on their eyelids gentle sleep  
That dreadful night, but constant to the plain  
At every sound of Trojan feet they turn'd.  
The old Chief joyful at the sight, in terms  
Of kind encouragement them thus address'd.

So watch, my children! and beware that sleep  
Invade none here, lest all become a prey.



So saying, he traversed with quick pace the trench  
By every Chief whom they had thither call'd  
Attended, with whom Nestor's noble son  
Went, and Meriones, invited both  
To join their consultation. From the foss  
Emerging, in a vacant space they sat,  
Unstrew'd with bodies of the slain, the spot,  
Whence furious Hector, after slaughter made  
Of numerous Greeks, night falling, had return'd.  
There seated, mutual converse close they held,  
And Nestor, brave Gerenian, thus began.

Oh friends! hath no Achaian here such trust  
In his own prowess, as to venture forth  
Among yon haughty Trojans? He, perchance,  
Might on the borders of their host surprise  
Some wandering adversary, or might learn  
Their consultations, whether they propose  
Here to abide in prospect of the fleet,  
Or, satiate with success against the Greeks  
So signal, meditate retreat to Troy.  
These tidings gain'd, should he at last return  
Secure, his recompense will be renown  
Extensive as the heavens, and fair reward.  
From every leader of the fleet, his gift  
Shall be a sable ewe, and sucking lamb,  
Rare acquisition! and at every board  
And sumptuous banquet, he shall be a guest.

He ceased, and all sat silent, when at length  
The mighty son of Tydeus thus replied.

Me, Nestor, my courageous heart incites  
To penetrate into the neighbor host  
Of enemies; but went some other Chief  
With me, far greater would my comfort prove,  
And I should dare the more. Two going forth,

One quicker sees than other, and suggests  
Prudent advice; but he who single goes,  
Mark whatsoe'er he may, the occasion less  
Improves, and his expedients soon exhausts.

He ended, and no few willing arose  
To go with Diomede. Servants of Mars  
Each Ajax willing stood; willing as they  
Meriones; most willing Nestor's son;  
Willing the brother of the Chief of all,  
Nor willing less Ulysses to explore  
The host of Troy, for he possess'd a heart  
Delighted ever with some bold exploit.

Then Agamemnon, King of men, began.  
Now Diomede, in whom my soul delights!  
Choose whom thou wilt for thy companion; choose  
The fittest here; for numerous wish to go.  
Leave not through deference to another's rank,  
The more deserving, nor prefer a worse,  
Respecting either pedigree or power.

Such speech he interposed, fearing his choice  
Of Menelaus; then, renown'd in arms  
The son of Tydeus, rising, spake again.

Since, then, ye bid me my own partner choose  
Free from constraint, how can I overlook  
Divine Ulysses, whose courageous heart  
With such peculiar cheerfulness endures  
Whatever toils, and whom Minerva loves?  
Let *him* attend me, and through fire itself  
We shall return; for none is wise as he.

To him Ulysses, hardy Chief, replied.  
Tydides! neither praise me much, nor blame,  
For these are Grecians in whose ears thou speak'st,

And know me well. But let us hence! the night  
Draws to a close; day comes apace; the stars  
Are far advanced; two portions have elapsed  
Of darkness, but the third is yet entire.

So they; then each his dreadful arms put on.  
To Diomed, who at the fleet had left  
His own, the dauntless Thrasymedes gave  
His shield and sword two-edged, and on his head  
Placed, crestless, unadorn'd, his bull-skin casque.  
It was a stripling's helmet, such as youths  
Scarce yet confirm'd in lusty manhood, wear.  
Meriones with quiver, bow and sword  
Furnish'd Ulysses, and his brows enclosed  
In his own casque of hide with many a thong  
Well braced within; guarded it was without  
With boar's teeth ivory-white inherent firm  
On all sides, and with woolen head-piece lined.  
That helmet erst Autolycus had brought  
From Eleon, city of Amyntor son  
Of Hormenus, where he the solid walls  
Bored through, clandestine, of Amyntor's house.  
He on Amphidamas the prize bestow'd  
In Scandia; from Amphidamas it pass'd  
To Molus as a hospitable pledge;  
He gave it to Meriones his son,  
And now it guarded shrewd Ulysses' brows.  
Both clad in arms terrific, forth they sped,  
Leaving their fellow Chiefs, and as they went  
A heron, by command of Pallas, flew  
Close on the right beside them; darkling they  
Discern'd him not, but heard his clanging plumes.  
Ulysses in the favorable sign  
Exulted, and Minerva thus invoked.

Oh hear me, daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd!  
My present helper in all straits, whose eye

Marks all my ways, oh with peculiar care  
Now guard me, Pallas! grant that after toil  
Successful, glorious, such as long shall fill  
With grief the Trojans, we may safe return  
And with immortal honors to the fleet.

Valiant Tydides, next, his prayer preferr'd.  
Hear also me, Jove's offspring by the toils  
Of war invincible! me follow now  
As my heroic father erst to Thebes  
Thou followedst, Tydeus; by the Greeks dispatch'd  
Ambassador, he left the mail-clad host  
Beside Asopus, and with terms of peace  
Entrusted, enter'd Thebes; but by thine aid  
Benevolent, and in thy strength, perform'd  
Returning, deeds of terrible renown.  
Thus, now, protect me also! In return  
I vow an offering at thy shrine, a young  
Broad-fronted heifer, to the yoke as yet  
Untamed, whose horns I will incase with gold.

Such prayer they made, and Pallas heard well pleased.  
Their orisons ended to the daughter dread  
Of mighty Jove, lion-like they advanced  
Through shades of night, through carnage, arms and blood.

Nor Hector to his gallant host indulged  
Sleep, but convened the leaders; leader none  
Or senator of all his host he left  
Unsummon'd, and his purpose thus promulged.

Where is the warrior who for rich reward,  
Such as shall well suffice him, will the task  
Adventurous, which I propose, perform?  
A chariot with two steeds of proudest height,  
Surpassing all in the whole fleet of Greece  
Shall be his portion, with immortal praise,

Who shall the well-appointed ships approach  
Courageous, there to learn if yet a guard  
As heretofore, keep them, or if subdued  
Beneath us, the Achaians flight intend,  
And worn with labor have no will to watch.

So Hector spake, but answer none return'd.  
There was a certain Trojan, Dolon named,  
Son of Eumedes herald of the Gods,  
Rich both in gold and brass, but in his form  
Unsightly; yet the man was swift of foot,  
Sole brother of five sisters; he his speech  
To Hector and the Trojans thus address'd.

My spirit, Hector, prompts me, and my mind  
Endued with manly vigor, to approach  
Yon gallant ships, that I may tidings hear.  
But come. For my assurance, lifting high  
Thy sceptre, swear to me, for my reward,  
The horses and the brazen chariot bright  
Which bear renown'd Achilles o'er the field.  
I will not prove a useless spy, nor fall  
Below thy best opinion; pass I will  
Their army through, 'till I shall reach the ship  
Of Agamemnon, where the Chiefs, perchance,  
Now sit consulting, or to fight, or fly.

Then raising high his sceptre, Hector sware  
Know, Jove himself, Juno's high-thundering spouse!  
That Trojan none shall in that chariot ride  
By those steeds drawn, save Dolon; on my oath  
I make them thine; enjoy them evermore.

He said, and falsely sware, yet him assured.  
Then Dolon, instant, o'er his shoulder slung  
His bow elastic, wrapp'd himself around  
With a grey wolf-skin, to his head a casque

Adjusted, coated o'er with ferret's felt,  
And seizing his sharp javelin, from the host  
Turn'd right toward the fleet, but was ordain'd  
To disappoint his sender, and to bring  
No tidings thence. The throng of Trojan steeds  
And warriors left, with brisker pace he moved,  
When brave Ulysses his approach perceived,  
And thus to Diomedes his speech address'd.

Tydidēs! yonder man is from the host;  
Either a spy he comes, or with intent  
To spoil the dead. First, freely let him pass  
Few paces, then pursuing him with speed,  
Seize on him suddenly; but should he prove  
The nimbler of the three, with threatening spear  
Enforce him from his camp toward the fleet,  
Lest he elude us, and escape to Troy.

So they; then, turning from the road oblique,  
Among the carcasses each laid him down.  
Dolon, suspecting nought, ran swiftly by.  
But when such space was interposed as mules  
Plow in a day (for mules the ox surpass  
Through fallows deep drawing the ponderous plow)  
Both ran toward him. Dolon at the sound  
Stood; for he hoped some Trojan friends at hand  
From Hector sent to bid him back again.  
But when within spear's cast, or less they came,  
Knowing them enemies he turn'd to flight  
Incontinent, whom they as swift pursued.  
As two fleet hounds sharp fang'd, train'd to the chase,  
Hang on the rear of flying hind or hare,  
And drive her, never swerving from the track,  
Through copses close; she screaming scuds before;  
So Diomedes and dread Ulysses him  
Chased constant, intercepting his return.  
And now, fast-fleeting to the ships, he soon

Had reach'd the guard, but Pallas with new force  
Inspired Tydides, lest a meaner Greek  
Should boast that he had smitten Dolon first,  
And Diomede win only second praise.  
He poised his lifted spear, and thus exclaim'd.

Stand! or my spear shall stop thee. Death impends  
At every step; thou canst not 'scape me long.

He said, and threw his spear, but by design,  
Err'd from the man. The polish'd weapon swift  
O'er-glancing his right shoulder, in the soil  
Stood fixt, beyond him. Terrified he stood,  
Stammering, and sounding through his lips the clash  
Of chattering teeth, with visage deadly wan.  
They panting rush'd on him, and both his hands  
Seized fast; he wept, and suppliant them bespake.

Take me alive, and I will pay the price  
Of my redemption. I have gold at home,  
Brass also, and bright steel, and when report  
Of my captivity within your fleet  
Shall reach my father, treasures he will give  
Not to be told, for ransom of his son.

To whom Ulysses politic replied.  
Take courage; entertain no thought of death.  
But haste! this tell me, and disclose the truth.  
Why thus toward the ships comest thou alone  
From yonder host, by night, while others sleep?  
To spoil some carcase? or from Hector sent  
A spy of all that passes in the fleet?  
Or by thy curiosity impell'd?

Then Dolon, his limbs trembling, thus replied.  
To my great detriment, and far beyond  
My own design, Hector trepann'd me forth,

Who promised me the steeds of Peleus' son  
Illustrious, and his brazen chariot bright.  
He bade me, under night's fast-flitting shades  
Approach our enemies, a spy, to learn  
If still as heretofore, ye station guards  
For safety of your fleet, or if subdued  
Completely, ye intend immediate flight,  
And worn with labor, have no will to watch.

To whom Ulysses, smiling, thus replied.  
Thou hadst, in truth, an appetite to gifts  
Of no mean value, coveting the steeds  
Of brave Æacides; but steeds are they  
Of fiery sort, difficult to be ruled  
By force of mortal man, Achilles' self  
Except, whom an immortal mother bore.  
But tell me yet again; use no disguise;  
Where left'st thou, at thy coming forth, your Chief,  
The valiant Hector? where hath he disposed  
His armor battle-worn, and where his steeds?  
What other quarters of your host are watch'd?  
Where lodge the guard, and what intend ye next?  
Still to abide in prospect of the fleet?  
Or well-content that ye have thus reduced  
Achaia's host, will ye retire to Troy?

To whom this answer Dolon straight returned  
Son of Eumedes. With unfeigning truth  
Simply and plainly will I utter all.  
Hector, with all the Senatorial Chiefs,  
Beside the tomb of sacred Ilius sits  
Consulting, from the noisy camp remote.  
But for the guards, Hero! concerning whom  
Thou hast inquired, there is no certain watch  
And regular appointed o'er the camp;  
The native Trojans (for *they* can no less)  
Sit sleepless all, and each his next exhorts



To vigilance; but all our foreign aids,  
Who neither wives nor children hazard here,  
Trusting the Trojans for that service, sleep.

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied.  
How sleep the strangers and allies?—apart?  
Or with the Trojans mingled?—I would learn.

So spake Ulysses; to whom Dolon thus,  
Son of Eumedes. I will all unfold,  
And all most truly. By the sea are lodged  
The Carians, the Pæonians arm'd with bows,  
The Leleges, with the Pelasgian band,  
And the Caucones. On the skirts encamp  
Of Thymbra, the Mæonians crested high,  
The Phrygian horsemen, with the Lycian host,  
And the bold troop of Mysia's haughty sons.  
But wherefore these inquiries thus minute?  
For if ye wish to penetrate the host,  
These who possess the borders of the camp  
Farthest removed of all, are Thracian powers  
Newly arrived; among them Rhesus sleeps,  
Son of Eïoneus, their Chief and King.  
His steeds I saw, the fairest by these eyes  
Ever beheld, and loftiest; snow itself  
They pass in whiteness, and in speed the winds,  
With gold and silver all his chariot burns,  
And he arrived in golden armor clad  
Stupendous! little suited to the state  
Of mortal man—fit for a God to wear!  
Now, either lead me to your gallant fleet,  
Or where ye find me leave me straitly bound  
Till ye return, and after trial made,  
Shall know if I have spoken false or true.

But him brave Diomedes with aspect stern  
Answer'd. Since, Dolon! thou art caught, although

Thy tidings have been good, hope not to live;  
For should we now release thee and dismiss,  
Thou wilt revisit yet again the fleet  
A spy or open foe; but smitten once  
By this death-dealing arm, thou shall return  
To render mischief to the Greeks no more.

He ceased, and Dolon would have stretch'd his hand  
Toward his beard, and pleaded hard for life,  
But with his falchion, rising to the blow,  
On the mid-neck he smote him, cutting sheer  
Both tendons with a stroke so swift, that ere  
His tongue had ceased, his head was in the dust.  
They took his helmet clothed with ferret's felt,  
Stripp'd off his wolf-skin, seized his bow and spear,  
And brave Ulysses lifting in his hand  
The trophy to Minerva, pray'd and said:

Hail Goddess; these are thine! for thee of all  
Who in Olympus dwell, we will invoke  
First to our aid. Now also guide our steps,  
Propitious, to the Thracian tents and steeds.

He ceased, and at arm's-length the lifted spoils  
Hung on a tamarisk; but mark'd the spot,  
Plucking away with handful grasp the reeds  
And spreading boughs, lest they should seek the prize  
Themselves in vain, returning ere the night,  
Swift traveller, should have fled before the dawn.  
Thence, o'er the bloody champain strew'd with arms  
Proceeding, to the Thracian lines they came.  
They, wearied, slept profound; beside them lay,  
In triple order regular arranged,  
Their radiant armor, and their steeds in pairs.  
Amid them Rhesus slept, and at his side  
His coursers, to the outer chariot-ring

Fasten'd secure. Ulysses saw him first,  
And, seeing, mark'd him out to Diomedes.

Behold the man, Tydides! Lo! the steeds  
By Dolon specified whom we have slain.  
Be quick. Exert thy force. Arm'd as thou art,  
Sleep not. Loose thou the steeds, or slaughter thou  
The Thracians, and the steeds shall be my care.

He ceased; then blue-eyed Pallas with fresh force  
Invigor'd Diomedes. From side to side  
He slew; dread groans arose of dying men  
Hewn with the sword, and the earth swam with blood.  
As if he find a flock unguarded, sheep  
Or goats, the lion rushes on his prey,  
With such unsparing force Tydides smote  
The men of Thrace, till he had slaughter'd twelve;  
And whom Tydides with his falchion struck  
Laertes' son dragg'd by his feet abroad,  
Forecasting that the steeds might pass with ease,  
Nor start, as yet uncustom'd to the dead.  
But when the son of Tydeus found the King,  
Him also panting forth his last, last, breath,  
He added to the twelve; for at his head  
An evil dream that night had stood, the form  
Of Diomedes, by Pallas' art devised.  
Meantime, the bold Ulysses loosed the steeds,  
Which, to each other rein'd, he drove abroad,  
Smiting them with his bow (for of the scourge  
He thought not in the chariot-seat secured)  
And as he went, hiss'd, warning Diomedes.  
But he, projecting still some hardier deed,  
Stood doubtful, whether by the pole to draw  
The chariot thence, laden with gorgeous arms,  
Or whether heaving it on high, to bear  
The burthen off, or whether yet to take

More Thracian lives; when him with various thoughts  
Perplex'd, Minerva, drawing near, bespake.

Son of bold Tydeus! think on thy return  
To yonder fleet, lest thou depart constrain'd.  
Some other God may rouse the powers of Troy.

She ended, and he knew the voice divine.  
At once he mounted. With his bow the steeds  
Ulysses plyed, and to the ships they flew.

Nor look'd the bender of the silver bow,  
Apollo, forth in vain, but at the sight  
Of Pallas following Diomedes incensed,  
Descended to the field where numerous most  
He saw the Trojans, and the Thracian Chief  
And counsellor, Hippocoön aroused,  
Kinsman of Rhesus, and renown'd in arms.  
He, starting from his sleep, soon as he saw  
The spot deserted where so lately lay  
Those fiery coursers, and his warrior friends  
Gasping around him, sounded loud the name  
Of his loved Rhesus. Instant, at the voice,  
Wild stir arose and clamorous uproar  
Of fast-assembling Trojans. Deeds they saw—  
Terrible deeds, and marvellous perform'd,  
But not their authors—they had sought the ships.

Meantime arrived where they had slain the spy  
Of Hector, there Ulysses, dear to Jove,  
The coursers stay'd, and, leaping to the ground,  
The son of Tydeus in Ulysses' hands  
The arms of Dolon placed foul with his blood,  
Then vaulted light into his seat again.  
He lash'd the steeds, they, not unwilling, flew  
To the deep-bellied barks, as to their home.  
First Nestor heard the sound, and thus he said.

Friends! Counsellors! and leaders of the Greeks!  
False shall I speak, or true?—but speak I must.  
The echoing sound of hoofs alarms my ear.  
Oh, that Ulysses, and brave Diomede  
This moment might arrive drawn into camp  
By Trojan steeds! But, ah, the dread I feel!  
Lest some disaster have for ever quell'd  
In yon rude host those noblest of the Greeks.

He hath not ended, when themselves arrived,  
Both quick dismounted; joy at their return  
Fill'd every bosom; each with kind salute  
Cordial, and right-hand welcome greeted them,  
And first Gerenian Nestor thus inquired.

Oh Chief by all extoll'd, glory of Greece,  
Ulysses! how have ye these steeds acquired?  
In yonder host? or met ye as ye went  
Some God who gave them to you? for they show  
A lustre dazzling as the beams of day.  
Old as I am, I mingle yet in fight  
With Ilium's sons—lurk never in the fleet—  
Yet saw I at no time, or have remark'd  
Steeds such as these; which therefore I believe  
Perforce, that ye have gained by gift divine;  
For cloud-assembler Jove, and azure-eyed  
Minerva, Jove's own daughter, love you both.

To whom Ulysses, thus, discreet, replied.  
Neleian Nestor, glory of the Greeks!  
A God, so willing, could have given us steeds  
Superior, for their bounty knows no bounds.  
But, venerable Chief! these which thou seest  
Are Thracians new-arrived. Their master lies  
Slain by the valiant Diomede, with twelve  
The noblest of his warriors at his side,

A thirteenth also, at small distance hence  
We slew, by Hector and the Chiefs of Troy  
Sent to inspect the posture of our host.

He said; then, high in exultation, drove  
The coursers o'er the trench, and with him pass'd  
The glad Achaeans; at the spacious tent  
Of Diomedes arrived, with even thongs  
They tied them at the cribs where stood the steeds  
Of Tydeus' son, with winnow'd wheat supplied.  
Ulysses in his bark the gory spoils  
Of Dolon placed, designing them a gift  
To Pallas. Then, descending to the sea,  
Neck, thighs, and legs from sweat profuse they cleansed,  
And, so refresh'd and purified, their last  
Ablution in bright tepid baths perform'd.  
Each thus completely laved, and with smooth oil  
Anointed, at the well-spread board they sat,  
And quaff'd, in honor of Minerva, wine  
Delicious, from the brimming beaker drawn.

## Book XI

### ARGUMENT OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

Agamemnon distinguishes himself. He is wounded, and retires. Diomedes is wounded by Paris; Ulysses by Socus. Ajax with Menelaus flies to the relief of Ulysses, and Eurypylus, soon after, to the relief of Ajax. While he is employed in assisting Ajax, he is shot in the thigh by Paris, who also wounds Machaon. Nestor conveys Machaon from the field. Achilles dispatches Patroclus to the tent of Nestor, and Nestor takes that occasion to exhort Patroclus to engage in battle, clothed in the armor of Achilles.

Aurora from Tithonus' side arose  
With light for heaven and earth, when Jove dispatch'd  
Discord, the fiery signal in her hand  
Of battle bearing, to the Grecian fleet.  
High on Ulysses' huge black ship she stood  
The centre of the fleet, whence all might hear,  
The tent of Telamon's huge son between,  
And of Achilles; for confiding they  
In their heroic fortitude, their barks  
Well-poised had station'd utmost of the line.  
There standing, shrill she sent a cry abroad  
Among the Achaians, such as thirst infused  
Of battle ceaseless into every breast.  
All deem'd, at once, war sweeter, than to seek  
Their native country through the waves again.  
Then with loud voice Atrides bade the Greeks  
Gird on their armor, and himself his arms  
Took radiant. First around his legs he clasp'd  
His shining greaves with silver studs secured,  
Then bound his corselet to his bosom, gift  
Of Cynyras long since; for rumor loud  
Had Cyprus reached of an Achaian host  
Assembling, destined to the shores of Troy:

Wherefore, to gratify the King of men,  
He made the splendid ornament his own.  
Ten rods of steel cœrulean all around  
Embraced it, twelve of gold, twenty of tin;  
Six spiry serpents their uplifted heads  
Cœrulean darted at the wearer's throat,  
Splendor diffusing as the various bow  
Fix'd by Saturnian Jove in showery clouds,  
A sign to mortal men. He slung his sword  
Athwart his shoulders; dazzling bright it shone  
With gold emboss'd, and silver was the sheath  
Suspended graceful in a belt of gold.  
His massy shield o'ershadowing him whole,  
High-wrought and beautiful, he next assumed.  
Ten circles bright of brass around its field  
Extensive, circle within circle, ran;  
The central boss was black, but hemm'd about  
With twice ten bosses of resplendent tin.  
There, dreadful ornament! the visage dark  
Of Gorgon scowl'd, border'd by Flight and Fear.  
The loop was silver, and a serpent form  
Cœrulean over all its surface twined,  
Three heads erecting on one neck, the heads  
Together wreath'd into a stately crown.  
His helmet quâtre-crested, and with studs  
Fast riveted around he to his brows  
Adjusted, whence tremendous waved his crest  
Of mounted hair on high. Two spears he seized  
Ponderous, brass-pointed, and that flash'd to heaven.  
Sounds like clear thunder, by the spouse of Jove  
And by Minerva raised to extol the King  
Of opulent Mycenæ, roll'd around.  
At once each bade his charioteer his steeds  
Hold fast beside the margin of the trench  
In orderly array; the foot all arm'd  
Rush'd forward, and the clamor of the host  
Rose infinite into the dawning skies.



First, at the trench, the embattled infantry  
Stood ranged; the chariots follow'd close behind;  
Dire was the tumult by Saturnian Jove  
Excited, and from ether down he shed  
Blood-tinctured dewes among them, for he meant  
That day to send full many a warrior bold  
To Pluto's dreary realm, slain premature.

Opposite, on the rising-ground, appear'd  
The Trojans; them majestic Hector led,  
Noble Polydamas, Æneas raised  
To godlike honors in all Trojan hearts,  
And Polybus, with whom Antenor's sons  
Agenor, and young Acamas advanced.  
Hector the splendid orb of his broad shield  
Bore in the van, and as a comet now  
Glares through the clouds portentous, and again,  
Obscured by gloomy vapors, disappears,  
So Hector, marshalling his host, in front  
Now shone, now vanish'd in the distant rear.  
All-cased he flamed in brass, and on the sight  
Flash'd as the lightnings of Jove Ægis-arm'd.  
As reapers, toiling opposite, lay bare  
Some rich man's furrows, while the sever'd grain,  
Barley or wheat, sinks as the sickle moves,  
So Greeks and Trojans springing into fight  
Slew mutual; foul retreat alike they scorn'd,  
Alike in fierce hostility their heads  
Both bore aloft, and rush'd like wolves to war.  
Discord, spectatress terrible, that sight  
Beheld exulting; she, of all the Gods,  
Alone was present; not a Power beside  
There interfered, but each his bright abode  
Quiescent occupied wherever built  
Among the windings of the Olympian heights;  
Yet blamed they all the storm-assembler King  
Saturnian, for his purposed aid to Troy.

The eternal father reck'd not; he, apart,  
Seated in solitary pomp, enjoy'd  
His glory, and from on high the towers survey'd  
Of Ilium and the fleet of Greece, the flash  
Of gleaming arms, the slayer and the slain.

While morning lasted, and the light of day  
Increased, so long the weapons on both sides  
Flew in thick vollies, and the people fell.  
But, what time his repast the woodman spreads  
In some umbrageous vale, his sinewy arms  
Wearied with hewing many a lofty tree,  
And his wants satisfied, he feels at length  
The pinch of appetite to pleasant food,  
Then was it, that encouraging aloud  
Each other, in their native virtue strong,  
The Grecians through the phalanx burst of Troy.  
Forth sprang the monarch first; he slew the Chief  
Bianor, nor himself alone, but slew  
Oïleus also driver of his steeds.  
Oïleus, with a leap alighting, rush'd  
On Agamemnon; he his fierce assault  
Encountering, with a spear met full his front.  
Nor could his helmet's ponderous brass sustain  
That force, but both his helmet and his skull  
It shatter'd, and his martial rage repress'd.  
The King of men, stripping their corselets, bared  
Their shining breasts, and left them. Isus, next,  
And Antiphus he flew to slay, the sons  
Of Priam both, and in one chariot borne,  
This spurious, genuine that. The bastard drove,  
And Antiphus, a warrior high-renown'd,  
Fought from the chariot; them Achilles erst  
Feeding their flocks on Ida had surprised  
And bound with osiers, but for ransom loosed.  
Of these, imperial Agamemnon, first,  
Above the pap pierced Isus; next, he smote

Antiphus with his sword beside the ear,  
And from his chariot cast him to the ground.  
Conscious of both, their glittering arms he stripp'd,  
For he had seen them when from Ida's heights  
Achilles led them to the Grecian fleet.  
As with resistless fangs the lion breaks  
The young in pieces of the nimble hind,  
Entering her lair, and takes their feeble lives;  
She, though at hand, can yield them no defence,  
But through the thick wood, wing'd with terror, starts  
Herself away, trembling at such a foe;  
So them the Trojans had no power to save,  
Themselves all driven before the host of Greece.  
Next, on Pisandrus, and of dauntless heart  
Hippolochus he rush'd; they were the sons  
Of brave Antimachus, who with rich gifts  
By Paris bought, inflexible withheld  
From Menelaus still his lovely bride.  
His sons, the monarch, in one chariot borne  
Encounter'd; they (for they had lost the reins)  
With trepidation and united force  
Essay'd to check the steeds; astonishment  
Seized both; Atrides with a lion's rage  
Came on, and from the chariot thus they sued.

Oh spare us! son of Atreus, and accept  
Ransom immense. Antimachus our sire  
Is rich in various treasure, gold and brass,  
And temper'd steel, and, hearing the report  
That in Achaia's fleet his sons survive,  
He will requite thee with a glorious price.

So they, with tears and gentle terms the King  
Accosted, but no gentle answer heard.

Are ye indeed the offspring of the Chief  
Antimachus, who when my brother once

With godlike Laertiades your town  
Enter'd ambassador, his death advised  
In council, and to let him forth no more?  
Now rue ye both the baseness of your sire.

He said, and from his chariot to the plain  
Thrust down Pisandrus, piercing with keen lance  
His bosom, and supine he smote the field.  
Down leap'd Hippolochus, whom on the ground  
He slew, cut sheer his hands, and lopp'd his head,  
And roll'd it like a mortar through the ranks.  
He left the slain, and where he saw the field  
With thickest battle cover'd, thither flew  
By all the Grecians follow'd bright in arms.  
The scatter'd infantry constrained to fly,  
Fell by the infantry; the charioteers,  
While with loud hoofs their steeds the dusty soil  
Excited, o'er the charioteers their wheels  
Drove brazen-fellied, and the King of men  
Incessant slaughtering, called his Argives on.  
As when fierce flames some ancient forest seize,  
From side to side in flakes the various wind  
Rolls them, and to the roots devour'd, the trunks  
Fall prostrate under fury of the fire,  
So under Agamemnon fell the heads  
Of flying Trojans. Many a courser proud  
The empty chariots through the paths of war  
Whirl'd rattling, of their charioteers deprived;  
They breathless press'd the plain, now fitter far  
To feed the vultures than to cheer their wives.

Conceal'd, meantime, by Jove, Hector escaped  
The dust, darts, deaths, and tumult of the field;  
And Agamemnon to the swift pursuit  
Call'd loud the Grecians. Through the middle plain  
Beside the sepulchre of Ilus, son  
Of Dardanus, and where the fig-tree stood,

The Trojans flew, panting to gain the town,  
While Agamemnon pressing close the rear,  
Shout after shout terrific sent abroad,  
And his victorious hands reek'd, red with gore.  
But at the beech-tree and the Scæan gate  
Arrived, the Trojans halted, waiting there  
The rearmost fugitives; they o'er the field  
Came like a herd, which in the dead of night  
A lion drives; all fly, but one is doom'd  
To death inevitable; her with jaws  
True to their hold he seizes, and her neck  
Breaking, embowels her, and laps the blood;  
So, Atreus' royal son, the hindmost still  
Slaying, and still pursuing, urged them on.  
Many supine, and many prone, the field  
Press'd, by the son of Atreus in their flight  
Dismounted; for no weapon raged as his.  
But now, at last, when he should soon have reach'd  
The lofty walls of Ilium, came the Sire  
Of Gods and men descending from the skies,  
And on the heights of Ida fountain-fed,  
Sat arm'd with thunders. Calling to his foot  
Swift Iris golden-pinion'd, thus he spake.

Iris! away. Thus speak in Hector's ears.  
While yet he shall the son of Atreus see  
Fierce warring in the van, and mowing down  
The Trojan ranks, so long let him abstain  
From battle, leaving to his host the task  
Of bloody contest furious with the Greeks.  
But soon as Atreus' son by spear or shaft  
Wounded shall climb his chariot, with such force  
I will endue Hector, that he shall slay  
Till he have reach'd the ships, and till, the sun  
Descending, sacred darkness cover all.

He spake, nor rapid Iris disobey'd  
Storm-wing'd ambassadress, but from the heights  
Of Ida stoop'd to Ilium. There she found  
The son of royal Priam by the throng  
Of chariots and of steeds compass'd about  
She, standing at his side, him thus bespake.

Oh, son of Priam! as the Gods discreet!  
I bring thee counsel from the Sire of all.  
While yet thou shalt the son of Atreus see  
Fierce warring in the van, and mowing down  
The warrior ranks, so long he bids thee pause  
From battle, leaving to thy host the task  
Of bloody contest furious with the Greeks.  
But soon as Atreus' son, by spear or shaft  
Wounded, shall climb his chariot, Jove will then  
Endue thee with such force, that thou shalt slay  
Till thou have reach'd the ships, and till, the sun  
Descending, sacred darkness cover all.

So saying, swift-pinion'd Iris disappear'd.  
Then Hector from his chariot at a leap  
Came down all arm'd, and, shaking his bright spears,  
Ranged every quarter, animating loud  
The legions, and rekindling horrid war.  
Back roll'd the Trojan ranks, and faced the Greeks;  
The Greeks their host to closer phalanx drew;  
The battle was restored, van fronting van  
They stood, and Agamemnon into fight  
Sprang foremost, panting for superior fame.

Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell!  
What Trojan first, or what ally of Troy  
Opposed the force of Agamemnon's arm?  
Iphidamas, Antenor's valiant son,  
Of loftiest stature, who in fertile Thrace  
Mother of flocks was nourish'd, Cisseus him

His grandsire, father of Theano praised  
For loveliest features, in his own abode  
Rear'd yet a child, and when at length he reach'd  
The measure of his glorious manhood firm  
Dismiss'd him not, but, to engage him more,  
Gave him his daughter. Wedded, he his bride  
As soon deserted, and with galleys twelve  
Following the rumor'd voyage of the Greeks,  
The same course steer'd; but at Percope moor'd,  
And marching thence, arrived on foot at Troy.  
He first opposed Atrides. They approach'd.  
The spear of Agamemnon wander'd wide;  
But him Iphidamas on his broad belt  
Beneath the corselet struck, and, bearing still  
On his spear-beam, enforced it; but ere yet  
He pierced the broider'd zone, his point, impress'd  
Against the silver, turn'd, obtuse as lead.  
Then royal Agamemnon in his hand  
The weapon grasping, with a lion's rage  
Home drew it to himself, and from his gripe  
Wresting it, with his falchion keen his neck  
Smote full, and stretch'd him lifeless at his foot.  
So slept Iphidamas among the slain;  
Unhappy! from his virgin bride remote,  
Associate with the men of Troy in arms  
He fell, and left her beauties unenjoy'd.  
He gave her much, gave her a hundred beeves,  
And sheep and goats a thousand from his flocks  
Promised, for numberless his meadows ranged;  
But Agamemnon, son of Atreus, him  
Slew and despoil'd, and through the Grecian host  
Proceeded, laden with his gorgeous arms.  
Coön that sight beheld, illustrious Chief,  
Antenor's eldest born, but with dim eyes  
Through anguish for his brother's fall. Unseen  
Of noble Agamemnon, at his side  
He cautious stood, and with a spear his arm,

Where thickest flesh'd, below his elbow, pierced,  
Till opposite the glittering point appear'd.  
A thrilling horror seized the King of men  
So wounded; yet though wounded so, from fight  
He ceased not, but on Coön rush'd, his spear  
Grasping, well-thriven growth of many a wind.  
He by the foot drew off Iphidamas,  
His brother, son of his own sire, aloud  
Calling the Trojan leaders to his aid;  
When him so occupied with his keen point  
Atrides pierced his bossy shield beneath.  
Expiring on Iphidamas he fell  
Prostrate, and Agamemnon lopp'd his head.  
Thus, under royal Agamemnon's hand,  
Antenor's sons their destiny fulfill'd,  
And to the house of Ades journey'd both.  
Through other ranks of warriors then he pass'd,  
Now with his spear, now with his falchion arm'd,  
And now with missile force of massy stones,  
While yet his warm blood sallied from the wound.  
But when the wound grew dry, and the blood ceased,  
Anguish intolerable undermined  
Then all the might of Atreus' royal son.  
As when a laboring woman's arrowy throes  
Seize her intense, by Juno's daughters dread  
The birth-presiding Ilithyæ deep  
Infixt, dispensers of those pangs severe;  
So, anguish insupportable subdued  
Then all the might of Atreus' royal son.  
Up-springing to his seat, instant he bade  
His charioteer drive to the hollow barks,  
Heart-sick himself with pain; yet, ere he went,  
With voice loud-echoing hail'd the Danaï.

Friends! counsellors and leaders of the Greeks!  
Now drive, yourselves, the battle from your ships.



For me the Gods permit not to employ  
In fight with Ilium's host the day entire.

He ended, and the charioteer his steeds  
Lash'd to the ships; they not unwilling flew,  
Bearing from battle the afflicted King  
With foaming chests and bellies grey with dust.  
Soon Hector, noting his retreat, aloud  
Call'd on the Trojans and allies of Troy.

Trojans and Lycians, and close-fighting sons  
Of Dardanus! oh summon all your might;  
Now, now be men! Their bravest is withdrawn!  
Glory and honor from Saturnian Jove  
On me attend; now full against the Greeks  
Drive all your steeds, and win a deathless name.

He spake—and all drew courage from his word.  
As when his hounds bright-tooth'd some hunter cheers  
Against the lion or the forest-boar,  
So Priameïan Hector cheer'd his host  
Magnanimous against the sons of Greece,  
Terrible as gore-tainted Mars. Among  
The foremost warriors, with success elate  
He strode, and flung himself into the fight  
Black as a storm which sudden from on high  
Descending, furrows deep the gloomy flood.

Then whom slew Priameïan Hector first,  
Whom last, by Jove, that day, with glory crown'd?  
Assæus, Dolops, Orus, Agelaüs,  
Autonoüs, Hipponoüs, Æsymnus,  
Opheltius and Opites first he slew,  
All leaders of the Greeks, and, after these,  
The people. As when whirlwinds of the West  
A storm encounter from the gloomy South,  
The waves roll multitudinous, and the foam

Upswept by wandering gusts fills all the air,  
So Hector swept the Grecians. Then defeat  
Past remedy and havoc had ensued,  
Then had the routed Grecians, flying, sought  
Their ships again, but that Ulysses thus  
Summon'd the brave Tydides to his aid.

Whence comes it, Diomede, that we forget  
Our wonted courage? Hither, O my friend!  
And, fighting at my side, ward off the shame  
That must be ours, should Hector seize the fleet.

To whom the valiant Diomede replied.  
I will be firm; trust me thou shalt not find  
Me shrinking; yet small fruit of our attempts  
Shall follow, for the Thunderer, not to us,  
But to the Trojan, gives the glorious day.

The Hero spake, and from his chariot cast  
Thymbræus to the ground pierced through the pap,  
While by Ulysses' hand his charioteer  
Godlike Molion, fell. The warfare thus  
Of both for ever closed, them there they left,  
And plunging deep into the warrior-throng  
Troubled the multitude. As when two boars  
Turn desperate on the close-pursuing hounds,  
So they, returning on the host of Troy,  
Slew on all sides, and overtoil'd with flight  
From Hector's arm, the Greeks meantime respired.  
Two warriors, next, their chariot and themselves  
They took, plebeians brave, sons of the seer  
Percosian Merops in prophetic skill  
Surpassing all; he both his sons forbad  
The mortal field, but disobedient they  
Still sought it, for their destiny prevail'd.  
Spear-practised Diomede of life deprived  
Both these, and stripp'd them of their glorious arms,

While by Ulysses' hand Hippodamus  
Died and Hypeirochus. And now the son  
Of Saturn, looking down from Ida, poised  
The doubtful war, and mutual deaths they dealt.  
Tydides plunged his spear into the groin  
Of the illustrious son of Pæon, bold  
Agastrophus. No steeds at his command  
Had he, infatuate! but his charioteer  
His steeds detain'd remote, while through the van  
Himself on foot rush'd madly till he fell.  
But Hector through the ranks darting his eye  
Perceived, and with ear-piercing cries advanced  
Against them, follow'd by the host of Troy.  
The son of Tydeus, shuddering, his approach  
Discern'd, and instant to Ulysses spake.

Now comes the storm! This way the mischief rolls!  
Stand and repulse the Trojan. Now be firm.

He said, and hurling his long-shadow'd beam  
Smote Hector. At his helmet's crown he aim'd,  
Nor err'd, but brass encountering brass, the point  
Glanced wide, for he had cased his youthful brows  
In triple brass, Apollo's glorious gift.  
Yet with rapidity at such a shock  
Hector recoil'd into the multitude  
Afar, where sinking to his knees, he lean'd  
On his broad palm, and darkness veil'd his eyes.  
But while Tydides follow'd through the van  
His stormy spear, which in the distant soil  
Implanted stood, Hector his scatter'd sense  
Recovering, to his chariot sprang again,  
And, diving deep into his host, escaped.  
The noble son of Tydeus, spear in hand,  
Rush'd after him, and as he went, exclaim'd.

Dog! thou hast now escaped; but, sure the stroke  
Approach'd thee nigh, well-aim'd. Once more thy prayers  
Which ever to Apollo thou prefer'st  
Entering the clash of battle, have prevail'd,  
And he hath rescued thee. But well beware  
Our next encounter, for if also me  
Some God befriend, thou diest. Now will I seek  
Another mark, and smite whom next I may.

He spake, and of his armor stripp'd the son  
Spear-famed of Pæon. Meantime Paris, mate  
Of beauteous Helen, drew his bow against  
Tydides; by a pillar of the tomb  
Of Ilus, ancient senator revered,  
Conceal'd he stood, and while the Hero loosed  
His corselet from the breast of Pæon's son  
Renown'd, and of his helmet and his targe  
Despoil'd him; Paris, arching quick his bow,  
No devious shaft dismiss'd, but his right foot  
Pierced through the sole, and fix'd it to the ground.  
Transported from his ambush forth he leap'd  
With a loud laugh, and, vaunting, thus exclaim'd:

Oh shaft well shot! it galls thee. Would to heaven  
That it had pierced thy heart, and thou hadst died!  
So had the Trojans respite from their toils  
Enjoy'd, who, now, shudder at sight of thee  
Like she-goats when the lion is at hand.

To whom, undaunted, Diomedes replied.  
Archer shrew-tongued! spie-maiden! man of curls!  
Shouldst thou in arms attempt me face to face,  
Thy bow and arrows should avail thee nought.  
Vain boaster! thou hast scratch'd my foot—no more—  
And I regard it as I might the stroke  
Of a weak woman or a simple child.  
The weapons of a dastard and a slave

Are ever such. More terrible are mine,  
And whom they pierce, though slightly pierced, he dies.  
His wife her cheeks rends inconsolable,  
His babes are fatherless, his blood the glebe  
Incarnadines, and where he bleeds and rots  
More birds of prey than women haunt the place.

He ended, and Ulysses, drawing nigh,  
Shelter'd Tydides; he behind the Chief  
Of Ithaca sat drawing forth the shaft,  
But pierced with agonizing pangs the while.  
Then, climbing to his chariot-seat, he bade  
Sthenelus hasten to the hollow ships,  
Heart-sick with pain. And now alone was seen  
Spear-famed Ulysses; not an Argive more  
Remain'd, so universal was the rout,  
And groaning, to his own great heart he said.

Alas! what now awaits me? If, appall'd  
By multitudes, I fly, much detriment;  
And if alone they intercept me here,  
Still more; for Jove hath scatter'd all the host,  
Yet why these doubts! for know I not of old  
That only dastards fly, and that the voice  
Of honor bids the famed in battle stand,  
Bleed they themselves, or cause their foes to bleed?  
While busied in such thought he stood, the ranks  
Of Trojans fronted with broad shields, enclosed  
The hero with a ring, hemming around  
Their own destruction. As when dogs, and swains  
In prime of manhood, from all quarters rush  
Around a boar, he from his thicket bolts,  
The bright tusk whetting in his crooked jaws:  
They press him on all sides, and from beneath  
Loud gnashings hear, yet firm, his threats defy;  
Like them the Trojans on all sides assail'd  
Ulysses dear to Jove. First with his spear

He sprang impetuous on a valiant chief,  
Whose shoulder with a downright point he pierced,  
Deïopites; Thoön next he slew,  
And Ennomus, and from his coursers' backs  
Alighting quick, Chersidamas; beneath  
His bossy shield the gliding weapon pass'd  
Right through his navel; on the plain he fell  
Expiring, and with both hands clench'd the dust.  
Them slain he left, and Charops wounded next,  
Brother of Socus, generous Chief, and son  
Of Hippasus; brave Socus to the aid  
Of Charops flew, and, godlike, thus began.

Illustrious chief, Ulysses! strong to toil  
And rich in artifice! Or boast to-day  
Two sons of Hippasus, brave warriors both,  
Of armor and of life bereft by thee,  
Or to my vengeful spear resign thy own!

So saying, Ulysses' oval disk he smote.  
Through his bright disk the stormy weapon flew,  
Transpierced his twisted mail, and from his side  
Drove all the skin, but to his nobler parts  
Found entrance none, by Pallas turn'd aslant.  
Ulysses, conscious of his life untouch'd,  
Retired a step from Socus, and replied.

Ah hapless youth; thy fate is on the wing;  
Me thou hast forced indeed to cease a while  
From battle with the Trojans, but I speak  
Thy death at hand; for vanquish'd by my spear,  
This self-same day thou shalt to me resign  
Thy fame, thy soul to Pluto steed-renown'd.

He ceased; then Socus turn'd his back to fly,  
But, as he turn'd, his shoulder-blades between  
He pierced him, and the spear urged through his breast.

On his resounding arms he fell, and thus  
Godlike Ulysses gloried in his fall.

Ah, Socus, son of Hippasus, a chief  
Of fame equestrian! swifter far than thou  
Death follow'd thee, and thou hast not escaped.  
Ill-fated youth! thy parents' hands thine eyes  
Shall never close, but birds of ravenous maw  
Shall tear thee, flapping thee with frequent wing,  
While me the noble Grecians shall entomb!

So saying, the valiant Socus' spear he drew  
From his own flesh, and through his bossy shield.  
The weapon drawn, forth sprang the blood, and left  
His spirit faint. Then Ilium's dauntless sons,  
Seeing Ulysses' blood, exhorted glad  
Each other, and, with force united, all  
Press'd on him. He, retiring, summon'd loud  
His followers. Thrice, loud as mortal may,  
He call'd, and valiant Menelaus thrice  
Hearing the voice, to Ajax thus remark'd.

Illustrious son of Telamon! The voice  
Of Laertiades comes o'er my ear  
With such a sound, as if the hardy chief,  
Abandon'd of his friends, were overpower'd  
By numbers intercepting his retreat.  
Haste! force we quick a passage through the ranks.  
His worth demands our succor, for I fear  
Lest sole conflicting with the host of Troy,  
Brave as he is, he perish, to the loss  
Unspeakable and long regret of Greece.

So saying, he went, and Ajax, godlike Chief,  
Follow'd him. At the voice arrived, they found  
Ulysses Jove-beloved compass'd about  
By Trojans, as the lynxes in the hills,

Ajust for blood, compass an antler'd stag  
Pierced by an archer; while his blood is warm  
And his limbs pliable, from him he 'scapes;  
But when the feather'd barb hath quell'd his force,  
In some dark hollow of the mountain's side,  
The hungry troop devour him; chance, the while,  
Conducts a lion thither, before whom  
All vanish, and the lion feeds alone;  
So swarm'd the Trojan powers, numerous and bold,  
Around Ulysses, who with wary skill  
Heroic combated his evil day.  
But Ajax came, cover'd with his broad shield  
That seem'd a tower, and at Ulysses' side  
Stood fast; then fled the Trojans wide-dispersed,  
And Menelaus led him by the hand  
Till his own chariot to his aid approach'd.  
But Ajax, springing on the Trojans, slew  
Doryclus, from the loins of Priam sprung,  
But spurious. Pandocus he wounded next,  
Then wounded Pyrasus, and after him  
Pylartes and Lysander. As a flood  
Runs headlong from the mountains to the plain  
After long showers from Jove; many a dry oak  
And many a pine the torrent sweeps along,  
And, turbid, shoots much soil into the sea,  
So, glorious Ajax troubled wide the field,  
Horse and man slaughtering, whereof Hector yet  
Heard not; for on the left of all the war  
He fought beside Scamander, where around  
Huge Nestor, and Idomeneus the brave,  
Most deaths were dealt, and loudest roar'd the fight.  
There Hector toil'd, feats wonderful of spear  
And horsemanship achieving, and the lines  
Of many a phalanx desolating wide.  
Nor even then had the bold Greeks retired,  
But that an arrow triple-barb'd, dispatch'd  
By Paris, Helen's mate, against the Chief



Machaon warring with distinguish'd force,  
Pierced his right shoulder. For his sake alarm'd,  
The valor-breathing Grecians fear'd, lest he  
In that disast'rous field should also fall.  
At once, Idomeneus of Crete approach'd  
The noble Nestor, and him thus bespake.

Arise, Neleian Nestor! Pride of Greece!  
Ascend thy chariot, and Machaon placed  
Beside thee, bear him, instant to the fleet.  
For one, so skill'd in medicine, and to free  
The inherent barb, is worth a multitude.

He said, nor the Gerenian hero old  
Aught hesitated, but into his seat  
Ascended, and Machaon, son renown'd  
Of Æsculapius, mounted at his side.  
He lash'd the steeds, they not unwilling sought  
The hollow ships, long their familiar home.

Cebriones, meantime, the charioteer  
Of Hector, from his seat the Trojan ranks  
Observing sore discomfited, began.

Here are we busied, Hector! on the skirts  
Of roaring battle, and meantime I see  
Our host confused, their horses and themselves  
All mingled. Telamonian Ajax there  
Routs them; I know the hero by his shield.  
Haste, drive we thither, for the carnage most  
Of horse and foot conflicting furious, there  
Rages, and infinite the shouts arise.

He said, and with shrill-sounding scourge the steeds  
Smote ample-maned; they, at the sudden stroke  
Through both hosts whirl'd the chariot, shields and men  
Trampling; with blood the axle underneath

All redden'd, and the chariot-rings with drops  
From the horse-hoofs, and from the fellied wheels.  
Full on the multitude he drove, on fire  
To burst the phalanx, and confusion sent  
Among the Greeks, for nought he shunn'd the spear.  
All quarters else with falchion or with lance,  
Or with huge stones he ranged, but cautious shunn'd  
The encounter of the Telamonian Chief.

But the eternal father throned on high  
With fear fill'd Ajax; panic-fixt he stood,  
His seven-fold shield behind his shoulder cast,  
And hemm'd by numbers, with an eye askant,  
Watchful retreated. As a beast of prey  
Retiring, turns and looks, so he his face  
Turn'd oft, retiring slow, and step by step.  
As when the watch-dogs and assembled swains  
Have driven a tawny lion from the stalls,  
Then, interdicting him his wish'd repast,  
Watch all the night, he, famish'd, yet again  
Comes furious on, but speeds not, kept aloof  
By frequent spears from daring hands, but more  
By flash of torches, which, though fierce, he dreads,  
Till, at the dawn, sullen he stalks away;  
So from before the Trojans Ajax stalk'd  
Sullen, and with reluctance slow retired.  
His brave heart trembling for the fleet of Greece.  
As when (the boys o'erpower'd) a sluggish ass,  
On whose tough sides they have spent many a staff,  
Enters the harvest, and the spiry ears  
Crops persevering; with their rods the boys  
Still ply him hard, but all their puny might  
Scarce drives him forth when he hath browsed his fill,  
So, there, the Trojans and their foreign aids  
With glittering lances keen huge Ajax urged,  
His broad shield's centre smiting. He, by turns,  
With desperate force the Trojan phalanx dense

Facing, repulsed them, and by turns he fled,  
But still forbad all inroad on the fleet.  
Trojans and Greeks between, alone, he stood  
A bulwark. Spears from daring hands dismiss'd  
Some, piercing his broad shield, there planted stood,  
While others, in the midway falling, spent  
Their disappointed rage deep in the ground.

Eurypylus, Evæmon's noble son,  
Him seeing, thus, with weapons overwhelmed  
Flew to his side, his glittering lance dismiss'd,  
And Apisaon, son of Phausias, struck  
Under the midriff; through his liver pass'd  
The ruthless point, and, falling, he expired.  
Forth sprang Eurypylus to seize the spoil;  
Whom soon as godlike Alexander saw  
Despoiling Apisaon of his arms,  
Drawing incontinent his bow, he sent  
A shaft to his right thigh; the brittle reed  
Snapp'd, and the rankling barb stuck fast within.  
Terrified at the stroke, the wounded Chief  
To his own band retired, but, as he went,  
With echoing voice call'd on the Danaï—

Friends! Counsellors, and leaders of the Greeks!  
Turn ye and stand, and from his dreadful lot  
Save Ajax whelm'd with weapons; 'scape, I judge,  
He cannot from the roaring fight, yet oh  
Stand fast around him; if save ye may,  
Your champion huge, the Telamonian Chief!

So spake the wounded warrior. They at once  
With sloping bucklers, and with spears erect,  
To his relief approach'd. Ajax with joy  
The friendly phalanx join'd, then turn'd and stood.

Thus burn'd the embattled field as with the flames  
Of a devouring fire. Meantime afar  
From all that tumult the Neleian mares  
Bore Nestor, foaming as they ran, with whom  
Machaon also rode, leader revered.  
Achilles mark'd him passing; for he stood  
Exalted on his huge ship's lofty stern,  
Spectator of the toil severe, and flight  
Deplorable of the defeated Greeks.  
He call'd his friend Patroclus. He below  
Within his tent the sudden summons heard  
And sprang like Mars abroad, all unaware  
That in that sound he heard the voice of fate.  
Him first Menœtius' gallant son address'd.

What would Achilles? Wherefore hath he call'd?  
To whom Achilles swiftest of the swift:

Brave Menœtiades! my soul's delight!  
Soon will the Grecians now my knees surround  
Suppliant, by dread extremity constrain'd.  
But fly Patroclus, haste, oh dear to Jove!  
Inquire of Nestor, whom he hath convey'd  
From battle, wounded? Viewing him behind,  
I most believed him Æsculapius' son  
Machaon, but the steeds so swiftly pass'd  
My galley, that his face escaped my note.

He said, and prompt to gratify his friend,  
Forth ran Patroclus through the camp of Greece.

Now when Neleian Nestor to his tent  
Had brought Machaon, they alighted both,  
And the old hero's friend Eurymedon  
Released the coursers. On the beach awhile  
Their tunics sweat-imbued in the cool air  
They ventilated, facing full the breeze,

Then on soft couches in the tent reposed.  
Meantime, their beverage Hecamede mix'd,  
The old King's bright-hair'd captive, whom he brought  
From Tenedos, what time Achilles sack'd  
The city, daughter of the noble Chief  
Arsinoüs, and selected from the rest  
For Nestor, as the honorable meed  
Of counsels always eminently wise.  
She, first, before them placed a table bright,  
With feet cœrulean; thirst-provoking sauce  
She brought them also in a brazen tray,  
Garlic and honey new, and sacred meal.  
Beside them, next, she placed a noble cup  
Of labor exquisite, which from his home  
The ancient King had brought with golden studs  
Embellish'd; it presented to the grasp  
Four ears; two golden turtles, perch'd on each,  
Seem'd feeding, and two turtles form'd the base.  
That cup once fill'd, all others must have toil'd  
To move it from the board, but it was light  
In Nestor's hand; he lifted it with ease.  
The graceful virgin in that cup a draught  
Mix'd for them, Pramnian wine and savory cheese  
Of goat's milk, grated with a brazen rasp,  
Then sprinkled all with meal. The draught prepared,  
She gave it to their hand; they, drinking, slaked  
Their fiery thirst, and with each other sat  
Conversing friendly, when the godlike youth  
By brave Achilles sent, stood at the door.

Him seeing, Nestor from his splendid couch  
Arose, and by the hand leading him in,  
Entreated him to sit, but that request  
Patroclus, on his part refusing, said,

Oh venerable King! no seat is here  
For me, nor may thy courtesy prevail.

He is irascible, and to be fear'd  
Who bade me ask what Chieftain thou hast brought  
From battle, wounded; but untold I learn;  
I see Machaon, and shall now report  
As I have seen; oh ancient King revered!  
Thou know'st Achilles fiery, and propense  
Blame to impute even where blame is none.

To whom the brave Gerenian thus replied.  
Why feels Achilles for the wounded Greeks  
Such deep concern? He little knows the height  
To which our sorrows swell. Our noblest lie  
By spear or arrow wounded in the fleet.  
Diomedes, warlike son of Tydeus, bleeds,  
Gall'd by a shaft; Ulysses, glorious Chief,  
And Agamemnon suffer by the spear;  
Eurypylus is shot into the thigh,  
And here lies still another newly brought  
By me from fight, pierced also by a shaft.  
What then? How strong soe'er to give them aid,  
Achilles feels no pity of the Greeks.  
Waits he till every vessel on the shore  
Fired, in despite of the whole Argive host,  
Be sunk in its own ashes, and ourselves  
All perish, heaps on heaps? For in my limbs  
No longer lives the agility of my youth.  
Oh, for the vigor of those days again,  
When Elis, for her cattle which we took,  
Strove with us and Itymoneus I slew,  
Brave offspring of Hypirochus; he dwelt  
In Elis, and while I the pledges drove,  
Stood for his herd, but fell among the first  
By a spear hurl'd from my victorious arm.  
Then fled the rustic multitude, and we  
Drove off abundant booty from the plain,  
Herds fifty of fat beeves, large flocks of goats  
As many, with as many sheep and swine,

And full thrice fifty mares of brightest hue,  
All breeders, many with their foals beneath.  
All these, by night returning safe, we drove  
Into Neleian Pylus, and the heart  
Rejoiced of Neleus, in a son so young  
A warrior, yet enrich'd with such a prize.  
At early dawn the heralds summon'd loud  
The citizens, to prove their just demands  
On fruitful Elis, and the assembled Chiefs  
Division made (for numerous were the debts  
Which the Epeans, in the weak estate  
Of the unpeopled Pylus, had incurr'd;  
For Hercules, few years before, had sack'd  
Our city, and our mightiest slain. Ourselves  
The gallant sons of Neleus, were in all  
Twelve youths, of whom myself alone survived;  
The rest all perish'd; whence, presumptuous grown,  
The brazen-mail'd Epeans wrong'd us oft).  
A herd of beeves my father for himself  
Selected, and a numerous flock beside,  
Three hundred sheep, with shepherds for them all.  
For he a claimant was of large arrears  
From sacred Elis. Four unrivall'd steeds  
With his own chariot to the games he sent,  
That should contend for the appointed prize  
A tripod; but Augeias, King of men,  
Detain'd the steeds, and sent the charioteer  
Defrauded home. My father, therefore, fired  
At such foul outrage both of deeds and words,  
Took much, and to the Pylians gave the rest  
For satisfaction of the claims of all.  
While thus we busied were in these concerns,  
And in performance of religious rites  
Throughout the city, came the Epeans arm'd,  
Their whole vast multitude both horse and foot  
On the third day; came also clad in brass  
The two Molions, inexpert as yet

In feats of arms, and of a boyish age.  
There is a city on a mountain's head,  
Fast by the banks of Alpheus, far remote,  
The utmost town which sandy Pylus owns,  
Named Thryoëssa, and, with ardor fired  
To lay it waste, that city they besieged.  
Now when their host had traversed all the plain,  
Minerva from Olympus flew by night  
And bade us arm; nor were the Pylians slow  
To assemble, but impatient for the fight.  
Me, then, my father suffer'd not to arm,  
But hid my steeds, for he supposed me raw  
As yet, and ignorant how war is waged.  
Yet, even thus, unvantaged and on foot,  
Superior honors I that day acquired  
To theirs who rode, for Pallas led me on  
Herself to victory. There is a stream  
Which at Arena falls into the sea,  
Named Minuëius; on that river's bank  
The Pylian horsemen waited day's approach,  
And thither all our foot came pouring down.  
The flood divine of Alpheus thence we reach'd  
At noon, all arm'd complete; there, hallow'd rites  
We held to Jove omnipotent, and slew  
A bull to sacred Alpheus, with a bull  
To Neptune, and a heifer of the herd  
To Pallas; then, all marshall'd as they were,  
From van to rear our legions took repast,  
And at the river's side slept on their arms.  
Already the Epean host had round  
Begirt the city, bent to lay it waste,  
A task which cost them, first, both blood and toil,  
For when the radiant sun on the green earth  
Had risen, with prayer to Pallas and to Jove,  
We gave them battle. When the Pylian host  
And the Epeans thus were close engaged,  
I first a warrior slew, Mulius the brave,



And seized his coursers. He the eldest-born  
Of King Augeias' daughters had espoused  
The golden Agamede; not an herb  
The spacious earth yields but she knew its powers,  
Him, rushing on me, with my brazen lance  
I smote, and in the dust he fell; I leap'd  
Into his seat, and drove into the van.  
A panic seized the Epeans when they saw  
The leader of their horse o'erthrown, a Chief  
Surpassing all in fight. Black as a cloud  
With whirlwind fraught, I drove impetuous on,  
Took fifty chariots, and at side of each  
Lay two slain warriors, with their teeth the soil  
Grinding, all vanquish'd by my single arm.  
I had slain also the Molions, sons  
Of Actor, but the Sovereign of the deep  
Their own authentic Sire, in darkness dense  
Involving both, convey'd them safe away.  
Then Jove a victory of prime renown  
Gave to the Pylians; for we chased and slew  
And gather'd spoil o'er all the champain spread  
With scatter'd shields, till we our steeds had driven  
To the Buprasian fields laden with corn,  
To the Olenian rock, and to a town  
In fair Colona situate, and named  
Alesia. There it was that Pallas turn'd  
Our people homeward; there I left the last  
Of all the slain, and he was slain by me.  
Then drove the Achaians from Buprasium home  
Their coursers fleet, and Jove, of Gods above,  
Received most praise, Nestor of men below.

Such once was I. But brave Achilles shuts  
His virtues close, an unimparted store;  
Yet even he shall weep, when all the host,  
His fellow-warriors once, shall be destroy'd.  
But recollect, young friend! the sage advice

Which when thou earnest from Phthia to the aid  
Of Agamemnon, on that selfsame day  
Menœtius gave thee. We were present there,  
Ulysses and myself, both in the house,  
And heard it all; for to the house we came  
Of Peleus in our journey through the land  
Of fertile Greece, gathering her states to war.  
We found thy noble sire Menœtius there,  
Thee and Achilles; ancient Peleus stood  
To Jove the Thunderer offering in his court  
Thighs of an ox, and on the blazing rites  
Libation pouring from a cup of gold.  
While ye on preparation of the feast  
Attended both, Ulysses and myself  
Stood in the vestibule; Achilles flew  
Toward us, introduced us by the hand,  
And, seating us, such liberal portion gave  
To each, as hospitality requires.  
Our thirst, at length, and hunger both sufficed,  
I, foremost speaking, ask'd you to the wars,  
And ye were eager both, but from your sires  
Much admonition, ere ye went, received.  
Old Peleus charged Achilles to aspire  
To highest praise, and always to excel.  
But thee, thy sire Menœtius thus advised.  
"My son! Achilles boasts the nobler birth,  
But thou art elder; he in strength excels  
Thee far; thou, therefore, with discretion rule  
His inexperience; thy advice impart  
With gentleness; instruction wise suggest  
Wisely, and thou shalt find him apt to learn."  
So thee thy father taught, but, as it seems,  
In vain. Yet even now essay to move  
Warlike Achilles; if the Gods so please,  
Who knows but that thy reasons may prevail  
To rouse his valiant heart? men rarely scorn  
The earnest intercession of a friend.

But if some prophecy alarm his fears,  
And from his Goddess mother he have aught  
Received, who may have learnt the same from Jove,  
Thee let him send at least, and order forth  
With thee the Myrmidons; a dawn of hope  
Shall thence, it may be, on our host arise.  
And let him send thee to the battle clad  
In his own radiant armor; Troy, deceived  
By such resemblance, shall abstain perchance  
From conflict, and the weary Greeks enjoy  
Short respite; it is all that war allows.  
Fresh as ye are, ye, by your shouts alone,  
May easily repulse an army spent  
With labor from the camp and from the fleet.

Thus Nestor, and his mind bent to his words.  
Back to Æacides through all the camp  
He ran; and when, still running, he arrived  
Among Ulysses' barks, where they had fix'd  
The forum, where they minister'd the laws,  
And had erected altars to the Gods,  
There him Eurypylus, Evæmon's son,  
Illustrious met, deep-wounded in his thigh,  
And halting-back from battle. From his head  
The sweat, and from his shoulders ran profuse,  
And from his perilous wound the sable blood  
Continual stream'd; yet was his mind composed.  
Him seeing, Menœtiades the brave  
Compassion felt, and mournful, thus began.

Ah hapless senators and Chiefs of Greece!  
Left ye your native country that the dogs  
Might fatten on your flesh at distant Troy?  
But tell me, Hero! say, Eurypylus!  
Have the Achaians power still to withstand  
The enormous force of Hector, or is this  
The moment when his spear must pierce us all?

To whom Eurypylus, discreet, replied.  
Patroclus, dear to Jove! there is no help,  
No remedy. We perish at our ships.  
The warriors, once most strenuous of the Greeks,  
Lie wounded in the fleet by foes whose might  
Increases ever. But thyself afford  
To me some succor; lead me to my ship;  
Cut forth the arrow from my thigh; the gore  
With warm ablution cleanse, and on the wound  
Smooth unguents spread, the same as by report  
Achilles taught thee; taught, himself, their use  
By Chiron, Centaur, justest of his kind  
For Podalirius and Machaon both  
Are occupied. Machaon, as I judge,  
Lies wounded in his tent, needing like aid  
Himself, and Podalirius in the field  
Maintains sharp conflict with the sons of Troy.

To whom Menœtius' gallant son replied.  
Hero! Eurypylus! how shall we act  
In this perplexity? what course pursue?  
I seek the brave Achilles, to whose ear  
I bear a message from the ancient chief  
Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Greeks.  
Yet will I not, even for such a cause,  
My friend! abandon thee in thy distress.

He ended, and his arms folding around  
The warrior bore him thence into his tent.  
His servant, on his entrance, spread the floor  
With hides, on which Patroclus at his length  
Extended him, and with his knife cut forth  
The rankling point; with tepid lotion, next,  
He cleansed the gore, and with a bitter root  
Bruised small between his palms, sprinkled the wound.

At once, the anodyne his pain assuaged,  
The wound was dried within, and the blood ceased.

## Book XII

### ARGUMENT OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

The Trojans assail the ramparts, and Hector forces the gates.

So was Menœtius' gallant son employ'd  
Healing Eurypylus. The Greeks, meantime,  
And Trojans with tumultuous fury fought.  
Nor was the foss ordain'd long time to exclude  
The host of Troy, nor yet the rampart built  
Beside it for protection of the fleet;  
For hecatomb the Greeks had offer'd none,  
Nor prayer to heaven, that it might keep secure  
Their ships with all their spoils. The mighty work  
As in defiance of the Immortal Powers  
Had risen, and could not therefore long endure.  
While Hector lived, and while Achilles held  
His wrathful purpose; while the city yet  
Of royal Priam was unsack'd, so long  
The massy structure stood; but when the best  
And bravest of the Trojan host were slain,  
And of the Grecian heroes, some had fallen  
And some survived, when Priam's towers had blazed  
In the tenth year, and to their native shores  
The Grecians with their ships, at length, return'd,  
Then Neptune, with Apollo leagued, devised  
Its ruin; every river that descends  
From the Idæan heights into the sea  
They brought against it, gathering all their force.  
Rhesus, Caresus, Rhodius, the wide-branch'd  
Heptaporus, Æsepus, Granicus,  
Scamander's sacred current, and thy stream  
Simöis, whose banks with helmets and with shields  
Were strew'd, and Chiefs of origin divine;

All these with reflux course Apollo drove  
Nine days against the rampart, and Jove rain'd  
Incessant, that the Grecian wall wave-whelm'd  
Through all its length might sudden disappear.  
Neptune with his trident mace, himself,  
Led them, and beam and buttress to the flood  
Consigning, laid by the laborious Greeks,  
Swept the foundation, and the level bank  
Of the swift-rolling Hellespont restored.  
The structure thus effaced, the spacious beach  
He spread with sand as at the first; then bade  
Subside the streams, and in their channels wind  
With limpid course, and pleasant as before,

Apollo thus and Neptune, from the first,  
Design'd its fall; but now the battle raved  
And clamors of the warriors all around  
The strong-built turrets, whose assaulted planks  
Rang, while the Grecians, by the scourge of Jove  
Subdued, stood close within their fleet immured,  
At Hector's phalanx-scattering force appall'd.  
He, as before, with whirlwind fury fought.  
As when the boar or lion fiery-eyed  
Turns short, the hunters and the hounds among,  
The close-embattled troop him firm oppose,  
And ply him fast with spears; he no dismay  
Conceives or terror in his noble heart,  
But by his courage falls; frequent he turns  
Attempting bold the ranks, and where he points  
Direct his onset, there the ranks retire;  
So, through the concourse on his rolling wheels  
Borne rapid, Hector animated loud  
His fellow-warriors to surpass the trench.  
But not his own swift-footed steeds would dare  
That hazard; standing on the dangerous brink  
They neigh'd aloud, for by its breadth the foss  
Deterr'd them; neither was the effort slight

To leap that gulf, nor easy the attempt  
To pass it through; steep were the banks profound  
On both sides, and with massy piles acute  
Thick-planted, interdicting all assault.  
No courser to the rapid chariot braced  
Had enter'd there with ease; yet strong desires  
Possess'd the infantry of that emprize,  
And thus Polydamas the ear address'd  
Of dauntless Hector, standing at his side.

Hector, and ye the leaders of our host,  
Both Trojans and allies! rash the attempt  
I deem, and vain, to push our horses through,  
So dangerous is the pass; rough is the trench  
With pointed stakes, and the Achaian wall  
Meets us beyond. No chariot may descend  
Or charioteer fight there; strait are the bounds,  
And incommodious, and his death were sure.  
If Jove, high-thundering Ruler of the skies,  
Will succor Ilium, and nought less intend  
Than utter devastation of the Greeks,  
I am content; now perish all their host  
Inglorious, from their country far remote.  
But should they turn, and should ourselves be driven  
Back from the fleet impeded and perplex'd  
In this deep foss, I judge that not a man,  
'Scaping the rallied Grecians, should survive  
To bear the tidings of our fate to Troy.  
Now, therefore, act we all as I advise.  
Let every charioteer his coursers hold  
Fast-rein'd beside the foss, while we on foot,  
With order undisturb'd and arms in hand,  
Shall follow Hector. If destruction borne  
On wings of destiny this day approach  
The Grecians, they will fly our first assault.



So spake Polydamas, whose safe advice  
Pleased Hector; from his chariot to the ground  
All arm'd he leap'd, nor would a Trojan there  
(When once they saw the Hero on his feet)  
Ride into battle, but unanimous  
Descending with a leap, all trod the plain.  
Each gave command that at the trench his steeds  
Should stand detain'd in orderly array;  
Then, suddenly, the parted host became  
Five bands, each following its appointed chief.  
The bravest and most numerous, and whose hearts  
Wish'd most to burst the barrier and to wage  
The battle at the ships, with Hector march'd  
And with Polydamas, whom follow'd, third,  
Cebriones; for Hector had his steeds  
Consign'd and chariot to inferior care.  
Paris, Alcathoüs, and Agenor led  
The second band, and, sons of Priam both,  
Deïphobus and Helenus, the third;  
With them was seen partner of their command;  
The Hero Asius; from Arisba came  
Asius Hyrtacides, to battle drawn  
From the Selleïs banks by martial steeds  
Hair'd fiery-red and of the noblest size.  
The fourth, Anchises' mighty son controll'd,  
Æneas; under him Antenor's sons,  
Archilochus and Acamas, advanced,  
Adept in all the practice of the field.  
Last came the glorious powers in league with Troy  
Led by Sarpedon; he with Glaucus shared  
His high control, and with the warlike Chief  
Asteropæus; for of all his host  
Them bravest he esteem'd, himself except  
Superior in heroic might to all.  
And now (their shields adjusted each to each)  
With dauntless courage fired, right on they moved  
Against the Grecians; nor expected less

Than that beside their sable ships, the host  
Should self-abandon'd fall an easy prey.

The Trojans, thus with their confederate powers,  
The counsel of the accomplish'd Prince pursued,  
Polydamas, one Chief alone except,  
Asius Hyrtacides. He scorn'd to leave  
His charioteer and coursers at the trench,  
And drove toward the fleet. Ah, madly brave!  
His evil hour was come; he was ordain'd  
With horse and chariot and triumphant shout  
To enter wind-swept Ilium never more.  
Deucalion's offspring, first, into the shades  
Dismiss'd him; by Idomeneus he died.  
Leftward he drove furious, along the road  
By which the steeds and chariots of the Greeks  
Return'd from battle; in that track he flew,  
Nor found the portals by the massy bar  
Secured, but open for reception safe  
Of fugitives, and to a guard consign'd.  
Thither he drove direct, and in his rear  
His band shrill-shouting follow'd, for they judged  
The Greeks no longer able to withstand  
Their foes, but sure to perish in the camp.  
Vain hope! for in the gate two Chiefs they found  
Lapithæ-born, courageous offspring each  
Of dauntless father; Polypœtes, this,  
Sprung from Pirithöus; that, the warrior bold  
Leonteus, terrible as gore-tainted Mars.  
These two, defenders of the lofty gates,  
Stood firm before them. As when two tall oaks  
On the high mountains day by day endure  
Rough wind and rain, by deep-descending roots  
Of hugest growth fast-founded in the soil;  
So they, sustain'd by conscious valor, saw,  
Unmoved, high towering Asius on his way,  
Nor fear'd him aught, nor shrank from his approach

Right on toward the barrier, lifting high  
Their season'd bucklers and with clamor loud  
The band advanced, King Asius at their head,  
With whom Iämenus, expert in arms,  
Orestes, Thöon, Acamas the son  
Of Asius, and Oenomäus, led them on.  
Till now, the warlike pair, exhorting loud  
The Grecians to defend the fleet, had stood  
Within the gates; but soon as they perceived  
The Trojans swift advancing to the wall,  
And heard a cry from all the flying Greeks,  
Both sallying, before the gates they fought  
Like forest-boards, which hearing in the hills  
The crash of hounds and huntsmen nigh at hand,  
With start oblique lay many a sapling flat  
Short-broken by the root, nor cease to grind  
Their sounding tusks, till by the spear they die;  
So sounded on the breasts of those brave two  
The smitten brass; for resolute they fought,  
Embolden'd by their might who kept the wall,  
And trusting in their own; they, in defence  
Of camp and fleet and life, thick battery hurl'd  
Of stones precipitated from the towers;  
Frequent as snows they fell, which stormy winds,  
Driving the gloomy clouds, shake to the ground,  
Till all the fertile earth lies cover'd deep.  
Such volley pour'd the Greeks, and such return'd  
The Trojans; casques of hide, arid and tough,  
And bossy shields rattled, by such a storm  
Assail'd of millstone masses from above.  
Then Asius, son of Hyrtacus, a groan  
Indignant utter'd; on both thighs he smote  
With disappointment furious, and exclaim'd,

Jupiter! even thou art false become,  
And altogether such. Full sure I deem'd  
That not a Grecian hero should abide

One moment force invincible as ours,  
And lo! as wasps ring-streaked, or bees that build  
Their dwellings in the highway's craggy side  
Leave not their hollow home, but fearless wait  
The hunter's coming, in their brood's defence,  
So these, although two only, from the gates  
Move not, nor will, till either seized or slain.

So Asius spake, but speaking so, changed not  
The mind of Jove on Hector's glory bent.  
Others, as obstinate, at other gates  
Such deeds perform'd, that to enumerate all  
Were difficult, unless to power divine.  
For fierce the hail of stones from end to end  
Smote on the barrier; anguish fill'd the Greeks.  
Yet, by necessity constrain'd, their ships  
They guarded still; nor less the Gods themselves,  
Patrons of Greece, all sorrow'd at the sight.

At once the valiant Lapithæ began  
Terrible conflict, and Pirithous' son  
Brave Polypætes through his helmet pierced  
Damasus; his resplendent point the brass  
Sufficed not to withstand; entering, it crush'd  
The bone within, and mingling all his brain  
With his own blood, his onset fierce repress'd.  
Pylon and Ormenus he next subdued.  
Meantime Leonteus, branch of Mars, his spear  
Hurl'd at Hippomachus, whom through his belt  
He pierced; then drawing forth his falchion keen,  
Through all the multitude he flew to smite  
Antiphates, and with a downright stroke  
Fell'd him. Iämenus and Menon next  
He slew, with brave Orestes, whom he heap'd,  
All three together, on the fertile glebe.

While them the Lapithæ of their bright arms  
Despoil'd, Polydamas and Hector stood  
(With all the bravest youths and most resolved  
To burst the barrier and to fire the fleet)  
Beside the foss, pondering the event.  
For, while they press'd to pass, they spied a bird  
Sublime in air, an eagle. Right between  
Both hosts he soar'd (the Trojan on his left)  
A serpent bearing in his pounces clutch'd  
Enormous, dripping blood, but lively still  
And mindful of revenge; for from beneath  
The eagle's breast, updarting fierce his head,  
Fast by the throat he struck him; anguish-sick  
The eagle cast him down into the space  
Between the hosts, and, clanging loud his plumes  
As the wind bore him, floated far away.  
Shudder'd the Trojans viewing at their feet  
The spotted serpent ominous, and thus  
Polydamas to dauntless Hector spake.

Ofttimes in council, Hector, thou art wont  
To censure me, although advising well;  
Nor ought the private citizen, I confess,  
Either in council or in war to indulge  
Loquacity, but ever to employ  
All his exertions in support of thine.  
Yet hear my best opinion once again.  
Proceed we not in our attempt against  
The Grecian fleet. For if in truth the sign  
Respect the host of Troy ardent to pass,  
Then, as the eagle soar'd both hosts between,  
With Ilium's on his left, and clutch'd a snake  
Enormous, dripping blood, but still alive,  
Which yet he dropp'd suddenly, ere he reach'd  
His eyry, or could give it to his young,  
So we, although with mighty force we burst  
Both gates and barrier, and although the Greeks

Should all retire, shall never yet the way  
Tread honorably back by which we came.  
No. Many a Trojan shall we leave behind  
Slain by the Grecians in their fleet's defence.  
An augur skill'd in omens would expound  
This omen thus, and faith would win from all.

To whom, dark-louring, Hector thus replied.  
Polydamas! I like not thy advice;  
Thou couldst have framed far better; but if this  
Be thy deliberate judgment, then the Gods  
Make thy deliberate judgment nothing worth,  
Who bidd'st me disregard the Thunderer's firm  
Assurance to myself announced, and make  
The wild inhabitants of air my guides,  
Which I alike despise, speed they their course  
With right-hand flight toward the ruddy East,  
Or leftward down into the shades of eve.  
Consider we the will of Jove alone,  
Sovereign of heaven and earth. Omens abound,  
But the best omen is our country's cause.  
Wherefore should fiery war *thy* soul alarm?  
For were we slaughter'd, one and all, around  
The fleet of Greece, *thou* need'st not fear to die,  
Whose courage never will thy flight retard.  
But if thou shrink thyself, or by smooth speech  
Seduce one other from a soldier's part,  
Pierced by this spear incontinent thou diest.

So saying he led them, who with deafening roar  
Follow'd him. Then, from the Idæan hills  
Jove hurl'd a storm which wafted right the dust  
Into the fleet; the spirits too he quell'd  
Of the Achæians, and the glory gave  
To Hector and his host; they, trusting firm  
In signs from Jove, and in their proper force,  
Assay'd the barrier; from the towers they tore

The galleries, cast the battlements to ground,  
And the projecting buttresses adjoin'd  
To strengthen the vast work, with bars upheaved.  
All these, with expectation fierce to break  
The rampart, down they drew; nor yet the Greeks  
Gave back, but fencing close with shields the wall,  
Smote from behind them many a foe beneath.  
Meantime from tower to tower the Ajaces moved  
Exhorting all; with mildness some, and some  
With harsh rebuke, whom they observed through fear  
Declining base the labors of the fight,

Friends! Argives! warriors of whatever rank!  
Ye who excel, and ye of humbler note!  
And ye the last and least! (for such there are,  
All have not magnanimity alike)  
Now have we work for all, as all perceive.  
Turn not, retreat not to your ships, appall'd  
By sounding menaces, but press the foe;  
Exhort each other, and e'en now perchance  
Olympian Jove, by whom the lightnings burn,  
Shall grant us to repulse them, and to chase  
The routed Trojans to their gates again.

So they vociferating to the Greeks,  
Stirr'd them to battle. As the feathery snows  
Fall frequent, on some wintry day, when Jove  
Hath risen to shed them on the race of man,  
And show his arrowy stores; he lulls the winds,  
Then shakes them down continual, covering thick  
Mountain tops, promontories, flowery meads,  
And cultured valleys rich; the ports and shores  
Receive it also of the hoary deep,  
But there the waves bound it, while all beside  
Lies whelm'd beneath Jove's fast-descending shower,  
So thick, from side to side, by Trojans hurl'd  
Against the Greeks, and by the Greeks return'd

The stony volleys flew; resounding loud  
Through all its length the battered rampart roar'd.  
Nor yet had Hector and his host prevail'd  
To burst the gates, and break the massy bar,  
Had not all-seeing Jove Sarpedon moved  
His son, against the Greeks, furious as falls  
The lion on some horned herd of bees.  
At once his polish'd buckler he advanced  
With leafy brass overlaid; for with smooth brass  
The forger of that shield its oval disk  
Had plated, and with thickest hides throughout  
Had lined it, stitch'd with circling wires of gold.  
That shield he bore before him; firmly grasp'd  
He shook two spears, and with determined strides  
March'd forward. As the lion mountain-bred,  
After long fast, by impulse of his heart  
Undaunted urged, seeks resolute the flock  
Even in the shelter of their guarded home;  
He finds, perchance, the shepherds arm'd with spears,  
And all their dogs awake, yet can not leave  
Untried the fence, but either leaps it light,  
And entering tears the prey, or in the attempt  
Pierced by some dexterous peasant, bleeds himself;  
So high his courage to the assault impell'd  
Godlike Sarpedon, and him fired with hope  
To break the barrier; when to Glaucus thus,  
Son of Hippolochus, his speech he turn'd.

Why, Glaucus, is the seat of honor ours,  
Why drink we brimming cups, and feast in state?  
Why gaze they all on us as we were Gods  
In Lycia, and why share we pleasant fields  
And spacious vineyards, where the Xanthus winds?  
Distinguished thus in Lycia, we are call'd  
To firmness here, and to encounter bold  
The burning battle, that our fair report  
Among the Lycians may be blazon'd thus—



No dastards are the potentates who rule  
The bright-arm'd Lycians; on the fatted flock  
They banquet, and they drink the richest wines;  
But they are also valiant, and the fight  
Wage dauntless in the vanward of us all.  
Oh Glaucus, if escaping safe the death  
That threats us here, we also could escape  
Old age, and to ourselves secure a life  
Immortal, I would neither in the van  
Myself expose, nor would encourage thee  
To tempt the perils of the glorious field.  
But since a thousand messengers of fate  
Pursue us close, and man is born to die—  
E'en let us on; the prize of glory yield,  
If yield we must, or wrest it from the foe.

He said, nor cold refusal in return  
Received from Glaucus, but toward the wall  
Their numerous Lycian host both led direct.  
Menestheus, son of Peteos, saw appall'd  
Their dread approach, for to his tower they bent;  
Their threatening march. An eager look he cast,  
On the embodied Greeks, seeking some Chief  
Whose aid might turn the battle from his van:  
He saw, where never sated with exploits  
Of war, each Ajax fought, near whom his eye  
Kenn'd Teucer also, newly from his tent;  
But vain his efforts were with loudest call  
To reach their ears, such was the deafening din  
Upsent to heaven, of shields and crested helms,  
And of the batter'd gates; for at each gate  
They thundering' stood, and urged alike at each  
Their fierce attempt by force to burst the bars.  
To Ajax therefore he at once dispatch'd  
A herald, and Thöotes thus enjoin'd.

My noble friend, Thöotes! with all speed  
Call either Ajax; bid them hither both;  
Far better so; for havoc is at hand.  
The Lycian leaders, ever in assault  
Tempestuous, bend their force against this tower  
My station. But if also there they find  
Laborious conflict pressing them severe,  
At least let Telamonian Ajax come,  
And Teucer with his death-dispensing bow.

He spake, nor was Thöotes slow to hear;  
Beside the rampart of the mail-clad Greeks  
Rapid he flew, and, at their side arrived,  
To either Ajax, eager, thus began.

Ye leaders of the well-appointed Greeks,  
The son of noble Peteos calls; he begs  
With instant suit, that ye would share his toils,  
However short your stay; the aid of both  
Will serve him best, for havoc threatens there  
The Lycian leaders, ever in assault  
Tempestuous, bend their force toward the tower  
His station. But if also here ye find  
Laborious conflict pressing you severe,  
At least let Telamonian Ajax come,  
And Teucer with his death-dispensing bow.

He spake, nor his request the towering son  
Of Telamon denied, but quick his speech  
To Ajax Oiliades address'd.  
Ajax! abiding here, exhort ye both  
(Heroic Lycomedes and thyself)  
The Greeks to battle. Thither I depart  
To aid our friends, which service once perform'd  
Duly, I will incontinent return.

So saying, the Telamonian Chief withdrew  
With whom went Teucer, son of the same sire,  
Pandion also, bearing Teucer's bow.  
Arriving at the turret given in charge  
To the bold Chief Menestheus, and the wall  
Entering, they found their friends all sharply tried.  
Black as a storm the senators renown'd  
And leaders of the Lycian host assail'd  
Buttress and tower, while opposite the Greeks  
Withstood them, and the battle-shout began.  
First, Ajax, son of Telamon, a friend  
And fellow-warrior of Sarpedon slew,  
Epicles. With a marble fragment huge  
That crown'd the battlement's interior side,  
He smote him. No man of our puny race,  
Although in prime of youth, had with both hands  
That weight sustain'd; but he the cumbersome mass  
Uplifted high, and hurl'd it on his head.  
It burst his helmet, and his batter'd skull  
Dash'd from all form. He from the lofty tower  
Dropp'd downright, with a diver's plunge, and died.  
But Teucer wounded Glaucus with a shaft  
Son of Hippolochus; he, climbing, bared  
His arm, which Teucer, marking, from the wall  
Transfix'd it, and his onset fierce repress'd;  
For with a backward leap Glaucus withdrew  
Sudden and silent, cautious lest the Greeks  
Seeing him wounded should insult his pain.  
Grief seized, at sight of his retiring friend,  
Sarpedon, who forgot not yet the fight,  
But piercing with his lance Alcmaon, son  
Of Thestor, suddenly reversed the beam,  
Which following, Alcmaon to the earth  
Fell prone, with clangor of his brazen arms.  
Sarpedon, then, strenuous with both hands  
Tugg'd, and down fell the battlement entire;  
The wall, dismantled at the summit, stood

A ruin, and wide chasm was open'd through.  
Then Ajax him and Teucer at one time  
Struck both; an arrow struck from Teucer's bow  
The belt that cross'd his bosom, by which hung  
His ample shield; yet lest his son should fall  
Among the ships, Jove turn'd the death aside.  
But Ajax, springing to his thrust, a spear  
Drove through his shield. Sarpedon at the shock  
With backward step short interval recoil'd,  
But not retired, for in his bosom lived  
The hope of glory still, and, looking back  
On all his godlike Lycians, he exclaim'd,

Oh Lycians! where is your heroic might?  
Brave as I boast myself, I feel the task  
Arduous, through the breach made by myself  
To win a passage to the ships, alone.  
Follow me all—Most laborers, most dispatch.

So he; at whose sharp reprimand abash'd  
The embattled host to closer conflict moved,  
Obedient to their counsellor and King.  
On the other side the Greeks within the wall  
Made firm the phalanx, seeing urgent need;  
Nor could the valiant Lycians through the breach  
Admittance to the Grecian fleet obtain,  
Nor since they first approach'd it, had the Greeks  
With all their efforts, thrust the Lycians back.  
But as two claimants of one common field,  
Each with his rod of measurement in hand,  
Dispute the boundaries, litigating warm  
Their right in some small portion of the soil,  
So they, divided by the barrier, struck  
With hostile rage the bull-hide bucklers round,  
And the light targets on each other's breast.  
Then many a wound the ruthless weapons made.  
Pierced through the unarm'd back, if any turn'd,

He died, and numerous even through the shield.  
The battlements from end to end with blood  
Of Grecians and of Trojans on both sides  
Were sprinkled; yet no violence could move  
The stubborn Greeks, or turn their powers to flight.  
So hung the war in balance, as the scales  
Held by some woman scrupulously just,  
A spinner; wool and weight she poises nice,  
Hard-earning slender pittance for her babes,  
Such was the poise in which the battle hung  
Till Jove himself superior fame, at length,  
To Priamëian Hector gave, who sprang  
First through the wall. In lofty sounds that reach'd  
Their utmost ranks, he call'd on all his host.

Now press them, now ye Trojans steed-renown'd  
Rush on! break through the Grecian rampart, hurl  
At once devouring flames into the fleet.  
Such was his exhortation; they his voice  
All hearing, with close-order'd ranks direct  
Bore on the barrier, and up-swariming show'd  
On the high battlement their glittering spears.  
But Hector seized a stone; of ample base  
But tapering to a point, before the gate  
It stood. No two men, mightiest of a land  
(Such men as now are mighty) could with ease  
Have heaved it from the earth up to a wain;  
He swung it easily alone; so light  
The son of Saturn made it in his hand.  
As in one hand with ease the shepherd bears  
A ram's fleece home, nor toils beneath the weight,  
So Hector, right toward the planks of those  
Majestic folding-gates, close-jointed, firm  
And solid, bore the stone. Two bars within  
Their corresponding force combined transverse  
To guard them, and one bolt secured the bars.  
He stood fast by them, parting wide his feet

For 'vantage sake, and smote them in the midst.  
He burst both hinges; inward fell the rock  
Ponderous, and the portals roar'd; the bars  
Endured not, and the planks, riven by the force  
Of that huge mass, flew scatter'd on all sides.  
In leap'd the godlike Hero at the breach,  
Gloomy as night in aspect, but in arms  
All-dazzling, and he grasp'd two quivering spears.  
Him entering with a leap the gates, no force  
Whate'er of opposition had repress'd,  
Save of the Gods alone. Fire fill'd his eyes;  
Turning, he bade the multitude without  
Ascend the rampart; they his voice obey'd;  
Part climb'd the wall, part pour'd into the gate;  
The Grecians to their hollow galleys flew  
Scatter'd, and tumult infinite arose.

## Book XIII

### ARGUMENT OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

Neptune engages on the part of the Grecians. The battle proceeds. Deiphobus advances to combat, but is repulsed by Meriones, who losing his spear, repairs to his tent for another. Teucer slays Imbrius, and Hector Amphimachus. Neptune, under the similitude of Thoas, exhorts Idomeneus. Idomeneus having armed himself in his tent, and going forth to battle, meets Meriones. After discourse held with each other, Idomeneus accommodates Meriones with a spear, and they proceed to battle. Idomeneus slays Othryoneus, and Asius. Deiphobus assails Idomeneus, but, his spear glancing over him, kills Hypsenor. Idomeneus slays Alcathoüs, son-in-law of Anchises. Deiphobus and Idomeneus respectively summon their friends to their assistance, and a contest ensues for the body of Alcathoüs.

When Jove to Hector and his host had given  
Such entrance to the fleet, to all the woes  
And toils of unremitting battle there  
He them abandon'd, and his glorious eyes  
Averting, on the land look'd down remote  
Of the horse-breeding Thracians, of the bold  
Close-fighting Mysian race, and where abide  
On milk sustain'd, and blest with length of days,  
The Hippemolgi, justest of mankind.  
No longer now on Troy his eyes he turn'd,  
For expectation none within his breast  
Survived, that God or Goddess would the Greeks  
Approach with succor, or the Trojans more.

Nor Neptune, sovereign of the boundless Deep,  
Look'd forth in vain; he on the summit sat  
Of Samothracia forest-crown'd, the stir  
Admiring thence and tempest of the field;

For thence appear'd all Ida, thence the towers  
Of lofty Ilium, and the fleet of Greece.  
There sitting from the deeps uprisen, he mourn'd  
The vanquished Grecians, and resentment fierce  
Conceived and wrath against all-ruling Jove.  
Arising sudden, down the rugged steep  
With rapid strides he came; the mountains huge  
And forests under the immortal feet  
Trembled of Ocean's Sovereign as he strode.  
Three strides he made, the fourth convey'd him home  
To Ægæ. At the bottom of the abyss,  
There stands magnificent his golden fane,  
A dazzling, incorruptible abode.  
Arrived, he to his chariot join'd his steeds  
Swift, brazen-hoof'd, and maned with wavy gold;  
Himself attiring next in gold, he seized  
His golden scourge, and to his seat sublime  
Ascending, o'er the billows drove; the whales  
Leaving their caverns, gambol'd on all sides  
Around him, not unconscious of their King;  
He swept the surge that tinged not as he pass'd  
His axle, and the sea parted for joy.  
His bounding coursers to the Grecian fleet  
Convey'd him swift. There is a spacious cave  
Deep in the bottom of the flood, the rocks  
Of Imbrus rude and Tenedos between;  
There Neptune, Shaker of the Shores, his steeds  
Station'd secure; he loosed them from the yoke,  
Gave them ambrosial food, and bound their feet  
With golden tethers not to be untied  
Or broken, that unwandering they might wait  
Their Lord's return, then sought the Grecian host.  
The Trojans, tempest-like or like a flame,  
Now, following Priameïan Hector, all  
Came furious on and shouting to the skies.  
Their hope was to possess the fleet, and leave  
Not an Achaian of the host unslain.



But earth-encircler Neptune from the gulf  
Emerging, in the form and with the voice  
Loud-toned of Calchas, roused the Argive ranks  
To battle—and his exhortation first  
To either Ajax turn'd, themselves prepared.

Ye heroes Ajax! your accustomed force  
Exert, oh! think not of disastrous flight,  
And ye shall save the people. Nought I fear  
Fatal elsewhere, although Troy's haughty sons  
Have pass'd the barrier with so fierce a throng  
Tumultuous; for the Grecians brazen-greaved  
Will check them there. Here only I expect  
And with much dread some dire event forebode,  
Where Hector, terrible as fire, and loud  
Vaunting his glorious origin from Jove,  
Leads on the Trojans. Oh that from on high  
Some God would form the purpose in your hearts  
To stand yourselves firmly, and to exhort  
The rest to stand! so should ye chase him hence  
All ardent as he is, and even although  
Olympian Jove himself his rage inspire.

So Neptune spake, compasser of the earth,  
And, with his sceptre smiting both, their hearts  
Fill'd with fresh fortitude; their limbs the touch  
Made agile, wing'd their feet and nerved their arms.  
Then, swift as stoops a falcon from the point  
Of some rude rock sublime, when he would chase  
A fowl of other wing along the meads,  
So started Neptune thence, and disappear'd.  
Him, as he went, swift Oïliades  
First recognized, and, instant, thus his speech  
To Ajax, son of Telamon, address'd.

Since, Ajax, some inhabitant of heaven  
Exhorts us, in the prophet's form to fight

(For prophet none or augur we have seen;  
This was not Calchas; as he went I mark'd  
His steps and knew him; Gods are known with ease)  
I feel my spirit in my bosom fired  
Afresh for battle; lightness in my limbs,  
In hands and feet a glow unfelt before.

To whom the son of Telamon replied.  
I also with invigorated hands  
More firmly grasp my spear; my courage mounts,  
A buoyant animation in my feet  
Bears me along, and I am all on fire  
To cope with Priam's furious son, alone.

Thus they, with martial transport to their souls  
Imparted by the God, conferr'd elate.  
Meantime the King of Ocean roused the Greeks,  
Who in the rear, beside their gallant barks  
Some respite sought. They, spent with arduous toil,  
Felt not alone their weary limbs unapt  
To battle, but their hearts with grief oppress'd,  
Seeing the numerous multitude of Troy  
Within the mighty barrier; sad they view'd  
That sight, and bathed their cheeks with many a tear,  
Despairing of escape. But Ocean's Lord  
Entering among them, soon the spirit stirr'd  
Of every valiant phalanx to the fight.  
Teucer and Leïtus, and famed in arms  
Peneleus, Thoas and Deipyrus,  
Meriones, and his compeer renown'd,  
Antilochus; all these in accents wing'd  
With fierce alacrity the God address'd.

Oh shame, ye Grecians! vigorous as ye are  
And in life's prime, to your exertions most  
I trusted for the safety of our ships.  
If ye renounce the labors of the field,

Then hath the day arisen of our defeat  
And final ruin by the powers of Troy.  
Oh! I behold a prodigy, a sight  
Tremendous, deem'd impossible by me,  
The Trojans at our ships! the dastard race  
Fled once like fleetest hinds the destined prey  
Of lynxes, leopards, wolves; feeble and slight  
And of a nature indisposed to war  
They rove uncertain; so the Trojans erst  
Stood not, nor to Achaian prowess dared  
The hindrance of a moment's strife oppose.  
But now, Troy left afar, even at our ships  
They give us battle, through our leader's fault  
And through the people's negligence, who fill'd  
With fierce displeasure against *him*, prefer  
Death at their ships, to war in their defence.  
But if the son of Atreus, our supreme,  
If Agamemnon, have indeed transgress'd  
Past all excuse, dishonoring the swift  
Achilles, ye at least the fight decline  
Blame-worthy, and with no sufficient plea.  
But heal we speedily the breach; brave minds  
Easily coalesce. It is not well  
That thus your fury slumbers, for the host  
Hath none illustrious as yourselves in arms.  
I can excuse the timid if he shrink,  
But am incensed at *you*. My friends, beware!  
Your tardiness will prove ere long the cause  
Of some worse evil. Let the dread of shame  
Affect your hearts; oh tremble at the thought  
Of infamy! Fierce conflict hath arisen;  
Loud shouting Hector combats at the ships  
Nobly, hath forced the gates and burst the bar.

With such encouragement those Grecian chiefs  
The King of Ocean roused. Then, circled soon  
By many a phalanx either Ajax stood,

Whose order Mars himself arriving there  
Had praised, or Pallas, patroness of arms.  
For there the flower of all expected firm  
Bold Hector and his host; spear crowded spear,  
Shield, helmet, man, press'd helmet, man and shield;  
The hairy crests of their resplendent casques  
Kiss'd close at every nod, so wedged they stood;  
No spear was seen but in the manly grasp  
It quiver'd, and their every wish was war.  
The powers of Ilium gave the first assault  
Embattled close; then Hector led himself  
Right on, impetuous as a rolling rock  
Destructive; torn by torrent waters off  
From its old lodgment on the mountain's brow,  
It bounds, it shoots away; the crashing wood  
Falls under it; impediment or check  
None stays its fury, till the level found,  
There, settling by degrees, it rolls no more;  
So after many a threat that he would pass  
Easily through the Grecian camp and fleet  
And slay to the sea-brink, when Hector once  
Had fallen on those firm ranks, standing, he bore  
Vehement on them; but by many a spear  
Urged and bright falchion, soon, reeling, retired,  
And call'd vociferous on the host of Troy.

Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons  
Of Dardanus, oh stand! not long the Greeks  
Will me confront, although embodied close  
In solid phalanx; doubt it not; my spear  
Shall chase and scatter them, if Jove, in truth,  
High-thundering mate of Juno, bid me on.

So saying he roused the courage of them all  
Foremost of whom advanced, of Priam's race  
Deiphobus, ambitious of renown.  
Tripping he came with shorten'd steps, his feet

Sheltering behind his buckler; but at him  
Aiming, Meriones his splendid lance  
Dismiss'd, nor err'd; his bull-hide targe he struck  
But ineffectual; where the hollow wood  
Receives the inserted brass, the quivering beam  
Snapp'd; then, Deiphobus his shield afar  
Advanced before him, trembling at a spear  
Hurl'd by Meriones. He, moved alike  
With indignation for the victory lost  
And for his broken spear, into his band  
At first retired, but soon set forth again  
In prowess through the Achaian camp, to fetch  
Its fellow-spear within his tent reserved.

The rest all fought, and dread the shouts arose  
On all sides. Telamonian Teucer, first,  
Slew valiant Imbrius, son of Mentor, rich  
In herds of sprightly steeds. He ere the Greeks  
Arrived at Ilium, in Pedæus dwelt,  
And Priam's spurious daughter had espoused  
Medesicasta. But the barks well-oar'd  
Of Greece arriving, he return'd to Troy,  
Where he excell'd the noblest, and abode  
With Priam, loved and honor'd as his own.  
Him Teucer pierced beneath his ear, and pluck'd  
His weapon home; he fell as falls an ash  
Which on some mountain visible afar,  
Hewn from its bottom by the woodman's axe,  
With all its tender foliage meets the ground  
So Imbrius fell; loud rang his armor bright  
With ornamental brass, and Teucer flew  
To seize his arms, whom hasting to the spoil  
Hector with his resplendent spear assail'd;  
He, marking opposite its rapid flight,  
Declined it narrowly and it pierced the breast,  
As he advanced to battle, of the son  
Of Cteatus of the Actorian race,

Amphimachus; he, sounding, smote the plain,  
And all his batter'd armor rang aloud.  
Then Hector swift approaching, would have torn  
The well-forged helmet from the brows away  
Of brave Amphimachus; but Ajax hurl'd  
Right forth at Hector hasting to the spoil  
His radiant spear; no wound the spear impress'd,  
For he was arm'd complete in burnish'd brass  
Terrific; but the solid boss it pierced  
Of Hector's shield, and with enormous force  
So shock'd him, that retiring he resign'd  
Both bodies, which the Grecians dragg'd away.  
Stichius and Menestheus, leaders both  
Of the Athenians, to the host of Greece  
Bore off Amphimachus, and, fierce in arms  
The Ajaces, Imbrius. As two lions bear  
Through thick entanglement of boughs and brakes  
A goat snatch'd newly from the peasants' cogs,  
Upholding high their prey above the ground,  
So either Ajax terrible in fight,  
Upholding Imbrius high, his brazen arms  
Tore off, and Oiliades his head  
From his smooth neck dissevering in revenge  
For slain Amphimachus, through all the host  
Sent it with swift rotation like a globe,  
Till in the dust at Hector's feet it fell.

Then anger fill'd the heart of Ocean's King,  
His grandson slain in battle; forth he pass'd  
Through the Achaian camp and fleet, the Greeks  
Rousing, and meditating wo to Troy.  
It chanced that brave Idomeneus return'd  
That moment from a Cretan at the knee  
Wounded, and newly borne into his tent;  
His friends had borne him off, and when the Chief  
Had given him into skilful hands, he sought  
The field again, still coveting renown.

Him therefore, meeting him on his return,  
Neptune bespake, but with the borrow'd voice  
Of Thoas, offspring of Andræmon, King  
In Pleuro and in lofty Calydon,  
And honor'd by the Ætolians as a God.

Oh counsellor of Crete! our threats denounced  
Against the towers of Troy, where are they now?

To whom the leader of the Cretans, thus,  
Idomeneus. For aught that I perceive  
Thoas! no Grecian is this day in fault!  
For we are all intelligent in arms,  
None yields by fear oppress'd, none lull'd by sloth  
From battle shrinks; but such the pleasure seems  
Of Jove himself, that we should perish here  
Inglorious, from our country far remote  
But, Thoas! (for thine heart was ever firm  
In battle, and thyself art wont to rouse  
Whom thou observ'st remiss) now also fight  
As erst, and urge each leader of the host.

Him answered, then, the Sovereign of the Deep.  
Return that Grecian never from the shores  
Of Troy, Idomeneus! but may the dogs  
Feast on him, who shall this day intermit  
Through wilful negligence his force in fight!  
But haste, take arms and come; we must exert  
All diligence, that, being only two,  
We yet may yield some service. Union much  
Emboldens even the weakest, and our might  
Hath oft been proved on warriors of renown.

So Neptune spake, and, turning, sought again  
The toilsome field. Ere long, Idomeneus  
Arriving in his spacious tent, put on  
His radiant armor, and, two spears in hand,

Set forth like lightning which Saturnian Jove  
From bright Olympus shakes into the air,  
A sign to mortal men, dazzling all eyes;  
So beam'd the Hero's armor as he ran.  
But him not yet far distant from his tent  
Meriones, his fellow-warrior met,  
For he had left the fight, seeking a spear,  
When thus the brave Idomeneus began.

Swift son of Molus! chosen companion dear!  
Wherefore, Meriones, hast thou the field  
Abandon'd? Art thou wounded? Bring'st thou home  
Some pointed mischief in thy flesh infixt?  
Or comest thou sent to me, who of myself  
The still tent covet not, but feats of arms?

To whom Meriones discreet replied,  
Chief leader of the Cretans, brazen-mail'd  
Idomeneus! if yet there be a spear  
Left in thy tent, I seek one; for I broke  
The spear, even now, with which erewhile I fought,  
Smiting the shield of fierce Deiphobus.

Then answer thus the Cretan Chief return'd,  
Valiant Idomeneus. If spears thou need,  
Within my tent, leaning against the wall,  
Stand twenty spears and one, forged all in Troy,  
Which from the slain I took; for distant fight  
Me suits not; therefore in my tent have I  
Both spears and bossy shields, with brazen casques  
And corselets bright that smile against the sun.

Him answer'd, then, Meriones discreet.  
I also, at my tent and in my ship  
Have many Trojan spoils, but they are hence  
Far distant. I not less myself than thou  
Am ever mindful of a warrior's part,



And when the din of glorious arms is heard,  
Fight in the van. If other Greeks my deeds  
Know not, at least I judge them known to thee.

To whom the leader of the host of Crete  
Idomeneus. I know thy valor well,  
Why speakest thus to me? Choose we this day  
An ambush forth of all the bravest Greeks,  
(For in the ambush is distinguish'd best  
The courage; there the timorous and the bold  
Plainly appear; the dastard changes hue  
And shifts from place to place, nor can he calm  
The fears that shake his trembling limbs, but sits  
Low-crouching on his hams, while in his breast  
Quick palpitates his death-foreboding heart,  
And his teeth chatter; but the valiant man  
His posture shifts not; no excessive fears  
Feels he, but seated once in ambush, deems  
Time tedious till the bloody fight begin;)   
Even there, thy courage should no blame incur.  
For should'st thou, toiling in the fight, by spear  
Or falchion bleed, not on thy neck behind  
Would fall the weapon, or thy back annoy,  
But it would meet thy bowels or thy chest  
While thou didst rush into the clamorous van.  
But haste—we may not longer loiter here  
As children prating, lest some sharp rebuke  
Reward us. Enter quick, and from within  
My tent provide thee with a noble spear.

Then, swift as Mars, Meriones produced  
A brazen spear of those within the tent  
Reserved, and kindling with heroic fire  
Follow'd Idomeneus. As gory Mars  
By Terror follow'd, his own dauntless son  
Who quells the boldest heart, to battle moves;  
From Thrace against the Ephyri they arm,

Or hardy Phlegyans, and by both invoked,  
Hear and grant victory to which they please;  
Such, bright in arms Meriones, and such  
Idomeneus advanced, when foremost thus  
Meriones his fellow-chief bespake.

Son of Deucalion! where inclinest thou most  
To enter into battle? On the right  
Of all the host? or through the central ranks?  
Or on the left? for nowhere I account  
The Greeks so destitute of force as there.

Then answer thus Idomeneus return'd

Chief of the Cretans. Others stand to guard  
The middle fleet; there either Ajax wars,  
And Teucer, noblest archer of the Greeks,  
Nor less in stationary fight approved.  
Bent as he is on battle, they will task  
And urge to proof sufficiently the force  
Of Priameïan Hector; burn his rage  
How fierce soever, he shall find it hard,  
With all his thirst of victory, to quell  
Their firm resistance, and to fire the fleet,  
Let not Saturnian Jove cast down from heaven  
Himself a flaming brand into the ships.  
High towering Telamonian Ajax yields  
To no mere mortal by the common gift  
Sustain'd of Ceres, and whose flesh the spear  
Can penetrate, or rocky fragment bruise;  
In standing fight Ajax would not retire  
Even before that breaker of the ranks  
Achilles, although far less swift than he.  
But turn we to the left, that we may learn  
At once, if glorious death, or life be ours.

Then, rapid as the God of war, his course  
Meriones toward the left began,  
As he enjoin'd. Soon as the Trojans saw  
Idomeneus advancing like a flame,  
And his compeer Meriones in arms  
All-radiant clad, encouraging aloud  
From rank to rank each other, on they came  
To the assault combined. Then soon arose  
Sharp contest on the left of all the fleet.  
As when shrill winds blow vehement, what time  
Dust deepest spreads the ways, by warring blasts  
Upborne a sable cloud stands in the air,  
Such was the sudden conflict; equal rage  
To stain with gore the lance ruled every breast.  
Horrent with quivering spears the fatal field  
Frown'd on all sides; the brazen flashes dread  
Of numerous helmets, corselets furbish'd bright,  
And shields refulgent meeting, dull'd the eye,  
And turn'd it dark away. Stranger indeed  
Were he to fear, who could that strife have view'd  
With heart elate, or spirit unperturb'd.

Two mighty sons of Saturn adverse parts  
Took in that contest, purposing alike  
To many a valiant Chief sorrow and pain.  
Jove, for the honor of Achilles, gave  
Success to Hector and the host of Troy,  
Not for complete destruction of the Greeks  
At Ilium, but that glory might redound  
To Thetis thence, and to her dauntless son.  
On the other side, the King of Ocean risen  
Secretly from the hoary Deep, the host  
Of Greece encouraged, whom he grieved to see  
Vanquish'd by Trojans, and with anger fierce  
Against the Thunderer burn'd on their behalf.  
Alike from one great origin divine  
Sprang they, but Jove was elder, and surpass'd

In various knowledge; therefore when he roused  
Their courage, Neptune traversed still the ranks  
Clandestine, and in human form disguised.  
Thus, these Immortal Two, straining the cord  
Indissoluble of all-wasting war,  
Alternate measured with it either host,  
And loosed the joints of many a warrior bold.  
Then, loud exhorting (though himself with age  
Half grey) the Achaians, into battle sprang  
Idomeneus, and scatter'd, first, the foe,  
Slaying Othryoneus, who, by the lure  
Of martial glory drawn, had left of late  
Cabeus. He Priam's fair daughter woo'd  
Cassandra, but no nuptial gift vouchsafed  
To offer, save a sounding promise proud  
To chase, himself, however resolute  
The Grecian host, and to deliver Troy.  
To him assenting, Priam, ancient King,  
Assured to him his wish, and in the faith  
Of that assurance confident, he fought.  
But brave Idomeneus his splendid lance  
Well-aim'd dismissing, struck the haughty Chief.  
Pacing elate the field; his brazen mail  
Endured not; through his bowels pierced, with clang  
Of all his arms he fell, and thus with joy  
Immense exulting, spake Idomeneus.

I give thee praise, Othryoneus! beyond  
All mortal men, if truly thou perform  
Thy whole big promise to the Dardan king,  
Who promised thee his daughter. Now, behold,  
We also promise: doubt not the effect.  
We give into thy arms the most admired  
Of Agamemnon's daughters, whom ourselves  
Will hither bring from Argos, if thy force  
With ours uniting, thou wilt rase the walls  
Of populous Troy. Come—follow me; that here

Among the ships we may adjust the terms  
Of marriage, for we take not scanty dower.

So saying, the Hero dragg'd him by his heel  
Through all the furious fight. His death to avenge  
Asius on foot before his steeds advanced,  
For them, where'er he moved, his charioteer  
Kept breathing ever on his neck behind.  
With fierce desire the heart of Asius burn'd  
To smite Idomeneus, who with his lance  
Him reaching first, pierced him beneath the chin  
Into his throat, and urged the weapon through.  
He fell, as some green poplar falls, or oak,  
Or lofty pine, by naval artists hewn  
With new-edged axes on the mountain's side.  
So, his teeth grinding, and the bloody dust  
Clenching, before his chariot and his steeds  
Extended, Asius lay. His charioteer  
(All recollection lost) sat panic-stunn'd,  
Nor dared for safety turn his steeds to flight.  
Him bold Antilochus right through the waist  
Transpierced; his mail sufficed not, but the spear  
Implanted in his midmost bowels stood.  
Down from his seat magnificent he fell  
Panting, and young Antilochus the steeds  
Drove captive thence into the host of Greece.  
Then came Deiphobus by sorrow urged  
For Asius, and, small interval between,  
Hurl'd at Idomeneus his glittering lance;  
But he, foreseeing its approach, the point  
Eluded, cover'd whole by his round shield  
Of hides and brass by double belt sustain'd,  
And it flew over him, but on his targe  
Glancing, elicited a tinkling sound.  
Yet left it not in vain his vigorous grasp,  
But pierced the liver of Hypsenor, son  
Of Hippiasus; he fell incontinent,

And measureless exulting in his fall  
Deiphobus with mighty voice exclaim'd.

Not unavenged lies Asius; though he seek  
Hell's iron portals, yet shall he rejoice,  
For I have given him a conductor home.

So he, whose vaunt the Greeks indignant heard!  
But of them all to anger most he roused  
Antilochus, who yet his breathless friend  
Left not, but hasting, fenced him with his shield,  
And brave Alastor with Mecisteus son  
Of Echius, bore him to the hollow ships  
Deep-groaning both, for of their band was he.  
Nor yet Idomeneus his warlike rage  
Remitted aught, but persevering strove  
Either to plunge some Trojan in the shades,  
Or fall himself, guarding the fleet of Greece.  
Then slew he brave Alcathoüs the son  
Of Æsyeta, and the son-in-law  
Of old Anchises, who to him had given  
The eldest-born of all his daughters fair,  
Hippodamia; dearly loved was she  
By both her parents in her virgin state,  
For that in beauty she surpass'd, in works  
Ingenious, and in faculties of mind  
All her coëvals; wherefore she was deem'd  
Well worthy of the noblest prince of Troy.  
Him in that moment, Neptune by the arm  
Quell'd of Idomeneus, his radiant eyes  
Dimming, and fettering his proportion'd limbs.  
All power of flight or to elude the stroke  
Forsook him, and while motionless he stood  
As stands a pillar tall or towering oak,  
The hero of the Cretans with a spear  
Transfix'd his middle chest. He split the mail  
Erewhile his bosom's faithful guard; shrill rang

The shiver'd brass; sounding he fell; the beam  
Implanted in his palpitating heart  
Shook to its topmost point, but, its force spent,  
At last, quiescent, stood. Then loud exclaim'd  
Idomeneus, exulting in his fall.

What thinks Deiphobus? seems it to thee  
Vain boaster, that, three warriors slain for one,  
We yield thee just amends? else, stand thyself  
Against me; learn the valor of a Chief  
The progeny of Jove; Jove first begat  
Crete's guardian, Minos, from which Minos sprang  
Deucalion, and from famed Deucalion, I;  
I, sovereign of the numerous race of Crete's  
Extensive isle, and whom my galleys brought  
To these your shores at last, that I might prove  
Thy curse, thy father's, and a curse to Troy.

He spake; Deiphobus uncertain stood  
Whether, retreating, to engage the help  
Of some heroic Trojan, or himself  
To make the dread experiment alone.  
At length, as his discreeter course, he chose  
To seek Æneas; him he found afar  
Station'd, remotest of the host of Troy,  
For he resented evermore his worth  
By Priam recompensed with cold neglect.  
Approaching him, in accents wing'd he said.

Æneas! Trojan Chief! If e'er thou lov'dst  
Thy sister's husband, duty calls thee now  
To prove it. Haste—defend with me the dead  
Alcathöus, guardian of thy tender years,  
Slain by Idomeneus the spear-renown'd.

So saying, he roused his spirit, and on fire  
To combat with the Cretan, forth he sprang.

But fear seized not Idomeneus as fear  
May seize a nursling boy; resolved he stood  
As in the mountains, conscious of his force,  
The wild boar waits a coming multitude  
Of boisterous hunters to his lone retreat;  
Arching his bristly spine he stands, his eyes  
Beam fire, and whetting his bright tusks, he burns  
To drive, not dogs alone, but men to flight;  
So stood the royal Cretan, and fled not,  
Expecting brave Æneas; yet his friends  
He summon'd, on Ascalaphus his eyes  
Fastening, on Aphareus, Deipyrus,  
Meriones, and Antilochus, all bold  
In battle, and in accents wing'd exclaim'd.

Haste ye, my friends! to aid me, for I stand  
Alone, nor undismay'd the coming wait  
Of swift Æneas, nor less brave than swift,  
And who possesses fresh his flower of youth,  
Man's prime advantage; were we match'd in years  
As in our spirits, either he should earn  
At once the meed of deathless fame, or I.

He said; they all unanimous approach'd,  
Sloping their shields, and stood. On the other side  
His aids Æneas call'd, with eyes toward  
Paris, Deiphobus, Agenor, turn'd,  
His fellow-warriors bold; them follow'd all  
Their people as the pastured flock the ram  
To water, by the shepherd seen with joy;  
Such joy Æneas felt, seeing, so soon,  
That numerous host attendant at his call.  
Then, for Alcatheus, into contest close  
Arm'd with long spears they rush'd; on every breast  
Dread rang the brazen corselet, each his foe  
Assailing opposite; but two, the rest  
Surpassing far, terrible both as Mars,



Æneas and Idomeneus, alike  
Panted to pierce each other with the spear.  
Æneas, first, cast at Idomeneus,  
But, warn'd, he shunn'd the weapon, and it pass'd.  
Quivering in the soil Æneas' lance  
Stood, hurl'd in vain, though by a forceful arm.  
Not so the Cretan; at his waist he pierced  
Oenomaüs, his hollow corselet clave,  
And in his midmost bowels drench'd the spear;  
Down fell the Chief, and dying, clench'd the dust.  
Instant, his massy spear the King of Crete  
Pluck'd from the dead, but of his radiant arms  
Despoil'd him not, by numerous weapons urged;  
For now, time-worn, he could no longer make  
Brisk sally, spring to follow his own spear,  
Or shun another, or by swift retreat  
Vanish from battle, but the evil day  
Warded in stationary fight alone.  
At him retiring, therefore, step by step  
Deiphobus, who had with bitterest hate  
Long time pursued him, hurl'd his splendid lance,  
But yet again erroneous, for he pierced  
Ascalaphus instead, offspring of Mars;  
Right through his shoulder flew the spear; he fell  
Incontinent, and dying, clench'd the dust.  
But tidings none the brazen-throated Mars  
Tempestuous yet received, that his own son  
In bloody fight had fallen, for on the heights  
Olympian over-arch'd with clouds of gold  
He sat, where sat the other Powers divine,  
Prisoners together of the will of Jove.  
Meantime, for slain Ascalaphus arose  
Conflict severe; Deiphobus his casque  
Resplendent seized, but swift as fiery Mars  
Assailing him, Meriones his arm  
Pierced with a spear, and from his idle hand  
Fallen, the casque sonorous struck the ground.

Again, as darts the vulture on his prey,  
Meriones assailing him, the lance  
Pluck'd from his arm, and to his band retired.  
Then, casting his fraternal arms around  
Deiphobus, him young Polites led  
From the hoarse battle to his rapid steeds  
And his bright chariot in the distant rear,  
Which bore him back to Troy, languid and loud-  
Groaning, and bleeding from his recent wound.  
Still raged the war, and infinite arose  
The clamor. Aphareus, Caletor's son,  
Turning to face Æneas, in his throat  
Instant the hero's pointed lance received.  
With head reclined, and bearing to the ground  
Buckler and helmet with him, in dark shades  
Of soul-divorcing death involved, he fell.  
Antilochus, observing Thoön turn'd  
To flight, that moment pierced him; from his back  
He ripp'd the vein which through the trunk its course  
Winds upward to the neck; that vein he ripp'd  
All forth; supine he fell, and with both hands  
Extended to his fellow-warriors, died.  
Forth sprang Antilochus to strip his arms,  
But watch'd, meantime, the Trojans, who in crowds  
Encircling him, his splendid buckler broad  
Smote oft, but none with ruthless point prevail'd  
Even to inscribe the skin of Nestor's son,  
Whom Neptune, shaker of the shores, amid  
Innumerable darts kept still secure.  
Yet never from his foes he shrank, but faced  
From side to side, nor idle slept his spear,  
But with rotation ceaseless turn'd and turn'd  
To every part, now levell'd at a foe  
Far-distant, at a foe, now, near at hand.  
Nor he, thus occupied, unseen escaped  
By Asius' offspring Adamas, who close  
Advancing, struck the centre of his shield.

But Neptune azure-hair'd so dear a life  
Denied to Adamas, and render'd vain  
The weapon; part within his disk remain'd  
Like a seer'd stake, and part fell at his feet.  
Then Adamas, for his own life alarm'd,  
Retired, but as he went, Meriones  
Him reaching with his lance, the shame between  
And navel pierced him, where the stroke of Mars  
Proves painful most to miserable man.  
There enter'd deep the weapon; down he fell,  
And in the dust lay panting as an ox  
Among the mountains pants by peasants held  
In twisted bands, and dragg'd perforce along;  
So panted dying Adamas, but soon  
Ceased, for Meriones, approaching, pluck'd  
The weapon forth, and darkness veil'd his eyes.  
Helenus, with his heavy Thracian blade  
Smiting the temples of Deipyrus,  
Dash'd off his helmet; from his brows remote  
It fell, and wandering roll'd, till at his feet  
Some warrior found it, and secured; meantime  
The sightless shades of death him wrapp'd around.  
Grief at that spectacle the bosom fill'd  
Of valiant Menelaus; high he shook  
His radiant spear, and threatening him, advanced  
On royal Helenus, who ready stood  
With his bow bent. They met; impatient, one,  
To give his pointed lance its rapid course,  
And one, to start his arrow from the nerve.  
The arrow of the son of Priam struck  
Atrides' hollow corselet, but the reed  
Glanced wide. As vetches or as swarthy beans  
Leap from the van and fly athwart the floor,  
By sharp winds driven, and by the winnower's force,  
So from the corselet of the glorious Greek  
Wide-wandering flew the bitter shaft away.  
But Menelaus the left-hand transpierced

Of Helenus, and with the lance's point  
Fasten'd it to his bow; shunning a stroke  
More fatal, Helenus into his band  
Retired, his arm dependent at his side,  
And trailing, as he went, the ashen beam;  
There, bold Agenor from his hand the lance  
Drew forth, then folded it with softest wool  
Around, sling-wool, and borrow'd from the sling  
Which his attendant into battle bore.  
Then sprang Pisander on the glorious Chief  
The son of Atreus, but his evil fate  
Beckon'd him to his death in conflict fierce,  
Oh Menelaus, mighty Chief! with thee.  
And now they met, small interval between.  
Atrides hurl'd his weapon, and it err'd.  
Pisander with his spear struck full the shield  
Of glorious Menelaus, but his force  
Resisted by the stubborn buckler broad  
Fail'd to transpierce it, and the weapon fell  
Snapp'd at the neck. Yet, when he struck, the heart  
Rebounded of Pisander, full of hope.  
But Menelaus, drawing his bright blade,  
Sprang on him, while Pisander from behind  
His buckler drew a brazen battle-axe  
By its long haft of polish'd olive-wood,  
And both Chiefs struck together. He the crest  
That crown'd the shaggy casque of Atreus' son  
Hew'd from its base, but Menelaus him  
In his swift onset smote full on the front  
Above his nose; sounded the shatter'd bone,  
And his eyes both fell bloody at his feet.  
Convolved with pain he lay; then, on his breast  
Atrides setting fast his heel, tore off  
His armor, and exulting thus began.

So shall ye leave at length the Grecian fleet,  
Traitors, and never satisfied with war!

Nor want ye other guilt, dogs and profane!  
But me have injured also, and defied  
The hot displeasure of high-thundering Jove  
The hospitable, who shall waste in time,  
And level with the dust your lofty Troy.  
I wrong'd not you, yet bore ye far away  
My youthful bride who welcomed you, and stole  
My treasures also, and ye now are bent  
To burn Achaia's gallant fleet with fire  
And slay her heroes; but your furious thirst  
Of battle shall hereafter meet a check.  
Oh, Father Jove! Thee wisest we account  
In heaven or earth, yet from thyself proceed  
All these calamities, who favor show'st  
To this flagitious race the Trojans, strong  
In wickedness alone, and whose delight  
In war and bloodshed never can be cloy'd.  
All pleasures breed satiety, sweet sleep,  
Soft dalliance, music, and the graceful dance,  
Though sought with keener appetite by most  
Than bloody war; but Troy still covets blood.

So spake the royal Chief, and to his friends  
Pisander's gory spoils consigning, flew  
To mingle in the foremost fight again.  
Him, next, Harpalion, offspring of the King  
Pylæmenes assail'd; to Troy he came  
Following his sire, but never thence return'd.  
He, from small distance, smote the central boss  
Of Menelaus' buckler with his lance,  
But wanting power to pierce it, with an eye  
Of cautious circumspection, lest perchance  
Some spear should reach him, to his band retired.  
But him retiring with a brazen shaft  
Meriones pursued; swift flew the dart  
To his right buttock, slipp'd beneath the bone,  
His bladder grazed, and started through before.

There ended his retreat; sudden he sank  
And like a worm lay on the ground, his life  
Exhaling in his fellow-warrior's arms,  
And with his sable blood soaking the plain.  
Around him flock'd his Paphlagonians bold,  
And in his chariot placed drove him to Troy,  
With whom his father went, mourning with tears  
A son, whose death he never saw avenged.

Him slain with indignation Paris view'd,  
For he, with numerous Paphlagonians more  
His guest had been; he, therefore, in the thirst  
Of vengeance, sent a brazen arrow forth.  
There was a certain Greek, Euchenor, son  
Of Polyides the soothsayer, rich  
And brave in fight, and who in Corinth dwelt  
He, knowing well his fate, yet sail'd to Troy  
For Polyides oft, his reverend sire,  
Had prophecied that he should either die  
By some dire malady at home, or, slain  
By Trojan hands, amid the fleet of Greece.  
He, therefore, shunning the reproach alike  
Of the Achaïans, and that dire disease,  
Had join'd the Grecian host; him Paris pierced  
The ear and jaw beneath; life at the stroke  
Left him, and darkness overspread his eyes.

So raged the battle like devouring fire.  
But Hector dear to Jove not yet had learn'd,  
Nor aught surmised the havoc of his host  
Made on the left, where victory crown'd well-nigh  
The Grecians animated to the fight  
By Neptune seconding himself their arms.  
He, where he first had started through the gate  
After dispersion of the shielded Greeks  
Compact, still persevered. The galleys there  
Of Ajax and Protesilaüs stood

Updrawn above the hoary Deep; the wall  
Was there of humblest structure, and the steeds  
And warriors there conflicted furious most.  
The Epeans there and Iäonians robed-  
Prolix, the Phthians, Locrians, and the bold  
Bœtians check'd the terrible assault  
Of Hector, noble Chief, ardent as flame,  
Yet not repulsed him. Chosen Athenians form'd  
The van, by Peteos' son, Menestheus, led,  
Whose high command undaunted Bias shared,  
Phidas and Stichius. The Epean host  
Under Amphion, Dracius, Meges, fought.  
Podarces brave in arms the Phthians ruled,  
And Medon (Medon was by spurious birth  
Brother of Ajax Oïliades,  
And for his uncle's death, whom he had slain,  
The brother of Oïleus' wife, abode  
In Phylace; but from Iphiclus sprang  
Podarces;) these, all station'd in the front  
Of Phthias' hardy sons, together strove  
With the Bœotians for the fleet's defence.  
Ajax the swift swerved never from the side  
Of Ajax son of Telamon a step,  
But as in some deep fallow two black steers  
Labor combined, dragging the ponderous plow,  
The briny sweat around their rooted horns  
Oozes profuse; they, parted as they toil  
Along the furrow, by the yoke alone,  
Cleave to its bottom sheer the stubborn glebe,  
So, side by side, they, persevering fought.  
The son of Telamon a people led  
Numerous and bold, who, when his bulky limbs  
Fail'd overlabor'd, eased him of his shield.  
Not so attended by his Locrians fought  
Oïleus' valiant son; pitch'd battle them  
Suited not, unprovided with bright casques  
Of hairy crest, with ashen spears, and shields

Of ample orb; for, trusting in the bow  
And twisted sling alone, they came to Troy,  
And broke with shafts and volley'd stones the ranks.  
Thus occupying, clad in burnish'd arms,  
The van, these two with Hector and his host  
Conflicted, while the Locrians from behind  
Vex'd them with shafts, secure; nor could the men  
Of Ilium stand, by such a shower confused.  
Then, driven with dreadful havoc thence, the foe  
To wind-swept Ilium had again retired.  
Had not Polydamas, at Hector's side  
Standing, the dauntless hero thus address'd.

Hector! Thou ne'er canst listen to advice;  
But think'st thou, that if heaven in feats of arms  
Give thee pre-eminence, thou must excel  
Therefore in council also all mankind?  
No. All-sufficiency is not for thee.  
To one, superior force in arms is given,  
Skill to another in the graceful dance,  
Sweet song and powers of music to a third,  
And to a fourth loud-thundering Jove imparts  
Wisdom, which profits many, and which saves  
Whole cities oft, though revered but by few.  
Yet hear; I speak as wisest seems to me.  
War, like a fiery circle, all around  
Environs thee; the Trojans, since they pass'd  
The bulwark, either hold themselves aloof,  
Or, wide-dispersed among the galleys, cope  
With numbers far superior to their own.  
Retiring, therefore, summon all our Chiefs  
To consultation on the sum of all,  
Whether (should heaven so prosper us) to rush  
Impetuous on the gallant barks of Greece,  
Or to retreat secure; for much I dread  
Lest the Achaians punctually refund  
All yesterday's arrear, since yonder Chief



Insatiable with battle still abides  
Within the fleet, nor longer, as I judge,  
Will rest a mere spectator of the field.

So spake Polydamas, whose safe advice  
Pleased Hector; from his chariot down he leap'd  
All arm'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

Polydamas! here gather all the Chiefs;  
I haste into the fight, and my commands  
Once issued there, incontinent return.

He ended, and conspicuous as the height  
Of some snow-crested mountain, shouting ranged  
The Trojans and confederates of Troy.  
They swift around Polydamas, brave son  
Of Panthus, at the voice of Hector, ran.  
Himself with hasty strides the front, meantime,  
Of battle roam'd, seeking from rank to rank  
Asius Hyrtacides, with Asius' son  
Adamas, and Deiphobus, and the might  
Of Helenus, his royal brother bold.  
Them neither altogether free from hurt  
He found, nor living all. Beneath the sterns  
Of the Achaian ships some slaughter'd lay  
By Grecian hands; some stricken by the spear  
Within the rampart sat, some by the sword.  
But leftward of the woful field he found,  
Ere long, bright Helen's paramour his band  
Exhorting to the fight. Hector approach'd,  
And him, in fierce displeasure, thus bespake.

Curst Paris, specious, fraudulent and lewd!  
Where is Deiphobus, and where the might  
Of royal Helenus? Where Adamas  
Offspring of Asius, and where Asius, son  
Of Hyrtacus, and where Othryoneus?

Now lofty Ilium from her topmost height  
Falls headlong, now is thy own ruin sure!

To whom the godlike Paris thus replied.  
Since Hector! thou art pleased with no just cause  
To censure me, I may decline, perchance,  
Much more the battle on some future day,  
For I profess some courage, even I.  
Witness our constant conflict with the Greeks  
Here, on this spot, since first led on by thee  
The host of Troy waged battle at the ships.  
But those our friends of whom thou hast inquired  
Are slain, Deiphobus alone except  
And royal Helenus, who in the hand  
Bear each a wound inflicted by the spear,  
And have retired; but Jove their life preserved.  
Come now—conduct us whither most thine heart  
Prompts thee, and thou shalt find us ardent all  
To face like danger; what we can, we will,  
The best and most determined can no more.

So saying, the hero soothed his brother's mind.  
Then moved they both toward the hottest war  
Together, where Polydamas the brave,  
Phalces, Cebriones, Orthæus fought,  
Palmys and Polyphœtes, godlike Chief,  
And Morys and Ascanius, gallant sons  
Both of Hippotion. They at Troy arrived  
From fair Ascania the preceding morn,  
In recompense for aid by Priam lent  
Erewhile to Phrygia, and, by Jove impell'd,  
Now waged the furious battle side by side.  
The march of these at once, was as the sound  
Of mighty winds from deep-hung thunder-clouds  
Descending; clamorous the blast and wild  
With ocean mingles; many a billow, then,  
Upridged rides turbulent the sounding flood,

Foam-crested billow after billow driven,  
So moved the host of Troy, rank after rank  
Behind their Chiefs, all dazzling bright in arms.  
Before them Priameian Hector strode  
Fierce as gore-tainted Mars, and his broad shield  
Advancing came, heavy with hides, and thick-  
Plated with brass; his helmet on his brows  
Refulgent shook, and in its turn he tried  
The force of every phalanx, if perchance  
Behind his broad shield pacing he might shake  
Their steadfast order; but he bore not down  
The spirit of the firm Achaian host.  
Then Ajax striding forth, him, first, defied.

Approach. Why temptest thou the Greeks to fear?  
No babes are we in aught that appertains  
To arms, though humbled by the scourge of Jove.  
Thou cherishest the foolish hope to burn  
Our fleet with fire; but even we have hearts  
Prepared to guard it, and your populous Troy,  
By us dismantled and to pillage given,  
Shall perish sooner far. Know this thyself  
Also; the hour is nigh when thou shalt ask  
In prayer to Jove and all the Gods of heaven,  
That speed more rapid than the falcon's flight  
May wing thy coursers, while, exciting dense  
The dusty plain, they whirl thee back to Troy.

While thus he spake, sublime on the right-hand  
An eagle soar'd; confident in the sign  
The whole Achaian host with loud acclaim  
Hail'd it. Then glorious Hector thus replied.

Brainless and big, what means this boast of thine,  
Earth-cumberer Ajax? Would I were the son  
As sure, for ever, of almighty Jove  
And Juno, and such honor might receive

Henceforth as Pallas and Apollo share,  
As comes this day with universal wo  
Fraught for the Grecians, among whom thyself  
Shalt also perish if thou dare abide  
My massy spear, which shall thy pamper'd flesh  
Disfigure, and amid the barks of Greece  
Falling, thou shalt the vultures with thy bulk  
Enormous satiate, and the dogs of Troy.

He spake, and led his host; with clamor loud  
They follow'd him, and all the distant rear  
Came shouting on. On the other side the Greeks  
Re-echoed shout for shout, all undismay'd,  
And waiting firm the bravest of their foes.  
Upwent the double roar into the heights  
Ethereal, and among the beams of Jove.

## Book XIV

### ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

Agamemnon and the other wounded Chiefs taking Nestor with them, visit the battle. Juno having borrowed the Cestus of Venus, first engages the assistance of Sleep, then hastens to Ida to inveigle Jove. She prevails. Jove sleeps; and Neptune takes that opportunity to succor the Grecians.

Nor was that cry by Nestor unperceived  
Though drinking, who in words wing'd with surprise  
The son of Æsculapius thus address'd.

Divine Machaon! think what this may bode.  
The cry of our young warriors at the ships  
Grows louder; sitting here, the sable wine  
Quaff thou, while bright-hair'd Hecamede warms  
A bath, to cleanse thy crimson stains away.  
I from yon eminence will learn the cause.

So saying, he took a shield radiant with brass

There lying in the tent, the shield well-forged  
Of valiant Thrasymedes, his own son  
(For he had borne to fight his father's shield)  
And arming next his hand with a keen lance  
Stood forth before the tent. Thence soon he saw  
Foul deeds and strange, the Grecian host confused,  
Their broken ranks flying before the host  
Of Ilium, and the rampart overthrown.  
As when the wide sea, darken'd over all  
Its silent flood, forebodes shrill winds to blow,  
The doubtful waves roll yet to neither side,  
Till swept at length by a decisive gale;  
So stood the senior, with distressful doubts

Conflicting anxious, whether first to seek  
The Grecian host, or Agamemnon's self  
The sovereign, and at length that course preferr'd.  
Meantime with mutual carnage they the field  
Spread far and wide, and by spears double-edged  
Smitten, and by the sword their corselets rang.

The royal Chiefs ascending from the fleet,  
Ulysses, Diomedes, and Atreus' son  
Imperial Agamemnon, who had each  
Bled in the battle, met him on his way.  
For from the war remote they had updrawn  
Their galleys on the shore of the gray Deep,  
The foremost to the plain, and at the sterns  
Of that exterior line had built the wall.  
For, spacious though it were, the shore alone  
That fleet sufficed not, incommoding much  
The people; wherefore they had ranged the ships  
Line above line gradual, and the bay  
Between both promontories, all was fill'd.  
They, therefore, curious to survey the fight,  
Came forth together, leaning on the spear,  
When Nestor met them; heavy were their hearts,  
And at the sight of him still more alarm'd,  
Whom royal Agamemnon thus bespake.

Neleian Nestor, glory of the Greeks!  
What moved thee to forsake yon bloody field,  
And urged thee hither? Cause I see of fear,  
Lest furious Hector even now his threat  
Among the Trojans publish'd, verify,  
That he would never enter Ilium more  
Till he had burn'd our fleet, and slain ourselves.  
So threaten'd Hector, and shall now perform.  
Alas! alas! the Achaeans brazen-greaved  
All, like Achilles, have deserted me  
Resentful, and decline their fleet's defence.

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied.  
Those threats are verified; nor Jove himself  
The Thunderer can disappoint them now;  
For our chief strength in which we trusted most  
That it should guard impregnably secure  
Our navy and ourselves, the wall hath fallen.  
Hence all this conflict by our host sustain'd  
Among the ships; nor could thy keenest sight  
Inform thee where in the Achaian camp  
Confusion most prevails, such deaths are dealt  
Promiscuous, and the cry ascends to heaven.  
But come—consult we on the sum of all,  
If counsel yet may profit. As for you,  
Ye shall have exhortation none from me  
To seek the fight; the wounded have excuse.

Whom Agamemnon answer'd, King of men.  
Ah Nestor! if beneath our very sterns  
The battle rage, if neither trench nor wall  
Constructed with such labor, and supposed  
Of strength to guard impregnably secure  
Our navy and ourselves, avail us aught,  
It is because almighty Jove hath will'd  
That the Achaian host should perish here  
Inglorious, from their country far remote.  
When he vouchsafed assistance to the Greeks,  
I knew it well; and now, not less I know  
That high as the immortal Gods he lifts  
Our foes to glory, and depresses us.  
Haste therefore all, and act as I advise.  
Our ships—all those that nearest skirt the Deep,  
Launch we into the sacred flood, and moor  
With anchors safely, till o'ershadowing night  
(If night itself may save us) shall arrive.  
Then may we launch the rest; for I no shame  
Account it, even by 'vantage of the night

To fly destruction. Wiser him I deem  
Who 'scapes his foe, than whom his foe enthralls.

But him Ulysses, frowning stern, reproved.  
What word, Atrides, now hath pass'd thy lips?  
Counsellor of despair! thou should'st command  
(And would to heaven thou didst) a different host,  
Some dastard race, not ours; whom Jove ordains  
From youth to hoary age to weave the web  
Of toilsome warfare, till we perish all.  
Wilt thou the spacious city thus renounce  
For which such numerous woes we have endured?  
Hush! lest some other hear; it is a word  
Which no man qualified by years mature  
To speak discreetly, no man bearing rule  
O'er such a people as confess thy sway,  
Should suffer to contaminate his lips.  
I from my soul condemn thee, and condemn  
Thy counsel, who persuad'st us in the heat  
Of battle terrible as this, to launch  
Our fleet into the waves, that we may give  
Our too successful foes their full desire,  
And that our own prepondering scale  
May plunge us past all hope; for while they draw  
Their galleys down, the Grecians shall but ill  
Sustain the fight, seaward will cast their eyes  
And shun the battle, bent on flight alone.  
Then, shall they rue thy counsel, King of men!

To whom the imperial leader of the Greeks.  
Thy sharp reproof, Ulysses, hath my soul  
Pierced deeply. Yet I gave no such command  
That the Achaians should their galleys launch,  
Would they, or would they not. No. I desire  
That young or old, some other may advice  
More prudent give, and he shall please me well.



Then thus the gallant Diomedes replied.  
That man is near, and may ye but be found  
Tractable, our inquiry shall be short.  
Be patient each, nor chide me nor reproach  
Because I am of greener years than ye,  
For I am sprung from an illustrious Sire,  
From Tydeus, who beneath his hill of earth  
Lies now entomb'd at Thebes. Three noble sons  
Were born to Portheus, who in Pleuro dwelt,  
And on the heights of Calydon; the first  
Agrius; the second Melas; and the third  
Brave Oeneus, father of my father, famed  
For virtuous qualities above the rest.  
Oeneus still dwelt at home; but wandering thence  
My father dwelt in Argos; so the will  
Of Jove appointed, and of all the Gods.  
There he espoused the daughter of the King  
Adrastus, occupied a mansion rich  
In all abundance; many a field possess'd  
Of wheat, well-planted gardens, numerous flocks,  
And was expert in spearmanship esteem'd  
Past all the Grecians. I esteem'd it right  
That ye should hear these things, for they are true.  
Ye will not, therefore, as I were obscure  
And of ignoble origin, reject  
What I shall well advise. Expedience bids  
That, wounded as we are, we join the host.  
We will preserve due distance from the range  
Of spears and arrows, lest already gall'd,  
We suffer worse; but we will others urge  
To combat, who have stood too long aloof,  
Attentive only to their own repose.

He spake, whom all approved, and forth they went,  
Imperial Agamemnon at their head.

Nor watch'd the glorious Shaker of the shores  
In vain, but like a man time-worn approach'd,  
And, seizing Agamemnon's better hand,  
In accents wing'd the monarch thus address'd.

Atrides! now exults the vengeful heart  
Of fierce Achilles, viewing at his ease  
The flight and slaughter of Achaia's host;  
For he is mad, and let him perish such,  
And may his portion from the Gods be shame!  
But as for thee, not yet the powers of heaven  
Thee hate implacable; the Chiefs of Troy  
Shall cover yet with cloudy dust the breadth  
Of all the plain, and backward from the camp  
To Ilium's gates thyself shalt see them driven.

He ceased, and shouting traversed swift the field.  
Loud as nine thousand or ten thousand shout  
In furious battle mingled, Neptune sent  
His voice abroad, force irresistible  
Infusing into every Grecian heart,  
And thirst of battle not to be assuaged.

But Juno of the golden throne stood forth  
On the Olympian summit, viewing thence  
The field, where clear distinguishing the God  
Of ocean, her own brother, sole engaged  
Amid the glorious battle, glad was she.  
Seeing Jove also on the topmost point  
Of spring-fed Ida seated, she conceived  
Hatred against him, and thenceforth began  
Deliberate how best she might deceive  
The Thunderer, and thus at last resolved;  
Attired with skill celestial to descend  
On Ida, with a hope to allure him first  
Won by her beauty to a fond embrace,  
Then closing fast in balmy sleep profound

His eyes, to elude his vigilance, secure.  
She sought her chamber; Vulcan her own son  
That chamber built. He framed the solid doors,  
And to the posts fast closed them with a key  
Mysterious, which, herself except, in heaven  
None understood. Entering she secured  
The splendid portal. First, she laved all o'er  
Her beauteous body with ambrosial lymph,  
Then polish'd it with richest oil divine  
Of boundless fragrance; oil that in the courts  
Eternal only shaken, through the skies  
Breathed odors, and through all the distant earth.  
Her whole fair body with those sweets bedew'd,  
She passed the comb through her ambrosial hair,  
And braided her bright locks streaming profuse  
From her immortal brows; with golden studs  
She made her gorgeous mantle fast before,  
Ethereal texture, labor of the hands  
Of Pallas beautified with various art,  
And braced it with a zone fringed all around  
A hundred fold; her pendants triple-gemm'd  
Luminous, graceful, in her ears she hung,  
And covering all her glories with a veil  
Sun-bright, new-woven, bound to her fair feet  
Her sandals elegant. Thus full attired,  
In all her ornaments, she issued forth,  
And beckoning Venus from the other powers  
Of heaven apart, the Goddess thus bespake.

Daughter beloved! shall I obtain my suit,  
Or wilt thou thwart me, angry that I aid  
The Grecians, while thine aid is given to Troy?

To whom Jove's daughter Venus thus replied.  
What would majestic Juno, daughter dread  
Of Saturn, sire of Jove? I feel a mind

Disposed to gratify thee, if thou ask  
Things possible, and possible to me.

Then thus with wiles veiling her deep design  
Imperial Juno. Give me those desires,  
That love-enkindling power by which thou sway'st  
Immortal hearts and mortal, all alike;  
For to the green earth's utmost bounds I go,  
To visit there the parent of the Gods,  
Oceanus, and Tethys his espoused,  
Mother of all. They kindly from the hands  
Of Rhea took, and with parental care  
Sustain'd and cherish'd me, what time from heaven  
The Thunderer hurled down Saturn, and beneath  
The earth fast bound him and the barren Deep.  
Them go I now to visit, and their feuds  
Innumerable to compose; for long  
They have from conjugal embrace abstain'd  
Through mutual wrath, whom by persuasive speech  
Might I restore into each other's arms,  
They would for ever love me and revere.

Her, foam-born Venus then, Goddess of smiles,  
Thus answer'd. Thy request, who in the arms  
Of Jove reposest the omnipotent,  
Nor just it were nor seemly to refuse.

So saying, the cincture from her breast she loosed  
Embroider'd, various, her all-charming zone.  
It was an ambush of sweet snares, replete  
With love, desire, soft intercourse of hearts,  
And music of resistless whisper'd sounds  
That from the wisest steal their best resolves;  
She placed it in her hands and thus she said.

Take this—this girdle fraught with every charm.  
Hide this within thy bosom, and return,

Whate'er thy purpose, mistress of it all.

She spake; imperial Juno smiled, and still  
Smiling complacent, bosom'd safe the zone.  
Then Venus to her father's court return'd,  
And Juno, starting from the Olympian height,  
O'erflew Pieria and the lovely plains  
Of broad Emathia; soaring thence she swept  
The snow-clad summits of the Thracian hills  
Steed-famed, nor printed, as she passed, the soil.  
From Athos o'er the foaming billows borne  
She came to Lemnos, city and abode  
Of noble Thoas, and there meeting Sleep,  
Brother of Death, she press'd his hand, and said,

Sleep, over all, both Gods and men, supreme!  
If ever thou hast heard, hear also now  
My suit; I will be grateful evermore.  
Seal for me fast the radiant eyes of Jove  
In the instant of his gratified desire.  
Thy recompense shall be a throne of gold,  
Bright, incorruptible; my limping son,  
Vulcan, shall fashion it himself with art  
Laborious, and, beneath, shall place a stool  
For thy fair feet, at the convivial board.

Then answer thus the tranquil Sleep returned  
Great Saturn's daughter, awe-inspiring Queen!  
All other of the everlasting Gods  
I could with ease make slumber, even the streams  
Of Ocean, Sire of all. Not so the King  
The son of Saturn: him, unless himself  
Give me command, I dare not lull to rest,  
Or even approach him, taught as I have been  
Already in the school of thy commands  
That wisdom. I forget not yet the day  
When, Troy laid waste, that valiant son of his

Sail'd homeward: then my influence I diffused  
Soft o'er the sovereign intellect of Jove;  
While thou, against the Hero plotting harm,  
Didst rouse the billows with tempestuous blasts,  
And separating him from all his friend,  
Brought'st him to populous Cos. Then Jove awoke,  
And, hurling in his wrath the Gods about,  
Sought chiefly me, whom far below all ken  
He had from heaven cast down into the Deep,  
But Night, resistless vanquisher of all,  
Both Gods and men, preserved me; for to her  
I fled for refuge. So the Thunderer cool'd,  
Though sore displeased, and spared me through a fear  
To violate the peaceful sway of Night.  
And thou wouldst now embroil me yet again!

To whom majestic Juno thus replied.  
Ah, wherefore, Sleep! shouldst thou indulge a fear  
So groundless? Chase it from thy mind afar.  
Think'st thou the Thunderer as intent to serve  
The Trojans, and as jealous in their cause  
As erst for Hercules, his genuine son?  
Come then, and I will bless thee with a bride;  
One of the younger Graces shall be thine,  
Pasihea, day by day still thy desire.  
She spake; Sleep heard delighted, and replied.  
By the inviolable Stygian flood  
Swear to me; lay thy right hand on the glebe  
All-teeming, lay thy other on the face  
Of the flat sea, that all the Immortal Powers  
Who compass Saturn in the nether realms  
May witness, that thou givest me for a bride  
The younger Grace whom thou hast named, divine  
Pasihea, day by day still my desire.

He said, nor beauteous Juno not complied,  
But sware, by name invoking all the powers

Titanian call'd who in the lowest gulf  
Dwell under Tartarus, omitting none.  
Her oath with solemn ceremonial sworn,  
Together forth they went; Lemnos they left  
And Imbrus, city of Thrace, and in dark clouds  
Mantled, with gliding ease swam through the air  
To Ida's mount with rilling waters vein'd,  
Parent of savage beasts; at Lectos first  
They quitted Ocean, overpassing high  
The dry land, while beneath their feet the woods  
Their spiry summits waved. There, unperceived  
By Jove, Sleep mounted Ida's loftiest pine  
Of growth that pierced the sky, and hidden sat  
Secure by its expanded boughs, the bird  
Shrill-voiced resembling in the mountains seen,  
Chalcis in heaven, on earth Cymindis named.

But Juno swift to Gargarus the top  
Of Ida, soar'd, and there Jove saw his spouse.  
—Saw her—and in his breast the same love felt  
Rekindled vehement, which had of old  
Join'd them, when, by their parents unperceived,  
They stole aside, and snatch'd their first embrace.  
Soon he accosted her, and thus inquired.

Juno! what region seeking hast thou left  
The Olympian summit, and hast here arrived  
With neither steed nor chariot in thy train?

To whom majestic Juno thus replied  
Dissembling. To the green earth's end I go,  
To visit there the parent of the Gods  
Oceanus, and Tethys his espoused,  
Mother of all. They kindly from the hands  
Of Rhea took, and with parental care  
Sustain'd and cherish'd me; to them I haste  
Their feuds innumerable to compose,

Who disunited by intestine strife  
Long time, from conjugal embrace abstain.  
My steeds, that lightly over dank and dry  
Shall bear me, at the rooted base I left  
Of Ida river-vein'd. But for thy sake  
From the Olympian summit I arrive,  
Lest journeying remote to the abode  
Of Ocean, and with no consent of thine  
Entreated first, I should, perchance, offend.

To whom the cloud-assembler God replied.  
Juno! thy journey thither may be made  
Hereafter. Let us turn to dalliance now.  
For never Goddess pour'd, nor woman yet  
So full a tide of love into my breast;  
I never loved Ixion's consort thus  
Who bore Pirithoüs, wise as we in heaven;  
Nor sweet Acrisian Danäe, from whom  
Sprang Perseus, noblest of the race of man;  
Nor Phœnix' daughter fair, of whom were born  
Minos unmatch'd but by the powers above,  
And Rhadamanthus; nor yet Semele,  
Nor yet Alcmena, who in Thebes produced  
The valiant Hercules; and though my son  
By Semele were Bacchus, joy of man;  
Nor Ceres golden-hair'd, nor high-enthroned  
Latona in the skies, no—nor thyself  
As now I love thee, and my soul perceive  
O'erwhelm'd with sweetness of intense desire.

Then thus majestic Juno her reply  
Framed artful. Oh unreasonable haste!  
What speaks the Thunderer? If on Ida's heights.  
Where all is open and to view exposed  
Thou wilt that we embrace, what must betide,  
Should any of the everlasting Gods  
Observe us, and declare it to the rest?



Never could I, arising, seek again,  
Thy mansion, so unseemly were the deed.  
But if thy inclinations that way tend,  
Thou hast a chamber; it is Vulcan's work,  
Our son's; he framed and fitted to its posts  
The solid portal; thither let us his,  
And there repose, since such thy pleasure seems.

To whom the cloud-assembler Deity.  
Fear thou not, Juno, lest the eye of man  
Or of a God discern us; at my word  
A golden cloud shall fold us so around,  
That not the Sun himself shall through that veil  
Discover aught, though keenest-eyed of all.

So spake the son of Saturn, and his spouse  
Fast lock'd within his arms. Beneath them earth  
With sudden herbage teem'd; at once upsprang  
The crocus soft, the lotus bathed in dew,  
And the crisp hyacinth with clustering bells;  
Thick was their growth, and high above the ground  
Upbore them. On that flowery couch they lay,  
Invested with a golden cloud that shed  
Bright dew-drops all around. His heart at ease,  
There lay the Sire of all, by Sleep and Love  
Vanquish'd on lofty Gargarus, his spouse  
Constraining still with amorous embrace.  
Then, gentle Sleep to the Achaian camp  
Sped swift away, with tidings for the ear  
Of earth-encircler Neptune charged; him soon  
He found, and in wing'd accents thus began.

Now Neptune, yield the Greeks effectual aid,  
And, while the moment lasts of Jove's repose,  
Make victory theirs; for him in slumbers soft  
I have involved, while Juno by deceit  
Prevailing, lured him with the bait of love.

He said, and swift departed to his task  
Among the nations; but his tidings urged  
Neptune with still more ardor to assist  
The Danaï; he leap'd into the van  
Afar, and thus exhorted them aloud.

Oh Argives! yield we yet again the day  
To Priameian Hector? Shall he seize  
Our ships, and make the glory all his own?  
Such is his expectation, so he vaunts,  
For that Achilles leaves not yet his camp,  
Resentful; but of him small need, I judge,  
Should here be felt, could once the rest be roused  
To mutual aid. Act, then, as I advise.  
The best and broadest bucklers of the host,  
And brightest helmets put we on, and arm'd  
With longest spears, advance; myself will lead;  
And trust me, furious though he be, the son  
Of Priam flies. Ye then who feel your hearts  
Undaunted, but are arm'd with smaller shields,  
Them give to those who fear, and in exchange  
Their stronger shields and broader take yourselves.

So he, whom, reluctant, all obey'd.  
Then, wounded as they were, themselves the Kings,  
Tydides, Agamemnon and Ulysses  
Marshall'd the warriors, and from rank to rank  
Made just exchange of arms, giving the best  
To the best warriors, to the worse, the worst.  
And now in brazen armor all array'd  
Refulgent on they moved, by Neptune led  
With firm hand grasping his long-bladed sword  
Keen as Jove's bolt; with him may none contend  
In dreadful fight; but fear chains every arm.

Opposite, Priameian Hector ranged  
His Trojans; then they stretch'd the bloody cord  
Of conflict tight, Neptune cœrulean-hair'd,  
And Hector, pride of Ilium; one, the Greeks  
Supporting firm, and one, the powers of Troy;  
A sea-flood dash'd the galleys, and the hosts  
Join'd clamorous. Not so the billows roar  
The shores among, when Boreas' roughest blast  
Sweeps landward from the main the towering surge;  
Not so, devouring fire among the trees  
That clothe the mountain, when the sheeted flames  
Ascending wrap the forest in a blaze;  
Nor howl the winds through leafy boughs of oaks  
Uprgrown aloft (though loudest there they rave)  
With sounds so awful as were heard of Greeks  
And Trojans shouting when the clash began.

At Ajax, first (for face to face they stood)  
Illustrious Hector threw a spear well-aim'd,  
But smote him where the belts that bore his shield  
And falchion cross'd each other on his breast.  
The double guard preserved him unannoy'd.  
Indignant that his spear had bootless flown,  
Yet fearing death at hand, the Trojan Chief  
Toward the phalanx of his friends retired.  
But, as he went, huge Ajax with a stone  
Of those which propp'd the ships (for numerous such  
Lay rolling at the feet of those who fought)  
Assail'd him. Twirling like a top it pass'd  
The shield of Hector, near the neck his breast  
Struck full, then plough'd circuitous the dust.  
As when Jove's arm omnipotent an oak  
Prostrates uprooted on the plain, a fume  
Rises sulphureous from the riven trunk,  
And if, perchance, some traveller nigh at hand  
See it, he trembles at the bolt of Jove,  
So fell the might of Hector, to the earth

Smitten at once. Down dropp'd his idle spear,  
And with his helmet and his shield himself  
Also; loud thunder'd all his gorgeous arms.  
Swift flew the Grecians shouting to the skies,  
And showering darts, to drag his body thence,  
But neither spear of theirs nor shaft could harm  
The fallen leader, with such instant aid  
His princely friends encircled him around,  
Sarpedon, Lycian Chief, Glaucus the brave,  
Polydamas, Æneas, and renown'd  
Agenor; neither tardy were the rest,  
But with round shields all shelter'd Hector fallen.  
Him soon uplifted from the plain his friends  
Bore thence, till where his fiery coursers stood,  
And splendid chariot in the rear, they came,  
Then Troy-ward drove him groaning as he went.  
Ere long arriving at the pleasant stream  
Of eddied Xanthus, progeny of Jove,  
They laid him on the bank, and on his face  
Pour'd water; he, reviving, upward gazed,  
And seated on his hams black blood disgorged  
Coagulate, but soon relapsing, fell  
Supine, his eyes with pitchy darkness veil'd,  
And all his powers still torpid by the blow.

Then, seeing Hector borne away, the Greeks  
Rush'd fiercer on, all mindful of the fight,  
And far before the rest, Ajax the swift,  
The Oïlean Chief, with pointed spear  
On Satnius springing, pierced him. Him a nymph  
A Naiad, bore to Enops, while his herd  
Feeding, on Satnio's grassy verge he stray'd.  
But Oïliades the spear-renown'd  
Approaching, pierced his flank; supine he fell,  
And fiery contest for the dead arose.  
In vengeance of his fall, spear-shaking Chief  
The son of Panthus into fight advanced

Polydamas, who Prothöenor pierced  
Offspring of Areïlocus, and urged  
Through his right shoulder sheer the stormy lance.  
He, prostrate, clench'd the dust, and with loud voice  
Polydamas exulted at his fall.

Yon spear, methinks, hurl'd from the warlike hand  
Of Panthus' noble son, flew not in vain,  
But some Greek hath it, purposing, I judge,  
To lean on it in his descent to hell.

So he, whose vaunt the Greeks indignant heard.  
But most indignant, Ajax, offspring bold  
Of Telamon, to whom he nearest fell.  
He, quick, at the retiring conqueror cast  
His radiant spear; Polydamas the stroke  
Shunn'd, starting sideward; but Antenor's son  
Archilochus the mortal dint received,  
Death-destined by the Gods; where neck and spine  
Unite, both tendons he dissever'd wide,  
And, ere his knees, his nostrils met the ground.

Then Ajax in his turn vaunting aloud  
Against renown'd Polydamas, exclaim'd.  
Speak now the truth, Polydamas, and weigh  
My question well. His life whom I have slain  
Makes it not compensation for the loss  
Of Prothöenor's life! To me he seems  
Nor base himself; nor yet of base descent,  
But brother of Atenor steed-renown'd,  
Or else perchance his son; for in my eyes  
Antenor's lineage he resembles most.

So he, well knowing him, and sorrow seized  
Each Trojan heart. Then Acamas around  
His brother stalking, wounded with his spear  
Bæotian Promachus, who by the feet

Dragg'd off the slain. Acamas in his fall  
Aloud exulted with a boundless joy.

Vain-glorious Argives, archers inexpert!  
War's toil and trouble are not ours alone,  
But ye shall perish also; mark the man—  
How sound he sleeps tamed by my conquering arm,  
Your fellow-warrior Promachus! the debt  
Of vengeance on my brother's dear behalf  
Demanded quick discharge; well may the wish  
Of every dying warrior be to leave  
A brother living to avenge his fall.

He ended, whom the Greeks indignant heard,  
But chiefly brave Peneleus; swift he rush'd  
On Acamas; but from before the force  
Of King Peneleus Acamas retired,  
And, in his stead, Ilioneus he pierced,  
Offspring of Phorbas, rich in flocks; and blest  
By Mercury with such abundant wealth  
As other Trojan none, nor child to him  
His spouse had borne, Ilioneus except.  
Him close beneath the brow to his eye-roots  
Piercing, he push'd the pupil from its seat,  
And through his eye and through his poll the spear  
Urged furious. He down-sitting on the earth  
Both hands extended; but, his glittering blade  
Forth-drawn, Peneleus through his middle neck  
Enforced it; head and helmet to the ground  
He lopp'd together, with the lance infixt  
Still in his eye; then like a poppy's head  
The crimson trophy lifting, in the ears  
He vaunted loud of Ilium's host, and cried.

Go, Trojans! be my messengers! Inform  
The parents of Ilioneus the brave  
That they may mourn their son through all their house,

For so the wife of Alegenor's son  
Bæotian Promachus must him bewail,  
Nor shall she welcome his return with smiles  
Of joy affectionate, when from the shores  
Of Troy the fleet shall bear us Grecians home.

He said; fear whiten'd every Trojan cheek,  
And every Trojan eye with earnest look  
Inquired a refuge from impending fate.

Say now, ye Muses, blest inhabitants  
Of the Olympian realms! what Grecian first  
Fill'd his victorious hand with armor stript  
From slaughter'd Trojans, after Ocean's God  
Had, interposing, changed the battle's course?

First, Telamonian Ajax Hyrtius slew,  
Undaunted leader of the Mysian band.  
Phalces and Mermerus their arms resign'd  
To young Antilochus; Hyppotion fell  
And Morys by Meriones; the shafts  
Right-aim'd of Teucer to the shades dismiss'd  
Prothöus and Periphetes, and the prince  
Of Sparta, Menelaus, in his flank  
Pierced Hyperenor; on his entrails prey'd  
The hungry steel, and, through the gaping wound  
Expell'd, his spirit flew; night veil'd his eyes.  
But Ajax Oiliades the swift  
Slew most; him none could equal in pursuit  
Of tremblers scatter'd by the frown of Jove.

## Book XV

### ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

Jove, awaking and seeing the Trojans routed, threatens Juno. He sends Iris to admonish Neptune to relinquish the battle, and Apollo to restore health to Hector. Apollo armed with the Ægis, puts to flight the Grecians; they are pursued home to their fleet, and Telamonian Ajax slays twelve Trojans bringing fire to burn it.

But when the flying Trojans had o'erpass'd  
Both stakes and trench, and numerous slaughtered lay  
By Grecian hands, the remnant halted all  
Beside their chariots, pale, discomfited.  
Then was it that on Ida's summit Jove  
At Juno's side awoke; starting, he stood  
At once erect; Trojans and Greeks he saw,  
These broken, those pursuing and led on  
By Neptune; he beheld also remote  
Encircled by his friends, and on the plain  
Extended, Hector; there he panting lay,  
Senseless, ejecting blood, bruised by a blow  
From not the feeblest of the sons of Greece.  
Touch'd with compassion at that sight, the Sire  
Of Gods and men, frowning terrific, fix'd  
His eyes on Juno, and her thus bespake.

No place for doubt remains. Oh, versed in wiles,  
Juno! thy mischief-teeming mind perverse  
Hath plotted this; thou hast contrived the hurt  
Of Hector, and hast driven his host to flight.  
I know not but thyself mayst chance to reap  
The first-fruits of thy cunning, scourged by me.  
Hast thou forgotten how I once aloft  
Suspended thee, with anvils at thy feet,



And both thy wrists bound with a golden cord  
Indissoluble? In the clouds of heaven  
I hung thee, while from the Olympian heights  
The Gods look'd mournful on, but of them all  
None could deliver thee, for whom I seized,  
Hurl'd through the gates of heaven on earth he fell,  
Half-breathless. Neither so did I resign  
My hot resentment of the hero's wrongs  
Immortal Hercules, whom thou by storms  
Call'd from the North, with mischievous intent  
Hadst driven far distant o'er the barren Deep  
To populous Cos. Thence I deliver'd him,  
And after numerous woes severe, he reach'd  
The shores of fruitful Argos, saved by me.  
I thus remind thee now, that thou mayst cease  
Henceforth from artifice, and mayst be taught  
How little all the dalliance and the love  
Which, stealing down from heaven, thou hast by fraud  
Obtain'd from me, shall profit thee at last.

He ended, whom imperial Juno heard  
Shuddering, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

Be witness Earth, the boundless Heaven above,  
And Styx beneath, whose stream the blessed Gods  
Even tremble to adjure; be witness too  
Thy sacred life, and our connubial bed,  
Which by a false oath I will never wrong,  
That by no art induced or plot of mine  
Neptune, the Shaker of the shores, inflicts  
These harms on Hector and the Trojan host  
Aiding the Grecians, but impell'd alone  
By his own heart with pity moved at sight  
Of the Achaians at the ships subdued.  
But even him, oh Sovereign of the storms!  
I am prepared to admonish that he quit  
The battle, and retire where thou command'st.

So she; then smiled the Sire of Gods and men,  
And in wing'd accents answer thus return'd.

Juno! wouldst thou on thy celestial throne  
Assist my counsels, howso'er in heart  
He differ now, Neptune should soon his will  
Submissive bend to thy desires and mine.  
But if sincerity be in thy words  
And truth, repairing to the blest abodes  
Send Iris hither, with the archer God  
Apollo; that she, visiting the host  
Of Greece, may bid the Sovereign of the Deep  
Renounce the fight, and seek his proper home.  
Apollo's part shall be to rouse again  
Hector to battle, to inspire his soul  
Afresh with courage, and all memory thence  
To banish of the pangs which now he feels.  
Apollo also shall again repulse  
Achaia's host, which with base panic fill'd,  
Shall even to Achilles' ships be driven.  
Achilles shall his valiant friend exhort  
Patroclus forth; him under Ilium's walls  
Shall glorious Hector slay; but many a youth  
Shall perish by Patroclus first, with whom,  
My noble son Sarpedon. Peleus' son,  
Resentful of Patroclus' death, shall slay  
Hector, and I will urge ceaseless, myself,  
Thenceforth the routed Trojans back again,  
Till by Minerva's aid the Greeks shall take  
Ilium's proud city; till that day arrive  
My wrath shall burn, nor will I one permit  
Of all the Immortals to assist the Greeks,  
But will perform Achilles' whole desire.  
Such was my promise to him at the first,  
Ratified by a nod that self-same day

When Thetis clasp'd my knees, begging revenge  
And glory for her city-spoiler son.

He ended; nor his spouse white-arm'd refused  
Obedience, but from the Idæan heights  
Departing, to the Olympian summit soar'd.  
Swift as the traveller's thought, who, many a land  
Traversed, deliberates on his future course  
Uncertain, and his mind sends every way,  
So swift upstart Juno to the skies.  
Arrived on the Olympian heights, she found  
The Gods assembled; they, at once, their seats  
At her approach forsaking, with full cups  
Her coming hail'd; heedless of all beside,  
She took the cup from blooming Themis' hand,  
For she first flew to welcome her, and thus  
In accents wing'd of her return inquired.

Say, Juno, why this sudden re-ascent?  
Thou seem'st dismay'd; hath Saturn's son, thy spouse,  
Driven thee affrighted to the skies again?

To whom the white-arm'd Goddess thus replied.  
Themis divine, ask not. Full well thou know'st  
How harshly temper'd is the mind of Jove,  
And how untractable. Resume thy seat;  
The banquet calls thee; at our board preside,  
Thou shalt be told, and all in heaven shall hear  
What ills he threatens; such as shall not leave  
All minds at ease, I judge, here or on earth,  
However tranquil some and joyous now.

So spake the awful spouse of Jove, and sat.  
Then, all alike, the Gods displeasure felt  
Throughout the courts of Jove, but she, her lips  
Gracing with smiles from which her sable brows  
Dissented, thus indignant them address'd.

Alas! how vain against the Thunderer's will  
Our anger, and the hope to supersede  
His purpose, by persuasion or by force!  
He solitary sits, all unconcern'd  
At our resentment, and himself proclaims  
Mightiest and most to be revered in heaven.  
Be patient, therefore, and let each endure  
Such ills as Jove may send him. Mars, I ween,  
Already hath his share; the warrior God  
Hath lost Ascalaphus, of all mankind  
His most beloved, and whom he calls his own.

She spake, and with expanded palms his thighs  
Smiling, thus, sorrowful, the God exclaim'd.

Inhabitants of the Olympian heights!  
Oh bear with me, if to avenge my son  
I seek Achaia's fleet, although my doom  
Be thunder-bolts from Jove, and with the dead  
Outstretch'd to lie in carnage and in dust.

He spake, and bidding Horror and Dismay  
Lead to the yoke his rapid steeds, put on  
His all-refulgent armor. Then had wrath  
More dreadful, some strange vengeance on the Gods  
From Jove befallen, had not Minerva, touch'd  
With timely fears for all, upstarting sprung  
From where she sat, right through the vestibule.  
She snatch'd the helmet from his brows, the shield  
From his broad shoulder, and the brazen spear  
Forced from his grasp into its place restored.  
Then reprimanding Mars, she thus began.

Frantic, delirious! thou art lost for ever!  
Is it in vain that thou hast ears to hear,  
And hast thou neither shame nor reason left?

How? hear'st thou not the Goddess? the report  
Of white-arm'd Juno from Olympian Jove  
Return'd this moment? or prefer'st thou rather,  
Plagued with a thousand woes, and under force  
Of sad necessity to seek again  
Olympus, and at thy return to prove  
Author of countless miseries to us all?  
For He at once Grecians and Trojans both  
Abandoning, will hither haste prepared  
To tempest us in heaven, whom he will seize,  
The guilty and the guiltless, all alike.  
I bid thee, therefore, patient bear the death  
Of thy Ascalaphus; braver than he  
And abler have, ere now, in battle fallen,  
And shall hereafter; arduous were the task  
To rescue from the stroke of fate the race  
Of mortal men, with all their progeny.

So saying, Minerva on his throne replaced  
The fiery Mars. Then, summoning abroad  
Apollo from within the hall of Jove,  
With Iris, swift ambassadress of heaven,  
Them in wing'd accents Juno thus bespake.

Jove bids you hence with undelaying speed  
To Ida; in his presence once arrived,  
See that ye execute his whole command.

So saying, the awful Goddess to her throne  
Return'd and sat. They, cleaving swift the air,  
Alighted soon on Ida fountain-fed,  
Parent of savage kinds. High on the point  
Seated of Gargarus, and wrapt around  
With fragrant clouds, they found Saturnian Jove  
The Thunderer, and in his presence stood.  
He, nought displeased that they his high command

Had with such readiness obey'd, his speech  
To Iris, first, in accents wing'd address'd

Swift Iris, haste—to royal Neptune bear  
My charge entire; falsify not the word.  
Bid him, relinquishing the fight, withdraw  
Either to heaven, or to the boundless Deep.  
But should he disobedient prove, and scorn  
My message, let him, next, consider well  
How he will bear, powerful as he is,  
My coming. Me I boast superior far  
In force, and elder-born; yet deems he slight  
The danger of comparison with me,  
Who am the terror of all heaven beside.

He spake, nor storm-wing'd Iris disobey'd,  
But down from the Idæan summit stoop'd  
To sacred Ilium. As when snow or hail  
Flies drifted by the cloud-dispelling North,  
So swiftly, wing'd with readiness of will,  
She shot the gulf between, and standing soon  
At glorious Neptune's side, him thus address'd.

To thee, O Neptune azure-hair'd! I come  
With tidings charged from Ægis-bearing Jove.  
He bids thee cease from battle, and retire  
Either to heaven, or to the boundless Deep.  
But shouldst thou, disobedient, set at nought  
His words, he threatens that himself will haste  
To fight against thee; but he bids thee shun  
That strife with one superior far to thee,  
And elder-born; yet deem'st thou slight, he saith,  
The danger of comparison with Him,  
Although the terror of all heaven beside.

Her then the mighty Shaker of the shores  
Answer'd indignant. Great as is his power,

Yet he hath spoken proudly, threatening me  
With force, high-born and glorious as himself.  
We are three brothers; Saturn is our sire,  
And Rhea brought us forth; first, Jove she bore;  
Me next; then, Pluto, Sovereign of the shades.  
By distribution tripart we received  
Each his peculiar honors; me the lots  
Made Ruler of the hoary floods, and there  
I dwell for ever. Pluto, for his part,  
The regions took of darkness; and the heavens,  
The clouds, and boundless æther, fell to Jove.  
The Earth and the Olympian heights alike  
Are common to the three. My life and being  
I hold not, therefore, at his will, whose best  
And safest course, with all his boasted power,  
Were to possess in peace his proper third.  
Let him not seek to terrify with force  
Me like a dastard; let him rather chide  
His own-begotten; with big-sounding words  
His sons and daughters govern, who perforce  
Obey his voice, and shrink at his commands.

To whom thus Iris tempest-wing'd replied,  
Cœrulean-tress'd Sovereign of the Deep!  
Shall I report to Jove, harsh as it is,  
Thy speech, or wilt thou soften it? The wise  
Are flexible, and on the elder-born  
Erynnis, with her vengeful sisters, waits.

Her answer'd then the Shaker of the shores.  
Prudent is thy advice, Iris divine!

Discretion in a messenger is good  
At all times. But the cause that fires me thus,  
And with resentment my whole heart and mind  
Possesses, is the license that he claims  
To vex with provocation rude of speech

Me his compeer, and by decree of Fate  
Illustrious as himself; yet, though incensed,  
And with just cause, I will not now persist.  
But hear—for it is treasured in my heart  
The threat that my lips utter. If he still  
Resolve to spare proud Ilium in despite  
Of me, of Pallas, Goddess of the spoils,  
Of Juno, Mercury, and the King of fire,  
And will not overturn her lofty towers,  
Nor grant immortal glory to the Greeks,  
Then tell him thus—hostility shall burn,  
And wrath between us never to be quench'd.

So saying, the Shaker of the shores forsook  
The Grecian host, and plunged into the deep,  
Miss'd by Achaia's heroes. Then, the cloud-Assembler  
God thus to Apollo spake.

Hence, my Apollo! to the Trojan Chief  
Hector; for earth-encircler Neptune, awed  
By fear of my displeasure imminent,  
Hath sought the sacred Deep. Else, all the Gods  
Who compass Saturn in the nether realms,  
Had even there our contest heard, I ween,  
And heard it loudly. But that he retreats  
Although at first incensed, shunning my wrath,  
Is salutary both for him and me,  
Whose difference else had not been healed with ease.  
Take thou my shaggy Ægis, and with force  
Smiting it, terrify the Chiefs of Greece.  
As for illustrious Hector, him I give  
To thy peculiar care; fail not to rouse  
His fiercest courage, till he push the Greeks  
To Hellespont, and to their ships again;  
Thenceforth to yield to their afflicted host  
Some pause from toil, shall be my own concern.



He ended, nor Apollo disobey'd  
His father's voice; from the Idæan heights,  
Swift as the swiftest of the fowls of air,  
The dove-destroyer falcon, down he flew.  
The noble Hector, valiant Priam's son  
He found, not now extended on the plain,  
But seated; newly, as from death, awaked,  
And conscious of his friends; freely he breathed  
Nor sweated more, by Jove himself revived.  
Apollo stood beside him, and began.

Say, Hector, Priam's son! why sittest here  
Feeble and spiritless, and from thy host  
Apart? what new disaster hath befall'n?

To whom with difficulty thus replied  
The warlike Chief.—But tell me who art Thou,  
Divine inquirer! best of powers above!  
Know'st not that dauntless Ajax me his friends  
Slaughtering at yonder ships, hath with a stone  
Surceased from fight, smiting me on the breast?  
I thought to have beheld, this day, the dead  
In Ades, every breath so seem'd my last.

Then answer thus the Archer-God return'd.  
Courage this moment! such a helper Jove  
From Ida sends thee at thy side to war  
Continual, Phœbus of the golden sword,  
Whose guardian aid both thee and lofty Troy  
Hath succor'd many a time. Therefore arise!  
Instant bid drive thy numerous charioteers  
Their rapid steeds full on the Grecian fleet;  
I, marching at their head, will smooth, myself,  
The way before them, and will turn again  
To flight the heroes of the host of Greece.

He said and with new strength the Chief inspired.  
As some stall'd horse high pamper'd, snapping short  
His cord, beats under foot the sounding soil,  
Accustom'd in smooth-sliding streams to lave  
Exulting; high he bears his head, his mane  
Wantons around his shoulders; pleased, he eyes  
His glossy sides, and borne on pliant knees  
Soon finds the haunts where all his fellows graze;  
So bounded Hector, and his agile joints  
Plied lightly, quicken'd by the voice divine,  
And gather'd fast his charioteers to battle.  
But as when hounds and hunters through the woods  
Rush in pursuit of stag or of wild goat,  
He, in some cave with tangled boughs o'erhung,  
Lies safe conceal'd, no destined prey of theirs,  
Till by their clamors roused, a lion grim  
Starts forth to meet them; then, the boldest fly;  
Such hot pursuit the Danaï, with swords  
And spears of double edge long time maintain'd.  
But seeing Hector in his ranks again  
Occupied, felt at once their courage fall'n.

Then, Thoas them, Andræmon's son, address'd,  
Foremost of the Ætolians, at the spear  
Skilful, in stationary combat bold,  
And when the sons of Greece held in dispute  
The prize of eloquence, excell'd by few.  
Prudent advising them, he thus began.

Ye Gods! what prodigy do I behold?  
Hath Hector, 'scaping death, risen again?  
For him, with confident persuasion all  
Believed by Telamonian Ajax slain.  
But some Divinity hath interposed  
To rescue and save Hector, who the joints  
Hath stiffen'd of full many a valiant Greek,  
As surely now he shall; for, not without

The Thunderer's aid, he flames in front again.  
But take ye all my counsel. Send we back  
The multitude into the fleet, and first  
Let us, who boast ourselves bravest in fight,  
Stand, that encountering him with lifted spears,  
We may attempt to give his rage a check.  
To thrust himself into a band like ours  
Will, doubtless, even in Hector move a fear.

He ceased, with whose advice all, glad, complied.  
Then Ajax with Idomeneus of Crete,  
Teucer, Meriones, and Meges fierce  
As Mars in battle, summoning aloud  
The noblest Greeks, in opposition firm  
To Hector and his host their bands prepared,  
While others all into the fleet retired.  
Troy's crowded host struck first. With awful strides  
Came Hector foremost; him Apollo led,  
His shoulders wrapt in clouds, and, on his arm,  
The Ægis shagg'd terrific all around,  
Tempestuous, dazzling-bright; it was a gift  
To Jove from Vulcan, and design'd to appall,  
And drive to flight the armies of the earth.  
Arm'd with that shield Apollo led them on.  
Firm stood the embodied Greeks; from either host  
Shrill cries arose; the arrows from the nerve  
Leap'd, and, by vigorous arms dismiss'd, the spears  
Flew frequent; in the flesh some stood infixt  
Of warlike youths, but many, ere they reach'd  
The mark they coveted, unsated fell  
Between the hosts, and rested in the soil.  
Long as the God unagitated held  
The dreadful disk, so long the vollied darts  
Made mutual slaughter, and the people fell;  
But when he look'd the Grecian charioteers  
Full in the face and shook it, raising high  
Himself the shout of battle, then he quell'd

Their spirits, then he struck from every mind  
At once all memory of their might in arms.  
As when two lions in the still, dark night  
A herd of beeves scatter or numerous flock  
Suddenly, in the absence of the guard,  
So fled the heartless Greeks, for Phœbus sent  
Terrors among them, but renown conferr'd  
And triumph proud on Hector and his host.  
Then, in that foul disorder of the field,  
Man singled man. Arcesilaüs died  
By Hector's arm, and Stichius; one, a Chief  
Of the Bœotians brazen-mail'd, and one,  
Menestheus' faithful follower to the fight.  
Æneas Medon and Iäsus slew.  
Medon was spurious offspring of divine  
Oïleus Ajax' father, and abode  
In Phylace; for he had slain a Chief  
Brother of Eriopis the espoused  
Of brave Oïleus; but Iäsus led  
A phalanx of Athenians, and the son  
Of Sphelus, son of Bucolus was deem'd.  
Pierced by Polydamas Mecisteus fell,  
Polites, in the van of battle, slew  
Echion, and Agenor Clonius;  
But Paris, while Deïochus to flight  
Turn'd with the routed van, pierced him beneath  
His shoulder-blade, and urged the weapon through.

While them the Trojans spoil'd, meantime the Greeks,  
Entangled in the piles of the deep foss,  
Fled every way, and through necessity  
Repass'd the wall. Then Hector with a voice  
Of loud command bade every Trojan cease  
From spoil, and rush impetuous on the fleet.  
And whom I find far lingering from the ships  
Wherever, there he dies; no funeral fires

Brother on him, or sister, shall bestow,  
But dogs shall rend him in the sight of Troy.

So saying, he lash'd the shoulders of his steeds,  
And through the ranks vociferating, call'd  
His Trojans on; they, clamorous as he,  
All lash'd their steeds, and menacing, advanced.  
Before them with his feet Apollo push'd  
The banks into the foss, bridging the gulf  
With pass commodious, both in length and breadth  
A lance's flight, for proof of vigor hurl'd.  
There, phalanx after phalanx, they their host  
Pour'd dense along, while Phœbus in the van  
Display'd the awful ægis, and the wall  
Levell'd with ease divine. As, on the shore  
Some wanton boy with sand builds plaything walls,  
Then, sportive spreads them with his feet abroad,  
So thou, shaft-arm'd Apollo! that huge work  
Laborious of the Greeks didst turn with ease  
To ruin, and themselves drovest all to flight.  
They, thus enforced into the fleet, again  
Stood fast, with mutual exhortation each  
His friend encouraging, and all the Gods  
With lifted hands soliciting aloud.  
But, more than all, Gerenian Nestor pray'd  
Fervent, Achaia's guardian, and with arms  
Outstretch'd toward the starry skies, exclaim'd.

Jove, Father! if in corn-clad Argos, one,  
One Greek hath ever, burning at thy shrine  
Fat thighs of sheep or oxen, ask'd from thee  
A safe return, whom thou hast gracious heard,  
Olympian King! and promised what he sought,  
Now, in remembrance of it, give us help  
In this disastrous day, nor thus permit  
Their Trojan foes to tread the Grecians down!

So Nestor pray'd, and Jove thunder'd aloud  
Responsive to the old Neleïan's prayer.  
But when that voice of Ægis-bearing Jove  
The Trojans heard, more furious on the Greeks  
They sprang, all mindful of the fight. As when  
A turgid billow of some spacious sea,  
While the wind blow that heaves its highest, borne  
Sheer o'er the vessel's side, rolls into her,  
With such loud roar the Trojans pass'd the wall;  
In rush'd the steeds, and at the ships they waged  
Fierce battle hand to hand, from chariots, these,  
With spears of double edge, those, from the decks  
Of many a sable bark, with naval poles  
Long, ponderous, shod with steel; for every ship  
Had such, for conflict maritime prepared.

While yet the battle raged only without  
The wall, and from the ships apart, so long  
Patroclus quiet in the tent and calm  
Sat of Eurypylus, his generous friend  
Consoling with sweet converse, and his wound  
Sprinkling with drugs assuasive of his pains.  
But soon as through the broken rampart borne  
He saw the Trojans, and the clamor heard  
And tumult of the flying Greeks, a voice  
Of loud lament uttering, with open palms  
His thighs he smote, and, sorrowful, exclaim'd.

Eurypylus! although thy need be great,  
No longer may I now sit at thy side,  
Such contest hath arisen; thy servant's voice  
Must soothe thee now, for I will to the tent  
Haste of Achilles, and exhort him forth;  
Who knows? if such the pleasure of the Gods,  
I may prevail; friends rarely plead in vain.

So saying, he went. Meantime the Greeks endured  
The Trojan onset, firm, yet from the ships  
Repulsed them not, though fewer than themselves,  
Nor could the host of Troy, breaking the ranks  
Of Greece, mix either with the camp or fleet;  
But as the line divides the plank aright,  
Stretch'd by some naval architect, whose hand  
Minerva hath accomplish'd in his art,  
So stretch'd on them the cord of battle lay.  
Others at other ships the conflict waged,  
But Hector to the ship advanced direct  
Of glorious Ajax; for one ship they strove;  
Nor Hector, him dislodging thence, could fire  
The fleet, nor Ajax from the fleet repulse  
Hector, conducted thither by the Gods.  
Then, noble Ajax with a spear the breast  
Pierced of Caletor, son of Clytius, arm'd  
With fire to burn his bark; sounding he fell,  
And from his loosen'd grasp down dropp'd the brand.  
But Hector seeing his own kinsman fallen  
Beneath the sable bark, with mighty voice  
Call'd on the hosts of Lycia and of Troy.

Trojans and Lycians, and close-fighting sons  
Of Dardanus, within this narrow pass  
Stand firm, retreat not, but redeem the son  
Of Clytius, lest the Grecians of his arms  
Despoil him slain in battle at the ships.

So saying, at Ajax his bright spear he cast  
Him pierced he not, but Lycophron the son  
Of Mastor, a Cytherian, who had left  
Cytheras, fugitive for blood, and dwelt  
With Ajax. Him standing at Ajax' side,  
He pierced above his ear; down from the stern  
Supine he fell, and in the dust expired.  
Then, shuddering, Ajax to his brother spake.

Alas, my Teucer! we have lost our friend;  
Mastorides is slain, whom we received  
An inmate from Cytheræ, and with love  
And reverence even filia,, entertain'd;  
Hector pierced, he dies. Where are thy shafts  
Death-wing'd, and bow, by gift from Phœbus thine?

He said, whom Teucer hearing, instant ran  
With bow and well-stored quiver to his side,  
Whence soon his arrows sought the Trojan host.  
He struck Pisenor's son Clytus, the friend  
And charioteer of brave Polydamas,  
Offspring of Panthus, toiling with both hands  
To rule his fiery steeds; for more to please  
The Trojans and their Chief, where stormy most  
He saw the battle, thither he had driven.  
But sudden mischief, valiant as he was,  
Found him, and such as none could waft aside,  
For right into his neck the arrow plunged,  
And down he fell; his startled coursers shook  
Their trappings, and the empty chariot rang.  
That sound alarm'd Polydamas; he turn'd,  
And flying to their heads, consign'd them o'er  
To Protiaön's son, Astynoüs,  
Whom he enjoin'd to keep them in his view;  
Then, turning, mingled with the van again.  
But Teucer still another shaft produced  
Design'd for valiant Hector, whose exploits  
(Had that shaft reach'd him) at the ships of Greece  
Had ceased for ever. But the eye of Jove,  
Guardian of Hector's life, slept not; he took  
From Telamonian Teucer that renown,  
And while he stood straining the twisted nerve  
Against the Trojan, snapp'd it. Devious flew  
The steel-charged arrow, and he dropp'd his bow.  
Then shuddering, to his brother thus he spake.



Ah! it is evident. Some Power divine  
Makes fruitless all our efforts, who hath struck  
My bow out of my hand, and snapt the cord  
With which I strung it new at dawn of day,  
That it might bear the bound of many a shaft.

To whom the towering son of Telamon.  
Leave then thy bow, and let thine arrows rest,  
Which, envious of the Greeks, some God confounds,  
That thou may'st fight with spear and buckler arm'd,  
And animate the rest. Such be our deeds  
That, should they conquer us, our foes may find  
Our ships, at least a prize not lightly won.

So Ajax spake; then Teucer, in his tent  
The bow replacing, slung his fourfold shield,  
Settled on his illustrious brows his casque  
With hair high-crested, waving, as he moved,  
Terrible from above, took forth a spear  
Tough-grain'd, acuminated sharp with brass,  
And stood, incontinent, at Ajax' side.  
Hector perceived the change, and of the cause  
Conscious, with echoing voice call'd to his host.

Trojans and Lycians and close-fighting sons  
Of Dardanus, oh now, my friends, be men;  
Now, wheresoever through the fleet dispersed,  
Call into mind the fury of your might!  
For I have seen, myself, Jove rendering vain  
The arrows of their mightiest. Man may know  
With ease the hand of interposing Jove,  
Both whom to glory he ordains, and whom  
He weakens and aids not; so now he leaves  
The Grecians, but propitious smiles on us.  
Therefore stand fast, and whosoever gall'd  
By arrow or by spear, dies—let him die;

It shall not shame him that he died to serve  
His country, but his children, wife and home,  
With all his heritage, shall be secure,  
Drive but the Grecians from the shores of Troy.

So saying, he animated each. Meantime,  
Ajax his fellow-warriors thus address'd.

Shame on you all! Now, Grecians, either die,  
Or save at once your galley and yourselves.  
Hope ye, that should your ships become the prize  
Of warlike Hector, ye shall yet return  
On foot? Or hear ye not the Chief aloud  
Summoning all his host, and publishing  
His own heart's wish to burn your fleet with fire?  
Not to a dance, believe me, but to fight  
He calls them; therefore wiser course for us  
Is none, than that we mingle hands with hands  
In contest obstinate, and force with force.  
Better at once to perish, or at once  
To rescue life, than to consume the time  
Hour after hour in lingering conflict vain  
Here at the ships, with an inferior foe.

He said, and by his words into all hearts  
Fresh confidence infused. Then Hector smote  
Schedius, a Chief of the Phocensian powers  
And son of Perimedes; Ajax slew,  
Meantime, a Chief of Trojan infantry,  
Laodamas, Antenor's noble son  
While by Polydamas, a leader bold  
Of the Epeans, and Phylides' friend,  
Cyllenian Otus died. Meges that sight  
Viewing indignant on the conqueror sprang,  
But, starting wide, Polydamas escaped,  
Saved by Apollo, and his spear transpierced  
The breast of Cræsmus; on his sounding shield

Prostrate he fell, and Meges stripp'd his arms.  
Him so employ'd Dolops assail'd, brave son  
Of Lampus, best of men and bold in fight,  
Offspring of King Laomedon; he stood  
Full near, and through his middle buckler struck  
The son of Phyleus, but his corselet thick  
With plates of scaly brass his life secured.  
That corselet Phyleus on a time brought home  
From Ephyre, where the Selleïs winds,  
And it was given him for his life's defence  
In furious battle by the King of men,  
Euphetes. Many a time had it preserved  
Unharm'd the sire, and now it saved the son.  
Then Meges, rising, with his pointed lance  
The bushy crest of Dolops' helmet drove  
Sheer from its base; new-tinged with purple bright  
Entire it fell and mingled with the dust.  
While thus they strove, each hoping victory,  
Came martial Menelaus to the aid  
Of Meges; spear in hand apart he stood  
By Dolops unperceived, through his back drove  
And through his breast the spear, and far beyond.  
And down fell Dolops, forehead to the ground.  
At once both flew to strip his radiant arms,  
Then, Hector summoning his kindred, call'd  
Each to his aid, and Melanippus first,  
Illustrious Hicetaon's son, reproved.  
Ere yet the enemies of Troy arrived  
He in Percote fed his wandering beeves;  
But when the Danaï with all their fleet  
Came thither, then returning, he outshone  
The noblest Trojans, and at Priam's side  
Dwelling, was honor'd by him as a son.  
Him Hector reprimanding, stern began.

Are we thus slack? Can Melanippus view  
Unmoved a kinsman slain? Seest not the Greeks

How busy there with Dolops and his arms?  
Come on. It is no time for distant war,  
But either our Achaian foes must bleed,  
Or Ilium taken, from her topmost height  
Must stoop, and all her citizens be slain.

So saying he went, whose steps the godlike Chief  
Attended; and the Telamonian, next,  
Huge Ajax, animated thus the Greeks.

Oh friends, be men! Deep treasure in your hearts  
An honest shame, and, fighting bravely, fear  
Each to incur the censure of the rest.  
Of men so minded more survive than die,  
While dastards forfeit life and glory both.

So moved he them, themselves already bent  
To chase the Trojans; yet his word they bore  
Faithful in mind, and with a wall of brass  
Fenced firm the fleet, while Jove impell'd the foe.  
Then Menelaus, brave in fight, approach'd  
Antilochus, and thus his courage roused.

Antilochus! in all the host is none  
Younger, or swifter, or of stronger limb  
Than thou. Make trial, therefore, of thy might,  
Spring forth and prove it on some Chief of Troy.

He ended and retired, but him his praise  
Effectual animated; from the van  
Starting, he cast a wistful eye around  
And hurl'd his glittering spear; back fell the ranks  
Of Troy appall'd; nor vain his weapon flew,  
But Melanippus pierced heroic son  
Of Hicetaon, coming forth to fight,  
Full in the bosom, and with dreadful sound  
Of all his batter'd armor down he fell.

Swift flew Antilochus as flies the hound  
Some fawn to seize, which issuing from her lair  
The hunter with his lance hath stricken dead,  
So thee, O Melanippus! to despoil  
Of thy bright arms valiant Antilochus  
Sprang forth, but not unnoticed by the eye  
Of noble Hector, who through all the war  
Ran to encounter him; his dread approach  
Antilochus, although expert in arms,  
Stood not, but as some prowler of the wilds,  
Conscious of injury that he hath done,  
Slaying the watchful herdsman or his dog,  
Escapes, ere yet the peasantry arise,  
So fled the son of Nestor, after whom  
The Trojans clamoring and Hector pour'd  
Darts numberless; but at the front arrived  
Of his own phalanx, there he turn'd and stood.  
Then, eager as voracious lions, rush'd  
The Trojans on the fleet of Greece, the mind  
Of Jove accomplishing who them impell'd  
Continual, calling all their courage forth,  
While, every Grecian heart he tamed, and took  
Their glory from them, strengthening Ilium's host.  
For Jove's unalter'd purpose was to give  
Success to Priameian Hector's arms,  
That he might cast into the fleet of Greece  
Devouring flames, and that no part might fail  
Of Thetis' ruthless prayer; that sight alone  
He watch'd to see, one galley in a blaze,  
Ordaining foul repulse, thenceforth, and flight  
To Ilium's host, but glory to the Greeks.  
Such was the cause for which, at first, he moved  
To that assault Hector, himself prepared  
And ardent for the task; nor less he raged  
Than Mars while fighting, or than flames that seize  
Some forest on the mountain-tops; the foam  
Hung at his lips, beneath his awful front

His keen eyes glisten'd, and his helmet mark'd  
The agitation wild with which he fought.  
For Jove omnipotent, himself, from heaven  
Assisted Hector, and, although alone  
With multitudes he strove, gave him to reach  
The heights of glory, for that now his life  
Waned fast, and, urged by Pallas on, his hour  
To die by Peleus' mighty son approach'd.  
He then, wherever richest arms he saw  
And thickest throng, the warrior-ranks essay'd  
To break, but broke them not, though fierce resolved,  
In even square compact so firm they stood.  
As some vast rock beside the hoary Deep  
The stress endures of many a hollow wind,  
And the huge billows tumbling at his base,  
So stood the Danaï, nor fled nor fear'd.  
But he, all-fiery bright in arms, the host  
Assail'd on every side, and on the van  
Fell, as a wave by wintry blasts upheaved  
Falls ponderous on the ship; white clings the foam  
Around her, in her sail shrill howls the storm,  
And every seaman trembles at the view  
Of thousand deaths from which he scarce escapes,  
Such anguish rent the bosom of the Greeks.  
But he, as leaps a famish'd lion fell  
On beeves that graze some marshy meadow's breadth,  
A countless herd, tended by one unskill'd  
To cope with savage beasts in their defence,  
Beside the foremost kine or with the last  
He paces heedless, but the lion, borne  
Impetuous on the midmost, one devours  
And scatters all the rest, so fled the Greeks,  
Terrified from above, before the arm  
Of Hector, and before the frown of Jove.  
All fled, but of them all alone he slew  
The Mycenæan Periphetes, son  
Of Copeus custom'd messenger of King

Eurystheus to the might of Hercules.  
From such a sire inglorious had arisen  
A son far worthier, with all virtue graced,  
Swift-footed, valiant, and by none excell'd  
In wisdom of the Mycenæan name;  
Yet all but served to ennoble Hector more.  
For Periphetes, with a backward step  
Retiring, on his buckler's border trod,  
Which swept his heels; so check'd, he fell supine,  
And dreadful rang the helmet on his brows.  
Him Hector quick noticing, to his side  
Hasted, and, planting in his breast a spear,  
Slew him before the phalanx of his friends.  
But they, although their fellow-warrior's fate  
They mourn'd, no succor interposed, or could,  
Themselves by noble Hector sore appall'd.

And now behind the ships (all that updrawn  
Above the shore, stood foremost of the fleet)  
The Greeks retired; in rush'd a flood of foes;  
Then, through necessity, the ships in front  
Abandoning, amid the tents they stood  
Compact, not disarray'd, for shame and fear  
Fast held them, and vociferating each  
Aloud, call'd ceaseless on the rest to stand.  
But earnest more than all, guardian of all,  
Gerenian Nestor in their parents' name  
Implored them, falling at the knees of each.

Oh friends! be men. Now dearly prize your place  
Each in the estimation of the rest.  
Now call to memory your children, wives,  
Possessions, parents; ye whose parents live,  
And ye whose parents are not, all alike!  
By them as if here present, I entreat  
That ye stand fast—oh be not turn'd to flight!

So saying he roused the courage of the Greeks;  
Then, Pallas chased the cloud fall'n from above  
On every eye; great light the plain illumed  
On all sides, both toward the fleet, and where  
The indiscriminating battle raged.  
Then might be seen Hector and Hector's host  
Distinct, as well the rearmost who the fight  
Shared not, as those who waged it at the ships.

To stand aloof where other Grecians stood  
No longer now would satisfy the mind  
Of Ajax, but from deck to deck with strides  
Enormous marching, to and fro he swung  
With iron studs emboss'd a battle-pole  
Unwieldy, twenty and two cubits long.  
As one expert to spring from horse to horse,  
From many steeds selecting four, toward  
Some noble city drives them from the plain  
Along the populous road; him many a youth  
And many a maiden eyes, while still secure  
From steed to steed he vaults; they rapid fly;  
So Ajax o'er the decks of numerous ships  
Stalk'd striding large, and sent his voice to heaven.  
Thus, ever clamoring, he bade the Greeks  
Stand both for camp and fleet. Nor could himself  
Hector, contented, now, the battle wage  
Lost in the multitude of Trojans more,  
But as the tawny eagle on full wing  
Assails the feather'd nations, geese or cranes  
Or swans lithe-neck'd grazing the river's verge,  
So Hector at a galley sable-prow'd  
Darted; for, from behind, Jove urged him on  
With mighty hand, and his host after him.  
And now again the battle at the ships  
Grew furious; thou hadst deem'd them of a kind  
By toil untameable, so fierce they strove,  
And, striving, thus they fought. The Grecians judged



Hope vain, and the whole host's destruction sure;  
But nought expected every Trojan less  
Than to consume the fleet with fire, and leave  
Achaia's heroes lifeless on the field.  
With such persuasions occupied, they fought.

Then Hector seized the stern of a brave bark  
Well-built, sharp-keel'd, and of the swiftest sail,  
Which had to Troy Protesiläus brought,  
But bore him never thence. For that same ship  
Contending, Greeks and Trojans hand to hand  
Dealt slaughter mutual. Javelins now no more  
Might serve them, or the arrow-starting bow,  
But close conflicting and of one mind all  
With bill and battle-axe, with ponderous swords,  
And with long lances double-edged they fought.  
Many a black-hilted falchion huge of haft  
Fell to the ground, some from the grasp, and some  
From shoulders of embattled warriors hewn,  
And pools of blood soak'd all the sable glebe.  
Hector that ship once grappled by the stern  
Left not, but griping fast her upper edge  
With both hands, to his Trojans call'd aloud.

Fire! Bring me fire! Stand fast and shout to heaven!  
Jove gives us now a day worth all the past;  
The ships are ours which, in the Gods' despite  
Steer'd hither, such calamities to us  
Have caused, for which our seniors most I blame  
Who me withheld from battle at the fleet  
And check'd the people; but if then the hand  
Of Thunderer Jove our better judgment marr'd,  
Himself now urges and commands us on.

He ceased; they still more violent assail'd  
The Grecians. Even Ajax could endure,  
Whelm'd under weapons numberless, that storm

No longer, but expecting death retired  
Down from the decks to an inferior stand,  
Where still he watch'd, and if a Trojan bore  
Fire thither, he repulsed him with his spear,  
Roaring continual to the host of Greece.

Friends! Grecian heroes! ministers of Mars!  
Be men, my friends! now summon all your might!  
Think we that we have thousands at our backs  
To succor us, or yet some stronger wall  
To guard our warriors from the battle's force?  
Not so. No tower'd city is at hand,  
None that presents us with a safe retreat  
While others occupy our station here,  
But from the shores of Argos far remote  
Our camp is, where the Trojans arm'd complete  
Swarm on the plain, and Ocean shuts us in.  
Our hands must therefore save us, not our heels

He said, and furious with his spear again  
Press'd them, and whatsoever Trojan came,  
Obsequious to the will of Hector, arm'd  
With fire to burn the fleet, on his spear's point  
Ajax receiving pierced him, till at length  
Twelve in close fight fell by his single arm.

## Book XVI

### ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

Achilles, at the suit of Patroclus, grants him his own armor, and permission to lead the Myrmidons to battle. They, sallying, repulse the Trojans. Patroclus slays Sarpedon, and Hector, when Apollo had first stripped off his armor and Euphorbus wounded him, slays Patroclus.

Such contest for that gallant bark they waged.  
Meantime Patroclus, standing at the side  
Of the illustrious Chief Achilles, wept  
Fast as a crystal fountain from the height  
Of some rude rock pours down its rapid stream.  
Divine Achilles with compassion moved  
Mark'd him, and in wing'd accents thus began.

Who weeps Patroclus like an infant girl  
Who, running at her mother's side, entreats  
To be uplifted in her arms? She grasps  
Her mantle, checks her haste, and looking up  
With tearful eyes, pleads earnest to be borne;  
So fall, Patroclus! thy unceasing tears.  
Bring'st thou to me or to my people aught  
Afflictive? Hast thou mournful tidings learn'd  
From Phthia, trusted to thy ear alone?  
Menœtius, son of Actor, as they say,  
Still lives; still lives his Myrmidons among  
Peleus Æacides; whom, were they dead,  
With cause sufficient we should both deplore.  
Or weep'st thou the Achaians at the ships  
Perishing, for their outrage done to me?  
Speak. Name thy trouble. I would learn the cause  
To whom, deep-sorrowing, thou didst reply,  
Patroclus! Oh Achilles, Peleus' son!

Noblest of all our host! bear with my grief,  
Since such distress hath on the Grecians fallen.  
The bravest of their ships disabled lie,  
Some wounded from afar, some hand to hand.  
Diomede, warlike son of Tydeus, bleeds,  
Gall'd by a shaft; Ulysses, glorious Chief,  
And Agamemnon suffer by the spear,  
And brave Eurypylus an arrow-point  
Bears in his thigh. These all, are now the care  
Of healing hands. Oh thou art pity-proof,  
Achilles! be my bosom ever free  
From anger such as harbor finds in thine,  
Scorning all limits! whom, of men unborn,  
Hereafter wilt thou save, from whom avert  
Disgrace, if not from the Achaians now?  
Ah ruthless! neither Peleus thee begat,  
Nor Thetis bore, but rugged rocks sublime,  
And roaring billows blue gave birth to thee,  
Who bear'st a mind that knows not to relent,  
But, if some prophecy alarm thy fears,  
If from thy Goddess-mother thou have aught  
Received, and with authority of Jove,  
Me send at least, me quickly, and with me  
The Myrmidons. A dawn of cheerful hope  
Shall thence, it may be, on the Greeks arise.  
Grant me thine armor also, that the foe  
Thyself supposing present, may abstain  
From battle, and the weary Greeks enjoy  
Short respite; it is all that war allows.  
We, fresh and vigorous, by our shouts alone  
May easily repulse an army spent  
With labor from the camp, and from the fleet,  
Such suit he made, alas! all unforewarn'd  
That his own death should be the bitter fruit,  
And thus Achilles, sorrowful, replied.  
Patroclus, noble friend! what hast thou spoken?  
Me neither prophesy that I have heard

Holds in suspense, nor aught that I have learn'd  
From Thetis with authority of Jove!  
Hence springs, and hence alone, my grief of heart;  
If one, in nought superior to myself  
Save in his office only, should by force  
Amerce me of my well-earn'd recompense—  
How then? There lies the grief that stings my soul.  
The virgin chosen for me by the sons  
Of Greece, my just reward, by my own spear  
Obtain'd when I Eëtion's city took,  
Her, Agamemnon, leader of the host  
From my possession wrung, as I had been  
Some alien wretch, unhonor'd and unknown.  
But let it pass; anger is not a flame  
To feed for ever; I affirm'd, indeed,  
Mine inextinguishable till the shout  
Of battle should invade my proper barks;  
But thou put on my glorious arms, lead forth  
My valiant Myrmidons, since such a cloud,  
So dark, of dire hostility surrounds  
The fleet, and the Achaïans, by the waves  
Hemm'd in, are prison'd now in narrow space.  
Because the Trojans meet not in the field  
My dazzling helmet, therefore bolder grown  
All Ilium comes abroad; but had I found  
Kindness at royal Agamemnon's hands,  
Soon had they fled, and with their bodies chok'd  
The streams, from whom ourselves now suffer siege  
For in the hands of Diomedé his spear  
No longer rages rescuing from death  
The afflicted Danaï, nor hear I more  
The voice of Agamemnon issuing harsh  
From his detested throat, but all around  
The burst of homicidal Hector's cries,  
Calling his Trojans on; they loud insult  
The vanquish'd Greeks, and claim the field their own.  
Go therefore, my Patroclus; furious fall

On these assailants, even now preserve  
From fire the only hope of our return.  
But hear the sum of all; mark well my word;  
So shalt thou glorify me in the eyes  
Of all the Danaï, and they shall yield  
Brisëis mine, with many a gift beside.  
The Trojans from the fleet expell'd, return.  
Should Juno's awful spouse give thee to win  
Victory, be content; seek not to press  
The Trojans without me, for thou shalt add  
Still more to the disgrace already mine.  
Much less, by martial ardor urged, conduct  
Thy slaughtering legions to the walls of Troy,  
Lest some immortal power on her behalf  
Descend, for much the Archer of the skies  
Loves Ilium. No—the fleet once saved, lead back  
Thy band, and leave the battle to themselves.  
For oh, by all the powers of heaven I would  
That not one Trojan might escape of all,  
Nor yet a Grecian, but that we, from death  
Ourselves escaping, might survive to spread  
Troy's sacred bulwarks on the ground, alone.  
Thus they conferr'd. But Ajax overwhelm'd  
Meantime with darts, no longer could endure,  
Quell'd both by Jupiter and by the spears  
Of many a noble Trojan; hideous rang  
His batter'd helmet bright, stroke after stroke  
Sustaining on all sides, and his left arm  
That had so long shifted from side to side  
His restless shield, now fail'd; yet could not all  
Displace him with united force, or move.  
Quick pantings heaved his chest, copious the sweat  
Trickled from all his limbs, nor found he time,  
However short, to breathe again, so close  
Evil on evil heap'd hemm'd him around.  
Olympian Muses! now declare, how first  
The fire was kindled in Achaia's fleet?

Hector the ashen lance of Ajax smote  
With his broad falchion, at the nether end,  
And lopp'd it sheer. The Telamonian Chief  
His mutilated beam brandish'd in vain,  
And the bright point shrill-sounding-fell remote.  
Then Ajax in his noble mind perceived,  
Shuddering with awe, the interposing power  
Of heaven, and that, propitious to the arms  
Of Troy, the Thunderer had ordain'd to mar  
And frustrate all the counsels of the Greeks.  
He left his stand; they fired the gallant bark;  
Through all her length the conflagration ran  
Incontinent, and wrapp'd her stern in flames.  
Achilles saw them, smote his thighs, and said,  
Patroclus, noble charioteer, arise!  
I see the rapid run of hostile fires  
Already in the fleet—lest all be lost,  
And our return impossible, arm, arm  
This moment; I will call, myself, the band.  
Then put Patroclus on his radiant arms.  
Around his legs his polish'd greaves he clasp'd,  
With argent studs secured; the hauberk rich  
Star-spangled to his breast he bound of swift  
Æacides; he slung his brazen sword  
With silver bright emboss'd, and his broad shield  
Ponderous; on his noble head his casque  
He settled elegant, whose lofty crest  
Waved dreadful o'er his brows, and last he seized  
Well fitted to his gripe two sturdy spears.  
Of all Achilles' arms his spear alone  
He took not; that huge beam, of bulk and length  
Enormous, none, Æacides except,  
In all Achaia's host had power to wield.  
It was that Pelian ash which from the top  
Of Pelion hewn that it might prove the death  
Of heroes, Chiron had to Peleus given.  
He bade Automedon his coursers bind

Speedily to the yoke, for him he loved  
Next to Achilles most, as worthiest found  
Of trust, what time the battle loudest roar'd.  
Then led Automedon the fiery steeds  
Swift as wing'd tempests to the chariot-yoke,  
Xanthus and Balius. Them the harpy bore  
Podarge, while in meadows green she fed  
On Ocean's side, to Zephyrus the wind.  
To these he added, at their side, a third,  
The noble Pedasus; him Peleus' son,  
Eëtion's city taken, thence had brought,  
Though mortal, yet a match for steeds divine.  
Meantime from every tent Achilles call'd  
And arm'd his Myrmidons. As wolves that gorge  
The prey yet panting, terrible in force,  
When on the mountains wild they have devour'd  
An antler'd stag new-slain, with bloody jaws  
Troop all at once to some clear fountain, there  
To lap with slender tongues the brimming wave;  
No fears have they, but at their ease eject  
From full maws flatulent the clotted gore;  
Such seem'd the Myrmidon heroic Chiefs  
Assembling fast around the valiant friend  
Of swift Æacides. Amid them stood  
Warlike Achilles, the well-shielded ranks  
Exhorting, and the steeds, to glorious war.  
The galleys by Achilles dear to Jove  
Commanded, when to Ilium's coast he steer'd,  
Were fifty; fifty rowers sat in each,  
And five, in whom he trusted, o'er the rest  
He captains named, but ruled, himself, supreme.  
One band Menestheus swift in battle led,  
Offspring of Sperchius heaven-descended stream.  
Him Polydora, Peleus' daughter, bore  
To ever-flowing Sperchius, compress'd,  
Although a mortal woman, by a God.  
But his reputed father was the son



Of Perieres, Borus, who with dower  
Enrich'd, and made her openly his bride.  
Warlike Eudorus led the second band.  
Him Polymela, graceful in the dance,  
And daughter beautiful of Phylas, bore,  
A mother unsuspected of a child.  
Her worshipping the golden-shafted Queen  
Diana, in full choir, with song and dance,  
The valiant Argicide beheld and loved.  
Ascending with her to an upper room,  
All-bounteous Mercury clandestine there  
Embraced her, who a noble son produced  
Eudorus, swift to run, and bold in fight.  
No sooner Ilithya, arbitress  
Of pangs puerperal, had given him birth,  
And he beheld the beaming sun, than her  
Echechleus, Actor's mighty son, enrich'd  
With countless dower, and led her to his home;  
While ancient Phylas, cherishing her boy  
With fond affection, reared him as his own.  
The third brave troop warlike Pisander led,  
Offspring of Maimalus; he far excell'd  
In spear-fight every Myrmidon, the friend  
Of Peleus' dauntless son alone except.  
The hoary Phœnix of equestrian fame  
The fourth band led to battle, and the fifth  
Laërceus' offspring, bold Alcimedon.  
Thus, all his bands beneath their proper Chiefs  
Marshall'd, Achilles gave them strict command—  
Myrmidons! all that vengeance now inflict,  
Which in this fleet ye ceased not to denounce  
Against the Trojans while my wrath endured.  
Me censuring, ye have proclaim'd me oft  
Obdurate. Oh Achilles! ye have said,  
Thee not with milk thy mother but with bile  
Suckled, who hold'st thy people here in camp  
Thus long imprison'd. Unrelenting Chief!

Even let us hence in our sea-skimming barks  
To Phthia, since thou can'st not be appeased—  
Thus in full council have ye spoken oft.  
Now, therefore, since a day of glorious toil  
At last appears, such as ye have desired,  
There lies the field—go—give your courage proof.  
So them he roused, and they, their leader's voice  
Hearing elate, to closest order drew.  
As when an architect some palace wall  
With shapely stones upbuilds, cementing close  
A barrier against all the winds of heaven,  
So wedged, the helmets and boss'd bucklers stood;  
Shield, helmet, man, press'd helmet, man, and shield,  
And every bright-arm'd warrior's bushy crest  
Its fellow swept, so dense was their array.  
In front of all, two Chiefs their station took,  
Patroclus and Automedon; one mind  
In both prevail'd, to combat in the van  
Of all the Myrmidons. Achilles, then,  
Retiring to his tent, displaced the lid  
Of a capacious chest magnificent  
By silver-footed Thetis stow'd on board  
His bark, and fill'd with tunics, mantles warm,  
And gorgeous arras; there he also kept  
Secure a goblet exquisitely wrought,  
Which never lip touched save his own, and whence  
He offer'd only to the Sire of all.  
That cup producing from the chest, he first  
With sulphur fumed it, then with water rinsed  
Pellucid of the running stream, and, last  
(His hands clean laved) he charged it high with wine.  
And now, advancing to his middle court,  
He pour'd libation, and with eyes to heaven  
Uplifted pray'd, of Jove not unobserved.  
Pelagian, Dodonæan Jove supreme,  
Dwelling remote, who on Dodona's heights  
Snow-clad reign'st Sovereign, by thy seers around

Compass'd the Selli, prophets vow-constrain'd  
To unwash'd feet and slumbers on the ground!  
Plain I behold my former prayer perform'd,  
Myself exalted, and the Greeks abased.  
Now also grant me, Jove, this my desire!  
Here, in my fleet, I shall myself abide,  
But lo! with all these Myrmidons I send  
My friend to battle. Thunder-rolling Jove,  
Send glory with him, make his courage firm!  
That even Hector may himself be taught,  
If my companion have a valiant heart  
When he goes forth alone, or only then  
The noble frenzy feels that Mars inspires  
When I rush also to the glorious field.  
But when he shall have driven the battle-shout  
Once from the fleet, grant him with all his arms,  
None lost, himself unhurt, and my whole band  
Of dauntless warriors with him, safe return!  
Such prayer Achilles offer'd, and his suit  
Jove hearing, part confirm'd, and part refused;  
To chase the dreadful battle from the fleet  
He gave him, but vouchsafed him no return.  
Prayer and libation thus perform'd to Jove  
The Sire of all, Achilles to his tent  
Return'd, replaced the goblet in his chest,  
And anxious still that conflict to behold  
Between the hosts, stood forth before his tent.  
Then rush'd the bands by brave Patroclus led,  
Full on the Trojan host. As wasps forsake  
Their home by the way-side, provoked by boys  
Disturbing inconsiderate their abode,  
Not without nuisance sore to all who pass,  
For if, thenceforth, some traveller unaware  
Annoy them, issuing one and all they swarm  
Around him, fearless in their broods' defence,  
So issued from their fleet the Myrmidons

Undaunted; clamor infinite arose,  
And thus Patroclus loud his host address'd.  
Oh Myrmidons, attendants in the field  
On Peleus' son, now be ye men, my friends!  
Call now to mind the fury of your might;  
That we, close-fighting servants of the Chief  
Most excellent in all the camp of Greece,  
May glory gain for him, and that the wide-  
Commanding Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
May learn his fault, that he dishonor'd foul  
The prince in whom Achaia glories most.  
So saying he fired their hearts, and on the van  
Of Troy at once they fell; loud shouted all  
The joyful Grecians, and the navy rang.  
Then, soon as Ilium's host the valiant son  
Saw of Menœtius and his charioteer  
In dazzling armor clad, all courage lost,  
Their closest ranks gave way, believing sure  
That, wrath renounced, and terms of friendship chosen,  
Achilles' self was there; thus thinking, each  
Look'd every way for refuge from his fate.  
Patroclus first, where thickest throng he saw  
Gather'd tumultuous around the bark  
Of brave Protesilaüs, hurl'd direct  
At the whole multitude his glittering spear.  
He smote Pyræchmes; he his horsemen band  
Pæonian led from Amydon, and from  
Broad-flowing Axius. In his shoulder stood  
The spear, and with loud groans supine he fell.  
At once fled all his followers, on all sides  
With consternation fill'd, seeing their Chief  
And their best warrior, by Patroclus slain.  
Forth from the fleet he drove them, quench'd the flames,  
And rescued half the ship. Then scatter'd fled  
With infinite uproar the host of Troy,  
While from between their ships the Danaï  
Pour'd after them, and hideous rout ensued.

As when the king of lightnings, Jove, dispels  
From some huge eminence a gloomy cloud,  
The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland heights  
Shine all, illumined from the boundless heaven,  
So when the Danaï those hostile fires  
Had from their fleet expell'd, awhile they breathed,  
Yet found short respite, for the battle yet  
Ceased not, nor fled the Trojans in all parts  
Alike, but still resisted, from the ships  
Retiring through necessity alone.  
Then, in that scatter'd warfare, every Chief  
Slew one. While Areïlochus his back  
Turn'd on Patroclus, sudden with a lance  
His thigh he pierced, and urged the weapon through,  
Shivering the bone; he headlong smote the ground.  
The hero Menelaus, where he saw  
The breast of Thoas by his slanting shield  
Unguarded, struck and stretch'd him at his feet.  
Phylides, meeting with preventive spear  
The furious onset of Amphiclus, gash'd  
His leg below the knee, where brawny most  
The muscles swell in man; disparted wide  
The tendons shrank, and darkness veil'd his eyes.  
The two Nestoridæ slew each a Chief.  
Of these, Antilochus Atymnius pierced  
Right through his flank, and at his feet he fell.  
With fierce resentment fired Maris beheld  
His brother's fall, and guarding, spear in hand,  
The slain, impetuous on the conqueror flew;  
But godlike Thrasymedes wounded first  
Maris, ere he Antilochus; he pierced  
His upper arm, and with the lance's point  
Rent off and stript the muscles to the bone.  
Sounding he fell, and darkness veil'd his eyes.  
They thus, two brothers by two brothers slain,  
Went down to Erebus, associates both  
Of brave Sarpedon, and spear-practised sons

Of Amisodarus; of him who fed  
Chimæra, monster, by whom many died.  
Ajax the swift on Cleobulus sprang,  
Whom while he toil'd entangled in the crowd,  
He seized alive, but smote him where he stood  
With his huge-hafted sword full on the neck;  
The blood warm'd all his blade, and ruthless fate  
Benighted dark the dying warrior's eyes.  
Peneleus into close contention rush'd  
And Lycon. Each had hurl'd his glittering spear,  
But each in vain, and now with swords they met.  
He smote Peneleus on the crested casque,  
But snapp'd his falchion; him Peneleus smote  
Beneath his ear; the whole blade entering sank  
Into his neck, and Lycon with his head  
Depending by the skin alone, expired.  
Meriones o'ertaking Acamas  
Ere yet he could ascend his chariot, thrust  
A lance into his shoulder; down he fell  
In dreary death's eternal darkness whelm'd.  
Idomeneus his ruthless spear enforced  
Into the mouth of Erymas. The point  
Stay'd not, but gliding close beneath the brain,  
Transpierced his spine, and started forth beyond.  
It wrench'd his teeth, and fill'd his eyes with blood;  
Blood also blowing through his open mouth  
And nostrils, to the realms of death he pass'd.  
Thus slew these Grecian leaders, each, a foe.  
Sudden as hungry wolves the kids purloin  
Or lambs, which haply some unheeding swain  
Hath left to roam at large the mountains wild;  
They, seeing, snatch them from beside the dams,  
And rend incontinent the feeble prey,  
So swift the Danaï the host assail'd  
Of Ilium; they, into tumultuous flight  
Together driven, all hope, all courage lost.

Huge Ajax ceaseless sought his spear to cast  
At Hector brazen-mail'd, who, not untaught  
The warrior's art, with bull-hide buckler stood  
Sheltering his ample shoulders, while he mark'd  
The hiss of flying shafts and crash of spears.  
Full sure he saw the shifting course of war  
Now turn'd, but scorning flight, bent all his thoughts  
To rescue yet the remnant of his friends.  
As when the Thunderer spreads a sable storm  
O'er ether, late serene, the cloud that wrapp'd  
Olympus' head escapes into the skies,  
So fled the Trojans from the fleet of Greece  
Clamoring in their flight, nor pass'd the trench  
In fair array; the coursers fleet indeed  
Of Hector, him bore safe with all his arms  
Right through, but in the foss entangled foul  
He left his host, and struggling to escape.  
Then many a chariot-whirling steed, the pole  
Broken at its extremity, forsook  
His driver, while Patroclus with the shout  
Of battle calling his Achaians on,  
Destruction purposed to the powers of Troy.  
They, once dispersed, with clamor and with flight  
Fill'd all the ways, the dust beneath the clouds  
Hung like a tempest, and the steeds firm-hoof'd  
Whirl'd off at stretch the chariots to the town.  
He, wheresoe'er most troubled he perceived  
The routed host, loud-threatening thither drove,  
While under his own axle many a Chief  
Fell prone, and the o'ertumbled chariots rang.  
Right o'er the hollow foss the coursers leap'd  
Immortal, by the Gods to Peleus given,  
Impatient for the plain, nor less desire  
Felt he who drove to smite the Trojan Chief,  
But him his fiery steeds caught swift away.  
As when a tempest from autumnal skies  
Floats all the fields, what time Jove heaviest pours

Impetuous rain, token of wrath divine  
Against perverters of the laws by force,  
Who drive forth justice, reckless of the Gods;  
The rivers and the torrents, where they dwell,  
Sweep many a green declivity away,  
And plunge at length, groaning, into the Deep  
From the hills headlong, leaving where they pass'd  
No traces of the pleasant works of man,  
So, in their flight, loud groan'd the steeds of Troy.  
And now, their foremost intercepted all,  
Patroclus back again toward the fleet  
Drove them precipitate, nor the ascent  
Permitted them to Troy for which they strove,  
But in the midway space between the ships  
The river and the lofty Trojan wall  
Pursued them ardent, slaughtering whom he reached,  
And vengeance took for many a Grecian slain.  
First then, with glittering spear the breast he pierced  
Of Pronöus, undefended by his shield,  
And stretch'd him dead; loud rang his batter'd arms.  
The son of Enops, Thestor next he smote.  
He on his chariot-seat magnificent  
Low-cowering sat, a fear-distracted form,  
And from his palsied grasp the reins had fallen.  
Then came Patroclus nigh, and through his cheek  
His teeth transpiercing, drew him by his lance  
Sheer o'er the chariot front. As when a man  
On some projecting rock seated, with line  
And splendid hook draws forth a sea-fish huge,  
So him wide-gaping from his seat he drew  
At his spear-point, then shook him to the ground  
Prone on his face, where gasping he expired.  
At Eryalus, next, advancing swift  
He hurl'd a rock; full on the middle front  
He smote him, and within the ponderous casque  
His whole head open'd into equal halves.  
With deadliest night surrounded, prone he fell.



Epaltes, Erymas, Amphoterus,  
Echius, Tlepolemus Damastor's son,  
Evippus, Ipheus, Pyres, Polymelus,  
All these he on the champain, corse on corse  
Promiscuous flung. Sarpedon, when he saw  
Such havoc made of his uncinctured friends  
By Menœtiades, with sharp rebuke  
His band of godlike Lycians loud address'd.  
Shame on you, Lycians! whither would ye fly?  
Now are ye swift indeed! I will oppose  
Myself this conqueror, that I may learn  
Who thus afflicts the Trojan host, of life  
Bereaving numerous of their warriors bold.  
He said, and with his arms leap'd to the ground.  
On the other side, Patroclus at that sight  
Sprang from his chariot. As two vultures clash  
Bow-beak'd, crook-talon'd, on some lofty rock  
Clamoring both, so they together rush'd  
With clamors loud; whom when the son observed  
Of wily Saturn, with compassion moved  
His sister and his spouse he thus bespake.  
Alas, he falls! my most beloved of men  
Sarpedon, vanquished by Patroclus, falls!  
So will the Fates. Yet, doubtful, much I muse  
Whether to place him, snatch'd from furious fight  
In Lycia's wealthy realm, or to permit  
His death by valiant Menœtiades.  
To whom his awful spouse, displeased, replied.  
How speaks the terrible Saturnian Jove!  
Wouldst thou again from pangs of death exempt  
A mortal man, destined long since to die?  
Do it. But small thy praise shall be in heaven,  
Mark thou my words, and in thy inmost breast  
Treasure them. If thou send Sarpedon safe  
To his own home, how many Gods *their* sons  
May also send from battle? Weigh it well.  
For under yon great city fight no few

Sprung from Immortals whom thou shalt provoke.  
But if thou love him, and thine heart his lot  
Commiserate, leave him by the hands to fall  
Of Menœtiades in conflict dire;  
But give command to Death and gentle Sleep  
That him of life bereft at once they bear  
To Lycia's ample realm, where, with due rites  
Funereal, his next kindred and his friends  
Shall honor him, a pillar and a tomb  
(The dead man's portion) rearing to his name.  
She said, from whom the Sire of Gods and men  
Dissented not, but on the earth distill'd  
A sanguine shower in honor of a son  
Dear to him, whom Patroclus on the field  
Of fruitful Troy should slay, far from his home.  
Opposite now, small interval between,  
Those heroes stood. Patroclus at his waist  
Pierced Thrasymelus the illustrious friend  
Of King Sarpedon, and his charioteer.  
Spear'd through the lower bowels, dead he fell.  
Then hurl'd Sarpedon in his turn a lance,  
But miss'd Patroclus and the shoulder pierced  
Of Pegasus the horse; he groaning heaved  
His spirit forth, and fallen on the field  
In long loud moanings sorrowful expired.  
Wide started the immortal pair; the yoke  
Creak'd, and entanglement of reins ensued  
To both, their fellow slaughter'd at their side.  
That mischief soon Automedon redress'd.  
He rose, and from beside his sturdy thigh  
Drawing his falchion, with effectual stroke  
Cut loose the side-horse; then the pair reduced  
To order, in their traces stood composed,  
And the two heroes fierce engaged again.  
Again his radiant spear Sarpedon hurl'd,  
But miss'd Patroclus; the innocuous point,  
O'erflying his left shoulder, pass'd beyond.

Then with bright lance Patroclus in his turn  
Assail'd Sarpedon, nor with erring course  
The weapon sped or vain, but pierced profound  
His chest, enclosure of the guarded heart.  
As falls an oak, poplar, or lofty pine  
With new-edged axes on the mountains hewn  
Right through, for structure of some gallant bark,  
So fell Sarpedon stretch'd his steeds before  
And gnash'd his teeth and clutch'd the bloody dust,  
And as a lion slays a tawny bull  
Leader magnanimous of all the herd;  
Beneath the lion's jaws groaning he dies;  
So, leader of the shielded Lycians groan'd  
Indignant, by Patroclus slain, the bold  
Sarpedon, and his friend thus, sad, bespoke.  
Glaucus, my friend, among these warring Chiefs  
Thyself a Chief illustrious! thou hast need  
Of all thy valor now; now strenuous fight,  
And, if thou bear within thee a brave mind,  
Now make the war's calamities thy joy.  
First, marching through the host of Lycia, rouse  
Our Chiefs to combat for Sarpedon slain,  
Then haste, thyself, to battle for thy friend.  
For shame and foul dishonor which no time  
Shall e'er obliterate, I must prove to thee,  
Should the Achaians of my glorious arms  
Despoil me in full prospect of the fleet.  
Fight, therefore, thou, and others urge to fight.  
He said, and cover'd by the night of death,  
Nor look'd nor breath'd again; for on his chest  
Implanting firm his heel, Patroclus drew  
The spear enfolded with his vitals forth,  
Weapon and life at once. Meantime his steeds  
Snorted, by Myrmidons detain'd, and, loosed  
From their own master's chariot, foam'd to fly.  
Terrible was the grief by Glaucus felt,  
Hearing that charge, and troubled was his heart

That all power fail'd him to protect the dead.  
Compressing his own arm he stood, with pain  
Extreme tormented which the shaft had caused  
Of Teucer, who while Glaucus climb'd the wall,  
Had pierced him from it, in the fleet's defence.  
Then, thus, to Phœbus, King shaft-arm'd, he pray'd.  
Hear now, O King! For whether in the land  
Of wealthy Lycia dwelling, or in Troy,  
Thou hear'st in every place alike the prayer  
Of the afflicted heart, and such is mine;  
Behold my wound; it fills my useless hand  
With anguish, neither can my blood be stay'd,  
And all my shoulder suffers. I can grasp  
A spear, or rush to conflict with the Greeks  
No longer now; and we have also lost  
Our noblest Chief, Sarpedon, son of Jove,  
Who guards not his own son. But thou, O King!  
Heal me, assuage my anguish, give me strength,  
That I may animate the Lycian host  
To fight, and may, myself, defend the dead!  
Such prayer he offer'd, whom Apollo heard;  
He eased at once his pain, the sable blood  
Staunch'd, and his soul with vigor new inspired.  
Then Glaucus in his heart that prayer perceived  
Granted, and joyful for the sudden aid  
Vouchsafed to him by Phœbus, first the lines  
Of Lycia ranged, summoning every Chief  
To fight for slain Sarpedon; striding next  
With eager haste into the ranks of Troy,  
Renown'd Agenor and the son he call'd  
Of Panthus, brave Polydamas, with whom  
Æneas also, and approaching last  
To Hector brazen-mail'd him thus bespake.  
Now, Hector! now, thou hast indeed resign'd  
All care of thy allies, who, for thy sake,  
Lost both to friends and country, on these plains  
Perish, unaided and unmiss'd by thee.

Sarpedon breathless lies, who led to fight  
Our shielded bands, and from whose just control  
And courage Lycia drew her chief defence.  
Him brazen Mars hath by the spear subdued  
Of Menœtiades. But stand ye firm!  
Let indignation fire you, O my friends!  
Lest, stripping him of his resplendent arms,  
The Myrmidons with foul dishonor shame  
His body, through resentment of the deaths  
Of numerous Grecians slain by spears of ours.  
He ceased; then sorrow every Trojan heart  
Seized insupportable and that disdain'd  
All bounds, for that, although a stranger born,  
Sarpedon ever had a bulwark proved  
To Troy, the leader of a numerous host,  
And of that host by none in fight excell'd.  
Right on toward the Danaï they moved  
Ardent for battle all, and at their head  
Enraged for slain Sarpedon, Hector came.  
Meantime, stout-hearted Chief, Patroclus roused  
The Grecians, and exhorting first (themselves  
Already prompt) the Ajaces, thus began.  
Heroic pair! now make it all your joy  
To chase the Trojan host, and such to prove  
As erst, or even bolder, if ye may.  
The Chief lies breathless who ascended first  
Our wall, Sarpedon. Let us bear him hence,  
Strip and dishonor him, and in the blood  
Of his protectors drench the ruthless spear.  
So Menœtiades his warriors urged,  
Themselves courageous. Then the Lycian host  
And Trojan here, and there the Myrmidons  
With all the host of Greece, closing the ranks  
Rush'd into furious contest for the dead,  
Shouting tremendous; clang'd their brazen arms,  
And Jove with Night's pernicious shades o'erhung  
The bloody field, so to enhance the more

Their toilsome strife for his own son. First then  
The Trojans from their place and order shock'd  
The bright-eyed Grecians, slaying not the least  
Nor worst among the Myrmidons, the brave  
Epigeus from renown'd Agacles sprung.  
He, erst, in populous Budeum ruled,  
But for a valiant kinsman of his own  
Whom there he slew, had thence to Peleus fled  
And to his silver-footed spouse divine,  
Who with Achilles, phalanx-breaker Chief,  
Sent him to fight beneath the walls of Troy.  
Him seizing fast the body, with a stone  
Illustrious Hector smote full on the front,  
And his whole skull within the ponderous casque  
Split sheer; he prostrate on the body fell  
In shades of soul-divorcing death involved.  
Patroclus, grieving for his slaughter'd friend,  
Rush'd through the foremost warriors. As the hawk  
Swift-wing'd before him starlings drives or daws,  
So thou, Patroclus, of equestrian fame!  
Full on the Lycian ranks and Trojan drov'st,  
Resentful of thy fellow-warrior's fall.  
At Sthenelaüs a huge stone he cast,  
Son of Ithæmenes, whom on the neck  
He smote and burst the tendons; then the van  
Of Ilium's host, with Hector, all retired.  
Far as the slender javelin cuts the air  
Hurl'd with collected force, or in the games,  
Or even in battle at a desperate foe,  
So far the Greeks repulsed the host of Troy.  
Then Glaucus first, Chief of the shielded bands  
Of Lycia, slew Bathycles, valiant son  
Of Calchon; Hellas was his home, and far  
He pass'd in riches all the Myrmidons.  
Him chasing Glaucus whom he now attain'd,  
The Lycian, turning sudden, with his lance  
Pierced through the breast, and, sounding, down he fell

Grief fill'd Achaia's sons for such a Chief  
So slain, but joy the Trojans; thick they throng'd  
The conqueror around, nor yet the Greeks  
Forgot their force, but resolute advanced.  
Then, by Meriones a Trojan died  
Of noble rank, Laogonus, the son  
Undaunted of Onetor great in Troy,  
Priest of Idæan Jove. The ear and jaw  
Between, he pierced him with a mortal force;  
Swift flew the life, and darkness veil'd his eyes.  
Æneas, in return, his brazen spear  
Hurl'd at Meriones with ardent hope  
To pierce him, while, with nimble steps and short  
Behind his buckler made, he paced the field;  
But, warn'd of its approach, Meriones  
Bow'd low his head, shunning it, and the spear  
Behind him pierced the soil; there quivering stood  
The weapon, vain, though from a vigorous arm,  
Till spent by slow degrees its fury slept.

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Indignant then Æneas thus exclaim'd.  
Meriones! I sent thee such a spear  
As reaching thee, should have for ever marr'd  
Thy step, accomplish'd dancer as thou art.  
To whom Meriones spear-famed replied.  
Æneas! thou wilt find the labor hard  
How great soe'er thy might, to quell the force  
Of all opposers. Thou art also doom'd  
Thyself to die; and may but spear of mine  
Well-aim'd once strike thee full, what strength soe'er  
Or magnanimity be thine to boast,  
Thy glory in that moment thou resign'st  
To me, thy soul to Pluto steed-renown'd.  
He said, but him Patroclus sharp reproved.  
Why speaks Meriones, although in fight  
Approved, thus proudly? Nay, my gallant friend!

The Trojans will not for reproach of ours  
Renounce the body. Blood must first be spilt.  
Tongues in debate, but hands in war decide;  
Deeds therefore now, not wordy vaunts, we need.  
So saying he led the way, whom follow'd close  
Godlike Meriones. As from the depth  
Of some lone wood that clothes the mountain's side  
The fellers at their toil are heard remote,  
So, from the face of Ilium's ample plain  
Reverberated, was the din of brass  
And of tough targets heard by falchions huge  
Hard-smitten, and by spears of double-edge.  
None then, no, not the quickest to discern,  
Had known divine Sarpedon, from his head  
To his foot-sole with mingled blood and dust  
Polluted, and o'erwhelm'd with weapons. They  
Around the body swarm'd. As hovel-flies  
In spring-time buzz around the brimming pails  
With milk bedew'd, so they around the dead.  
Nor Jove averted once his glorious eyes  
From that dread contest, but with watchful note  
Marked all, the future death in battle deep  
Pondering of Patroclus, whether him  
Hector should even now slay on divine  
Sarpedon, and despoil him of his arms,  
Or he should still that arduous strife prolong.  
This counsel gain'd as eligible most  
At length his preference: that the valiant friend  
Of Peleus' son should yet again compel  
The Trojan host with Hector brazen-mail'd  
To Ilium, slaughtering numerous by the way.  
First then, with fears unmanly he possess'd  
The heart of Hector; mounting to his seat  
He turn'd to flight himself, and bade his host  
Fly also; for he knew Jove's purpose changed.  
Thenceforth, no longer even Lycia's host  
Endured, but all fled scatter'd, seeing pierced



Their sovereign through his heart, and heap'd with dead;  
For numerous, while Saturnian Jove the fight  
Held in suspense, had on his body fallen.  
At once the Grecians of his dazzling arms  
Despoil'd Sarpedon, which the Myrmidons  
By order of Menœtius' valiant son  
Bore thence into the fleet. Meantime his will  
The Thunderer to Apollo thus express'd.  
Phœbus, my son, delay not; from beneath  
Yon hill of weapons drawn cleanse from his blood  
Sarpedon's corse; then, bearing him remote,  
Lave him in waters of the running stream,  
With oils divine anoint, and in attire  
Immortal clothe him. Last, to Death and Sleep,  
Swift bearers both, twin-born, deliver him;  
For hence to Lycia's opulent abodes  
They shall transport him quickly, where, with rites  
Funereal, his next kindred and his friends  
Shall honor him, a pillar and a tomb  
(The dead man's portion) rearing to his name.  
He ceased; nor was Apollo slow to hear  
His father's will, but, from the Idæan heights  
Descending swift into the dreadful field,  
Godlike Sarpedon's body from beneath  
The hill of weapons drew, which, borne remote,  
He laved in waters of the running stream,  
With oils ambrosial bathed, and clothed in robes  
Immortal. Then to Death and gentle Sleep,  
Swift-bearers both, twin-born, he gave the charge,  
Who placed it soon in Lycia's wealthy realm.  
Meantime Patroclus, calling to his steeds,  
And to Automedon, the Trojans chased  
And Lycians, on his own destruction bent  
Infatuate; heedless of his charge received  
From Peleus' son, which, well perform'd, had saved  
The hero from his miserable doom.  
But Jove's high purpose evermore prevails

Against the thoughts of man; he turns to flight  
The bravest, and the victory takes with ease  
E'en from the Chief whom he impels himself  
To battle, as he now this Chief impell'd.  
Who, then, Patroclus! first, who last by thee  
Fell slain, what time thyself was call'd to die?  
Adrastus first, then Perimus he slew,  
Offspring of Megas, then Autonoüs,  
Echechlus, Melanippus, and Epistor,  
Pylartes, Mulius, Elasmus. All these  
He slew, and from the field chased all beside.  
Then, doubtless, had Achaia's sons prevail'd  
To take proud-gated Troy, such havoc made  
He with his spear, but that the son of Jove  
Apollo, on a tower's conspicuous height  
Station'd, devoted him for Ilium's sake.  
Thrice on a buttress of the lofty wall  
Patroclus mounted, and him thrice the God  
With hands immortal his resplendent shield  
Smiting, struck down again; but when he rush'd  
A fourth time, demon-like, to the assault,  
The King of radiant shafts him, stern, rebuked.  
Patroclus, warrior of renown, retire!  
The fates ordain not that imperial Troy  
Stoop to thy spear, nor to the spear itself  
Of Peleus' son, though mightier far than thou.  
He said, and Menœtiades the wrath  
Of shaft-arm'd Phœbus shunning, far retired.  
But in the Scæan gate Hector his steeds  
Detain'd, uncertain whether thence to drive  
Amid the warring multitude again,  
Or, loud commandment issuing, to collect  
His host within the walls. Him musing long  
Apollo, clad in semblance of a Chief  
Youthful and valiant, join'd. Asius he seem'd  
Equestrian Hector's uncle, brother born  
Of Hecuba the queen, and Dymas' son,

Who on the Sangar's banks in Phrygia dwelt.  
Apollo, so disguised, him thus bespake.  
Why, Hector, hast thou left the fight? this sloth  
Not well befits thee. Oh that I as far  
Thee pass'd in force as thou transcendest me,  
Then, not unpunish'd long, should'st thou retire;  
But haste, and with thy coursers solid-hoof'd  
Seek out Patroclus, him perchance to slay,  
Should Phœbus have decreed that glory thine.  
So saying, Apollo join'd the host again.  
Then noble Hector bade his charioteer  
Valiant Cebriones his coursers lash  
Back into battle, while the God himself  
Entering the multitude confounded sore  
The Argives, victory conferring proud  
And glory on Hector and the host of Troy.  
But Hector, leaving all beside unslain,  
Furious impell'd his coursers solid-hoof'd  
Against Patroclus; on the other side  
Patroclus from his chariot to the ground  
Leap'd ardent; in his left a spear he bore,  
And in his right a marble fragment rough,  
Large as his grasp. With full collected might  
He hurl'd it; neither was the weapon slow  
To whom he had mark'd, or sent in vain.  
He smote the charioteer of Hector, bold  
Cebriones, King Priam's spurious son,  
Full on the forehead, while he sway'd the reins.  
The bone that force withstood not, but the rock  
With ragged points beset dash'd both his brows  
In pieces, and his eyes fell at his feet.  
He diver-like, from his exalted stand  
Behind the steeds pitch'd headlong, and expired;  
O'er whom, Patroclus of equestrian fame!  
Thou didst exult with taunting speech severe.  
Ye Gods, with what agility he dives!  
Ah! it were well if in the fishy deep

This man were occupied; he might no few  
With oysters satisfy, although the waves  
Were churlish, plunging headlong from his bark  
As easily as from his chariot here.  
So then—in Troy, it seems, are divers too!  
So saying, on bold Cebriones he sprang  
With all a lion's force, who, while the folds  
He ravages, is wounded in the breast,  
And, victim of his own fierce courage, dies.  
So didst thou spring, Patroclus! to despoil  
Cebriones, and Hector opposite  
Leap'd also to the ground. Then contest such  
For dead Cebriones those two between  
Arose, as in the lofty mountain-tops  
Two lions wage, contending for a deer  
New-slain, both hunger-pinch'd and haughty both.  
So for Cebriones, alike in arms  
Expert, brave Hector and Patroclus strove  
To pierce each other with the ruthless spear.  
First, Hector seized his head, nor loosed his hold,  
Patroclus, next, his feet, while all beside  
Of either host in furious battle join'd.  
As when the East wind and the South contend  
To shake some deep wood on the mountain's side,  
Or beech, or ash, or rugged cornel old.  
With stormy violence the mingled boughs  
Smite and snap short each other, crashing loud;  
So, Trojans and Achaians, mingling, slew  
Mutual, while neither felt a wish to fly.  
Around Cebriones stood many a spear,  
And many a shaft sent smartly from the nerve  
Implanted deep, and many a stone of grasp  
Enormous sounded on their batter'd shields  
Who fought to gain him. He, in eddies lost  
Of sable dust, with his huge trunk huge space  
O'erspread, nor steeds nor chariots heeded more.

While yet the sun ascending climb'd the heavens,  
Their darts flew equal, and the people fell;  
But when he westward journey'd, by a change  
Surpassing hope the Grecians then prevail'd.  
They drew Cebriones the hero forth  
From all those weapons, and his armor stripp'd  
At leisure, distant from the battle's roar.  
Then sprang Patroclus on the Trojan host;  
Thrice, like another Mars, he sprang with shouts  
Tremendous, and nine warriors thrice he slew.  
But when the fourth time, demon-like, he rush'd  
Against them, then, oh then, too manifest  
The consummation of thy days approach'd  
Patroclus! whom Apollo, terror-clad  
Met then in battle. He the coming God  
Through all that multitude knew not, such gloom  
Impenetrable him involved around.  
Behind him close he stood, and with his palms  
Expanded on the spine and shoulders broad  
Smote him; his eyes swam dizzy at the stroke.  
Then Phœbus from his head his helmet dash'd  
To earth; sonorous at the feet it roll'd  
Of many a prancing steed, and all the crest  
Defilement gather'd gross of dust and blood,  
Then first; till then, impossible; for how  
Should dust the tresses of that helmet shame  
With which Achilles fighting fenced his head  
Illustrious, and his graceful brows divine?  
But Jove now made it Hector's; he awhile  
Bore it, himself to swift perdition doom'd  
His spear brass-mounted, ponderous, huge and long,  
Fell shiver'd from his grasp. His shield that swept  
His ancle, with its belt dropp'd from his arm,  
And Phœbus loosed the corselet from his breast.  
Confusion seized his brain; his noble limbs  
Quaked under him, and panic-stunn'd he stood.  
Then came a Dardan Chief, who from behind

Enforced a pointed lance into his back  
Between the shoulders; Panthus' son was he,  
Euphorbus, famous for equestrian skill,  
For spearmanship, and in the rapid race  
Past all of equal age. He twenty men  
(Although a learner yet of martial feats,  
And by his steeds then first to battle borne)  
Dismounted. He, Patroclus, mighty Chief!  
First threw a lance at thee, which yet life  
Quell'd not; then snatching hasty from the wound  
His ashen beam, he ran into the crowd,  
Nor dared confront in fight even the unarm'd  
Patroclus. But Patroclus, by the lance,  
And by the stroke of an immortal hand  
Subdued, fell back toward his ranks again.  
Then, soon as Hector the retreat perceived  
Of brave Patroclus wounded, issuing forth  
From his own phalanx, he approach'd and drove  
A spear right through his body at the waist.  
Sounding he fell. Loud groan'd Achaia's host.  
As when the lion and the sturdy boar  
Contend in battle on the mountain-tops  
For some scant rivulet, thirst-parch'd alike,  
Ere long the lion quells the panting boar;  
So Priameian Hector, spear in hand,  
Slew Menœtiades the valiant slayer  
Of multitudes, and thus in accents wing'd,  
With fierce delight exulted in his fall.  
It was thy thought, Patroclus, to have laid  
Our city waste, and to have wafted hence  
Our wives and daughters to thy native land,  
Their day of liberty for ever set.  
Fool! for their sakes the feet of Hector's steeds  
Fly into battle, and myself excel,  
For their sakes, all our bravest of the spear,  
That I may turn from them that evil hour  
Necessitous. But thou art vulture's food,

Unhappy youth! all valiant as he is,  
Achilles hath no succor given to thee,  
Who when he sent the forth whither himself  
Would not, thus doubtless gave thee oft in charge:  
Ah, well beware, Patroclus, glorious Chief!  
That thou revisit not these ships again,  
Till first on hero-slaughterer Hector's breast  
Thou cleave his bloody corselet. So he spake,  
And with vain words thee credulous beguiled.  
To whom Patroclus, mighty Chief, with breath  
Drawn faintly, and dying, thou didst thus reply.  
Now, Hector, boast! now glory! for the son  
Of Saturn and Apollo, me with ease  
Vanquishing, whom they had themselves disarm'd,  
Have made the victory thine; else, twenty such  
As thou, had fallen by my victorious spear.  
Me Phœbus and my ruthless fate combined  
To slay; these foremost; but of mortal men  
Euphorbus, and thy praise is only third.  
I tell thee also, and within thy heart  
Repose it deep—thou shalt not long survive;  
But, even now, fate, and a violent death  
Attend thee by Achilles' hands ordain'd  
To perish, by Æacides the brave.  
So saying, the shades of death him wrapp'd around.  
Down into Ades from his limbs dismiss'd,  
His spirit fled sorrowful, of youth's prime  
And vigorous manhood suddenly bereft  
Then, him though dead, Hector again bespake.  
Patroclus! these prophetic strains of death  
At hand, and fate, why hast thou sung to me?  
May not the son of Thetis azure-hair'd,  
Achilles, perish first by spear of mine?  
He said; then pressing with his heel the trunk  
Supine, and backward thrusting it, he drew  
His glittering weapon from the wound, nor stay'd,  
But lance in hand, the godlike charioteer

Pursued of swift Æacides, on fire  
To smite Automedon; but him the steeds  
Immortal, rapid, by the Gods conferr'd  
(A glorious gift) on Peleus, snatch'd away.



## Book XVII

### ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

Sharp contest ensues around the body of Patroclus. Hector puts on the armor of Achilles. Menelaus, having dispatched Antilochus to Achilles with news of the death of Patroclus, returns to the battle, and, together with Meriones, bears Patroclus off the field, while the Ajaces cover their retreat.

Nor Menelaus, Atreus' valiant son,  
Knew not how Menœtiades had fallen  
By Trojan hands in battle; forth he rush'd  
All bright in burnish'd armor through his van,  
And as some heifer with maternal fears  
Now first acquainted, compasses around  
Her young one murmuring, with tender moan,  
So moved the hero of the amber locks  
Around Patroclus, before whom his spear  
Advancing and broad shield, he death denounced  
On all opposers; neither stood the son  
Spear-famed of Panthus inattentive long  
To slain Patroclus, but approach'd the dead,  
And warlike Menelaus thus bespake.

Prince! Menelaus! Atreus' mighty son!  
Yield. Leave the body and these gory spoils;  
For of the Trojans or allies of Troy  
None sooner made Patroclus bleed than I.  
Seek not to rob me, therefore, of my praise  
Among the Trojans, lest my spear assail  
Thee also, and thou perish premature.

To whom, indignant, Atreus' son replied.  
Self-praise, the Gods do know, is little worth.  
But neither lion may in pride compare

Nor panther, nor the savage boar whose heart's  
High temper flashes in his eyes, with these  
The spear accomplish'd youths of Panthus' house.  
Yet Hyperenor of equestrian fame  
Lived not his lusty manhood to enjoy,  
Who scoffingly defied my force in arms,  
And call'd me most contemptible in fight  
Of all the Danaï. But him, I ween,  
His feet bore never hence to cheer at home  
His wife and parents with his glad return.  
So also shall thy courage fierce be tamed,  
If thou oppose me. I command thee, go—  
Mix with the multitude; withstand not me,  
Lest evil overtake thee! To be taught  
By sufferings only, is the part of fools.

He said, but him sway'd not, who thus replied.  
Now, even now, Atrides! thou shalt rue  
My brother's blood which thou hast shed, and mak'st  
His death thy boast. Thou hast his blooming bride  
Widow'd, and thou hast fill'd his parents' hearts  
With anguish of unutterable wo;  
But bearing hence thy armor and thy head  
To Troy, and casting them at Panthus' feet,  
And at the feet of Phrontis, his espoused,  
I shall console the miserable pair.  
Nor will I leave that service unessay'd  
Longer, nor will I fail through want of force,  
Of courage, or of terrible address.

He ceased, and smote his shield, nor pierced the disk,  
But bent his point against the stubborn brass.  
Then Menelaus, prayer preferring first  
To Jove, assail'd Euphorbus in his turn,  
Whom pacing backward in the throat he struck,  
And both hands and his full force the spear  
Impelled, urged it through his neck behind.

Sounding he fell; loud rang his batter'd arms.  
His locks, which even the Graces might have own'd,  
Blood-sullied, and his ringlets wound about  
With twine of gold and silver, swept the dust.  
As the luxuriant olive by a swain  
Rear'd in some solitude where rills abound,  
Puts forth her buds, and fann'd by genial airs  
On all sides, hangs her boughs with whitest flowers,  
But by a sudden whirlwind from its trench  
Uptorn, it lies extended on the field;  
Such, Panthus' warlike son Euphorbus seem'd,  
By Menelaus, son of Atreus, slain  
Suddenly, and of all his arms despoil'd.  
But as the lion on the mountains bred,  
Glorious in strength, when he hath seized the best  
And fairest of the herd, with savage fangs  
First breaks her neck, then laps the bloody paunch  
Torn wide; meantime, around him, but remote,  
Dogs stand and swains clamoring, yet by fear  
Repress'd, annoy him not nor dare approach;  
So there all wanted courage to oppose  
The force of Menelaus, glorious Chief.  
Then, easily had Menelaus borne  
The armor of the son of Panthus thence,  
But that Apollo the illustrious prize  
Denied him, who in semblance of the Chief  
Of the Ciconians, Mentès, prompted forth  
Against him Hector terrible as Mars,  
Whose spirit thus in accents wing'd he roused.

Hector! the chase is vain; here thou pursuest  
The horses of Æacides the brave,  
Which thou shalt never win, for they are steeds  
Of fiery nature, such as ill endure  
To draw or carry mortal man, himself  
Except, whom an immortal mother bore.  
Meantime, bold Menelaus, in defence

Of dead Patroclus, hath a Trojan slain  
Of highest note, Euphorbus, Panthus' son,  
And hath his might in arms for ever quell'd.

So spake the God and to the fight return'd.  
But grief intolerable at that word  
Seized Hector; darting through the ranks his eye,  
He knew at once who stripp'd Euphorbus' arms,  
And him knew also lying on the field,  
And from his wide wound bleeding copious still.  
Then dazzling bright in arms, through all the van  
He flew, shrill-shouting, fierce as Vulcan's fire  
Unquenchable; nor were his shouts unheard  
By Atreus' son, who with his noble mind  
Conferring sad, thus to himself began.

Alas! if I forsake these gorgeous spoils,  
And leave Patroclus for my glory slain,  
I fear lest the Achaians at that sight  
Incensed, reproach me; and if, urged by shame,  
I fight with Hector and his host, alone,  
Lest, hemm'd around by multitudes, I fall;  
For Hector, by his whole embattled force  
Attended, comes. But whither tend my thoughts?  
No man may combat with another fenced  
By power divine and whom the Gods exalt,  
But he must draw down wo on his own head.  
Me, therefore, none of all Achaia's host  
Will blame indignant, seeing my retreat  
From Hector, whom themselves the Gods assist.  
But might the battle-shout of Ajax once  
Reach me, with force united we would strive,  
Even in opposition to a God,  
To rescue for Achilles' sake, his friend.  
Task arduous! but less arduous than this.

While he thus meditated, swift advanced  
The Trojan ranks, with Hector at their head.  
He then, retiring slow, and turning oft,  
Forsook the body. As by dogs and swains  
With clamors loud and spears driven from the stalls  
A bearded lion goes, his noble heart  
Abhors retreat, and slow he quits the prey;  
So Menelaus with slow steps forsook  
Patroclus, and arrived in front, at length,  
Of his own phalanx, stood, with sharpen'd eyes  
Seeking vast Ajax, son of Telamon.  
Him leftward, soon, of all the field he mark'd  
Encouraging aloud his band, whose hearts  
With terrors irresistible himself  
Phœbus had fill'd. He ran, and at his side  
Standing, incontinent him thus bespake.

My gallant Ajax, haste—come quickly—strive  
With me to rescue for Achilles' sake  
His friend, though bare, for Hector hath his arms.

He said, and by his words the noble mind  
Of Ajax roused; issuing through the van  
He went, and Menelaus at his side.  
Hector the body of Patroclus dragg'd,  
Stript of his arms, with falchion keen erelong  
Purposing to strike off his head, and cast  
His trunk, drawn distant, to the dogs of Troy.  
But Ajax, with broad shield tower-like, approach'd.  
Then Hector, to his bands retreating, sprang  
Into his chariot, and to others gave  
The splendid arms in charge, who into Troy  
Should bear the destined trophy of his praise,  
But Ajax with his broad shield guarding stood  
Slain Menœtiades, as for his whelps  
The lion stands; him through some forest drear  
Leading his little ones, the hunters meet;

Fire glimmers in his looks, and down he draws  
His whole brow into frowns, covering his eyes;  
So, guarding slain Patroclus, Ajax lour'd.  
On the other side, with tender grief oppress'd  
Unspeakable, brave Menelaus stood.  
But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian band,  
Son of Hippolochus, in bitter terms  
Indignant, reprimanded Hector thus,

Ah, Hector, Chieftain of excelling form,  
But all unfurnish'd with a warrior's heart!  
Unwarranted I deem thy great renown  
Who art to flight addicted. Think, henceforth,  
How ye shall save city and citadel  
Thou and thy people born in Troy, alone.  
No Lycian shall, at least, in your defence  
Fight with the Grecians, for our ceaseless toil  
In arms, hath ever been a thankless task.  
Inglorious Chief! how wilt thou save a worse  
From warring crowds, who hast Sarpedon left  
Thy guest, thy friend, to be a spoil, a prey  
To yonder Argives? While he lived he much  
Thee and thy city profited, whom dead  
Thou fear'st to rescue even from the dogs.  
Now, therefore, may but my advice prevail,  
Back to your country, Lycians! so, at once,  
Shall remediless ruin fall on Troy.  
For had the Trojans now a daring heart  
Intrepid, such as in the breast resides  
Of laborers in their country's dear behalf,  
We soon should drag Patroclus into Troy;  
And were his body, from the battle drawn,  
In Priam's royal city once secured,  
As soon, the Argives would in ransom give  
Sarpedon's body with his splendid arms  
To be conducted safe into the town.  
For when Patroclus fell, the friend was slain

Of such a Chief as is not in the fleet  
For valor, and his bands are dauntless all.  
But thou, at the first glimpse of Ajax' eye  
Confounded, hast not dared in arms to face  
That warrior bold, superior far to thee.

To whom brave Hector, frowning stern, replied,  
Why, Glaucus! should a Chief like thee his tongue  
Presume to employ thus haughtily? My friend!  
I thee accounted wisest, once, of all  
Who dwell in fruitful Lycia, but thy speech  
Now utter'd altogether merits blame,  
In which thou tell'st me that I fear to stand  
Against vast Ajax. Know that I from fight  
Shrink not, nor yet from sound of prancing steeds;  
But Jove's high purpose evermore prevails  
Against the thoughts of man; he turns to flight  
The bravest, and the victory takes with ease  
Even from those whom once he favor'd most.  
But hither, friend! stand with me; mark my deed;  
Prove me, if I be found, as thou hast said,  
An idler all the day, or if by force  
I not compel some Grecian to renounce  
Patroclus, even the boldest of them all.

He ceased, and to his host exclaim'd aloud.  
Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons  
Of Dardanus, oh be ye men, my friends!  
Now summon all your fortitude, while I  
Put on the armor of Achilles, won  
From the renown'd Patroclus slain by me.

So saying, illustrious Hector from the clash  
Of spears withdrew, and with his swiftest pace  
Departing, overtook, not far remote,  
The bearers of Achilles' arms to Troy.  
Apart from all the horrors of the field

Standing, he changed his armor; gave his own  
To be by them to sacred Ilium borne,  
And the immortal arms of Peleus' son  
Achilles, by the ever-living Gods  
To Peleüs given, put on. Those arms the Sire,  
Now old himself, had on his son conferr'd  
But in those arms his son grew never old.

Him, therefore, soon as cloud-assembler Jove  
Saw glittering in divine Achilles' arms,  
Contemplative he shook his brows, and said,

Ah hapless Chief! thy death, although at hand,  
Nought troubles thee. Thou wear'st his heavenly  
Who all excels, terror of Ilium's host.  
His friend, though bold yet gentle, thou hast slain  
And hast the brows and bosom of the dead  
Unseemly bared: yet, bright success awhile  
I give thee; so compensating thy lot,  
From whom Andromache shall ne'er receive  
Those glorious arms, for thou shalt ne'er return.

So spake the Thunderer, and his sable brows  
Shaking, confirm'd the word. But Hector found  
The armor apt; the God of war his soul  
With fury fill'd, he felt his limbs afresh  
Invigorated, and with loudest shouts  
Return'd to his illustrious allies.  
To them he seem'd, clad in those radiant arms,  
Himself Achilles; rank by rank he pass'd  
Through all the host, exhorting every Chief,  
Asteropæus, Mesthles, Phorcys, Medon,  
Thersilochus, Deisenor, augur Ennomus,  
Chromius, Hippothoüs; all these he roused  
To battle, and in accents wing'd began.



Hear me, ye myriads, neighbors and allies!  
For not through fond desire to fill the plain  
With multitudes, have I convened you here  
Each from his city, but that well-inclined  
To Ilium, ye might help to guard our wives  
And little ones against the host of Greece.  
Therefore it is that forage large and gifts  
Providing for you, I exhaust the stores  
Of Troy, and drain our people for your sake.  
Turn then direct against them, and his life  
Save each, or lose; it is the course of war.  
Him who shall drag, though dead, Patroclus home  
Into the host of Troy, and shall repulse  
Ajax, I will reward with half the spoils  
And half shall be my own; glory and praise  
Shall also be his meed, equal to mine.

He ended; they compact with lifted spears  
Bore on the Danaï, conceiving each  
Warm expectation in his heart to wrest  
From Ajax son of Telamon, the dead.  
Vain hope! he many a lifeless Trojan heap'd  
On slain Patroclus, but at length his speech  
To warlike Menelaus thus address'd.

Ah, Menelaus, valiant friend! I hope  
No longer, now, that even we shall 'scape  
Ourselves from fight; nor fear I so the loss  
Of dead Patroclus, who shall soon the dogs  
Of Ilium, and the fowls sate with his flesh,  
As for my life I tremble and for thine,  
That cloud of battle, Hector, such a gloom  
Sheds all around; death manifest impends.  
Haste—call our best, if even they can hear.

He spake, nor Menelaus not complied,  
But call'd aloud on all the Chiefs of Greece.

Friends, senators, and leaders of the powers  
Of Argos! who with Agamemnon drink  
And Menelaus at the public feast,  
Each bearing rule o'er many, by the will  
Of Jove advanced to honor and renown!  
The task were difficult to single out  
Chief after Chief by name amid the blaze  
Of such contention; but oh, come yourselves  
Indignant forth, nor let the dogs of Troy  
Patroclus rend, and gambol with his bones!

He ceased, whom Oïliades the swift  
Hearing incontinent, of all the Chiefs  
Ran foremost, after whom Idomeneus  
Approach'd, and dread as homicidal Mars  
Meriones. But never mind of man  
Could even in silent recollection name  
The whole vast multitude who, following these  
Renew'd the battle on the part of Greece.  
The Trojans first, with Hector at their head,  
Wedged in close phalanx, rush'd to the assault

As when within some rapid river's mouth  
The billows and stream clash, on either shore  
Loud sounds the roar of waves ejected wide,  
Such seem'd the clamors of the Trojan host.  
But the Achæians, one in heart, around  
Patroclus stood, bulwark'd with shields of brass  
And over all their glittering helmets Jove  
Darkness diffused, for he had loved Patroclus  
While yet he lived friend of Æacides,  
And now, abhorring that the dogs of Troy  
Should eat him, urged the Greeks to his defence,  
The host of Troy first shook the Grecian host;  
The body left, they fled; yet of them all,  
The Trojan powers, determined as they were,

Slew none, but dragg'd the body. Neither stood  
The Greeks long time aloof, soon as repulsed  
Again led on by Ajax, who in form  
And in exploits all others far excell'd.  
Peerless Æacides alone except.  
Right through the foremost combatants he rush'd,  
In force resembling most some savage boar  
That in the mountains bursting through the brakes,  
The swains disperses and their hounds with ease;  
Like him, illustrious Ajax, mighty son  
Of Telamon, at his assault dispersed  
With ease the close imbattled ranks who fought  
Around Patroclus' body, strong in hope  
To achieve it, and to make the glory theirs.  
Hippochoüs, a youth of high renown,  
Son of Pelasgian Lethus, by a noose  
Around his ancle cast dragg'd through the fight  
Patroclus, so to gratify the host  
Of Ilium and their Chief; but evil him  
Reached suddenly, by none of all his friends  
(Though numerous wish'd to save him) turn'd aside.  
For swift advancing on him through the crowd  
The son of Telamon pierced, spear in hand,  
His helmet brazen-cheek'd; the crested casque,  
So smitten, open'd wide, for huge the hand  
And ponderous was the spear that gave the blow  
And all around its neck, mingled with blood  
Gush'd forth the brain. There, lifeless, down he sank,  
Let fall the hero's foot, and fell himself  
Prone on the dead, never to see again?  
Deep-soil'd Larissa, never to require  
Their kind solitudes who gave him birth,  
In bloom of life by dauntless Ajax slain.  
Then Hector hurl'd at Ajax his bright spear,  
But he, forewarn'd of its approach, escaped  
Narrowly, and it pierced Schedius instead,  
Brave son of Iphitus; he, noblest Chief

Of the Phocensians, over many reign'd,  
Dwelling in Panopeus the far-renown'd.  
Entering beneath the clavicle the point  
Right through his shoulder's summit pass'd behind,  
And on his loud-resounding arms he fell.  
But Ajax at his waist wounded the son  
Of Phœnops, valiant Phorcys, while he stood  
Guarding Hippothöus; through his hollow mail  
Enforced the weapon drank his inmost life,  
And in his palm, supine, he clench'd the dust.  
Then, Hector with the foremost Chiefs of Troy  
Fell back; the Argives sent a shout to heaven,  
And dragging Phorcys and Hippothöus thence  
Stripp'd both. In that bright moment Ilium's host  
Fear-quell'd before Achaia's warlike sons  
Had Troy re-enter'd, and the host of Greece  
By matchless might and fortitude their own  
Had snatch'd a victory from the grasp of fate,  
But that, himself, the King of radiant shafts  
Æneas roused; Epytis' son he seem'd  
Periphas, ancient in the service grown  
Of old Anchises whom he dearly loved;  
His form assumed, Apollo thus began.

How could ye save, Æneas, were the Gods  
Your enemies, the towers of lofty Troy?  
As I have others seen, warriors who would,  
Men fill'd with might and valor, firm themselves  
And Chiefs of multitudes disdaining fear.  
But Jove to us the victory far more  
Than to the Grecians wills; therefore the fault  
Is yours, who tremble and refuse the fight.

He ended, whom Æneas marking, knew  
At once the glorious Archer of the skies,  
And thus to distant Hector call'd aloud.

Oh, Hector, and ye other Chiefs of Troy  
And of her brave confederates! Shame it were  
Should we re-enter Ilium, driven to flight  
By dastard fear before the host of Greece.  
A God assured me even now, that Jove,  
Supreme in battle, gives his aid to Troy.  
Rush, therefore, on the Danaï direct,  
Nor let them, safe at least and unannoy'd,  
Bear hence Patroclus' body to the fleet.

He spake, and starting far into the van  
Stood foremost forth; they, wheeling, faced the Greeks.  
Then, spear in hand, Æneas smote the friend  
Of Lycomedes, brave Leocritus,  
Son of Arisbas. Lycomedes saw  
Compassionate his death, and drawing nigh  
First stood, then hurling his resplendent lance,  
Right through the liver Apisaon pierced  
Offspring of Hippasus, his chest beneath,  
And, lifeless, instant, on the field he fell.  
He from Pæonia the deep soil'd to Troy  
Came forth, Asteropæus sole except,  
Bravest of all Pæonia's band in arms.  
Asteropæus saw, and to the van  
Sprang forth for furious combat well prepared,  
But room for fight found none, so thick a fence  
Of shields and ported spears fronted secure  
The phalanx guarding Menœtiades.  
For Ajax ranging all the ranks, aloud  
Admonish'd them that no man yielding ground  
Should leave Patroclus, or advance before  
The rest, but all alike fight and stand fast.  
Such order gave huge Ajax; purple gore  
Drench'd all the ground; in slaughter'd heaps they fell  
Trojans and Trojan aids of dauntless hearts  
And Grecians; for not even they the fight

Waged bloodless, though with far less cost of blood,  
Each mindful to avert his fellow's fate.

Thus burn'd the battle; neither hadst thou deem'd  
The sun himself in heaven unquench'd, or moon,  
Beneath a cope so dense of darkness strove  
Unceasing all the most renown'd in arms  
For Menœtiades. Meantime the war,  
Wherever else, the bright-arm'd Grecians waged  
And Trojans under skies serene. The sun  
On them his radiance darted; not a cloud,  
From mountain or from vale rising, allay'd  
His fervor; there at distance due they fought  
And paused by turns, and shunn'd the cruel dart.  
But in the middle field not war alone  
They suffer'd, but night also; ruthless raged  
The iron storm, and all the mightiest bled.  
Two glorious Chiefs, the while, Antilochus  
And Thrasymedes, had no tidings heard  
Of brave Patroclus slain, but deem'd him still  
Living, and troubling still the host of Troy;  
For watchful only to prevent the flight  
Or slaughter of their fellow-warriors, they  
Maintain'd a distant station, so enjoin'd  
By Nestor when he sent them to the field.  
But fiery conflict arduous employ'd  
The rest all day continual; knees and legs,  
Feet, hands, and eyes of those who fought to guard  
The valiant friend of swift Æacides  
Sweat gather'd foul and dust. As when a man  
A huge ox-hide drunken with slippery lard  
Gives to be stretch'd, his servants all around  
Disposed, just intervals between, the task  
Ply strenuous, and while many straining hard  
Extend it equal on all sides, it sweats  
The moisture out, and drinks the unction in,  
So they, in narrow space struggling, the dead

Dragg'd every way, warm hope conceiving, these  
To drag him thence to Troy, those, to the ships.  
Wild tumult raged around him; neither Mars,  
Gatherer of hosts to battle, nor herself  
Pallas, however angry, had beheld  
That conflict with disdain, Jove to such length  
Protracted on that day the bloody toil  
Of steeds and men for Menœtiades.  
Nor knew divine Achilles or had aught  
Heard of Patroclus slain, for from the ships  
Remote they fought, beneath the walls of Troy.  
He, therefore, fear'd not for his death, but hope  
Indulged much rather, that, the battle push'd  
To Ilium's gates, he should return alive.  
For that his friend, unaided by himself  
Or ever aided, should prevail to lay  
Troy waste, he nought supposed; by Thetis warn'd  
In secret conference oft, he better knew  
Jove's purpose; yet not even she had borne  
Those dreadful tidings to his ear, the loss  
Immeasurable of his dearest friend.

They all around the dead fought spear in hand  
With mutual slaughter ceaseless, and amid  
Achaia's host thus spake a Chief mail-arm'd.

Shame were it, Grecians! should we seek by flight  
Our galleys now; yawn earth our feet beneath  
And here ingulf us rather! Better far  
Than to permit the steed-famed host of Troy  
To drag Patroclus hence into the town,  
And make the glory of this conflict theirs.

Thus also of the dauntless Trojans spake  
A certain warrior. Oh, my friends! although  
The Fates ordain us, one and all, to die  
Around this body, stand! quit not the field.

So spake the warrior prompting into act  
The courage of his friends, and such they strove  
On both sides; high into the vault of heaven  
The iron din pass'd through the desert air.  
Meantime the horses of Æacides  
From fight withdrawn, soon as they understood  
Their charioteer fallen in the dust beneath  
The arm of homicidal Hector, wept.  
Them oft with hasty lash Diores' son  
Automedon impatient smote, full oft  
He stroked them gently, and as oft he chode;  
Yet neither to the fleet ranged on the shore  
Of spacious Hellespont would they return,  
Nor with the Grecians seek the fight, but stood  
As a sepulchral pillar stands, unmoved  
Between their traces; to the earth they hung  
Their heads, with plenteous tears their driver mourn'd,  
And mingled their dishevell'd manes with dust.  
Jove saw their grief with pity, and his brows  
Shaking, within himself thus, pensive, said.

Ah hapless pair! Wherefore by gift divine  
Were ye to Peleus given, a mortal king,  
Yourselves immortal and from age exempt?  
Was it that ye might share in human woes?  
For, of all things that breathe or creep the earth,  
No creature lives so mere a wretch as man.  
Yet shall not Priameian Hector ride  
Triumphant, drawn by you. Myself forbid.  
Suffice it that he boasts vain-gloriously  
Those arms his own. Your spirit and your limbs  
I will invigorate, that ye may bear  
Safe hence Automedon into the fleet.  
For I ordain the Trojans still to spread  
Carnage around victorious, till they reach



The gallant barks, and till the sun at length  
Descending, sacred darkness cover all.

He said, and with new might the steeds inspired.  
They, shaking from their hair profuse the dust,  
Between the van of either army whirl'd  
The rapid chariot. Fighting as he pass'd,  
Though fill'd with sorrow for his slaughter'd friend,  
Automedon high-mounted swept the field  
Impetuous as a vulture scattering geese;  
Now would he vanish, and now, turn'd again,  
Chase through a multitude his trembling foe;  
But whomso'er he follow'd, none he slew,  
Nor was the task possible to a Chief  
Sole in the sacred chariot, both to aim  
The spear aright and guide the fiery steeds.  
At length Alcimedon, his friend in arms,  
Son of Laerceus son of Æmon, him  
Observing, from behind the chariot hail'd  
The flying warrior, whom he thus bespake.

What power, Automedon! hath ta'en away  
Thy better judgment, and thy breast inspired  
With this vain purpose to assail alone  
The Trojan van? Thy partner in the fight  
Is slain, and Hector on his shoulders bears,  
Elate, the armor of Æacides.

Then, answer thus Automedon return'd,  
Son of Diores. Who of all our host  
Was ever skill'd, Alcimedon! as thou  
To rule the fire of these immortal steeds,  
Save only while he lived, peer of the Gods  
In that great art, Patroclus, now no more?  
Thou, therefore, the resplendent reins receive  
And scourge, while I, dismounting, wage the fight.

He ceased; Alcimedon without delay  
The battle-chariot mounting, seized at once  
The lash and reins, and from his seat down leap'd  
Automedon. Them noble Hector mark'd,  
And to Æneas at his side began.

Illustrious Chief of Trojans brazen-mail'd  
Æneas! I have noticed yonder steeds  
Of swift Achilles rushing into fight  
Conspicuous, but under sway of hands  
Unskilful; whence arises a fair hope  
That we might seize them, wert thou so inclined;  
For never would those two dare to oppose  
In battle an assault dreadful as ours.

He ended, nor the valiant son refused  
Of old Anchises, but with targets firm  
Of season'd hide brass-plated thrown athwart  
Their shoulders, both advanced direct, with whom  
Of godlike form Aretus also went  
And Chromius. Ardent hope they all conceived  
To slay those Chiefs, and from the field to drive  
Achilles' lofty steeds. Vain hope! for them  
No bloodless strife awaited with the force  
Of brave Automedon; he, prayer to Jove  
First offering, felt his angry soul with might  
Heroic fill'd, and thus his faithful friend  
Alcimedon, incontinent, address'd.

Alcimedon! hold not the steeds remote  
But breathing on my back; for I expect  
That never Priameïan Hector's rage  
Shall limit know, or pause, till, slaying us,  
He shall himself the coursers ample-maned  
Mount of Achilles, and to flight compel  
The Argive host, or perish in the van.

So saying, he call'd aloud on Menelaus  
With either Ajax. Oh, illustrious Chiefs  
Of Argos, Menelaus, and ye bold  
Ajaces! leaving all your best to cope  
With Ilium's powers and to protect the dead,  
From friends still living ward the bitter day.  
For hither borne, two Chiefs, bravest of all  
The Trojans, Hector and Æneas rush  
Right through the battle. The events of war  
Heaven orders; therefore even I will give  
My spear its flight, and Jove dispose the rest!

He said, and brandishing his massy spear  
Dismiss'd it at Aretus; full he smote  
His ample shield, nor stay'd the pointed brass,  
But penetrating sheer the disk, his belt  
Pierced also, and stood planted in his waist.  
As when some vigorous youth with sharpen'd axe  
A pastured bullock smites behind the horns  
And hews the muscle through; he, at the stroke  
Springs forth and falls, so sprang Aretus forth,  
Then fell supine, and in his bowels stood  
The keen-edged lance still quivering till he died.  
Then Hector, in return, his radiant spear  
Hurl'd at Automedon, who of its flight  
Forewarn'd his body bowing prone, the stroke  
Eluded, and the spear piercing the soil  
Behind him, shook to its superior end,  
Till, spent by slow degrees, its fury slept.  
And now, with hand to hilt, for closer war  
Both stood prepared, when through the multitude  
Advancing at their fellow-warrior's call,  
The Ajaces suddenly their combat fierce  
Prevented. Awed at once by their approach  
Hector retired, with whom Æneas went  
Also and godlike Chromius, leaving there  
Aretus with his vitals torn, whose arms,

Fierce as the God of war Automedon  
Stripp'd off, and thus exulted o'er the slain.

My soul some portion of her grief resigns  
Consoled, although by slaughter of a worse,  
For loss of valiant Menœtiades.

So saying, within his chariot he disposed  
The gory spoils, then mounted it himself  
With hands and feet purpled, as from a bull  
His bloody prey, some lion newly-gorged.

And now around Patroclus raged again  
Dread strife deplorable! for from the skies  
Descending at the Thunderer's command  
Whose purpose now was to assist the Greeks,  
Pallas enhanced the fury of the fight.  
As when from heaven, in view of mortals, Jove  
Exhibits bright his bow, a sign ordain'd  
Of war, or numbing frost which all the works  
Suspends of man and saddens all the flocks;  
So she, all mantled with a radiant cloud  
Entering Achaia's host, fired every breast.  
But meeting Menelaus first, brave son  
Of Atreus, in the form and with the voice  
Robust of Phœnix, him she thus bespake.

Shame, Menelaus, shall to thee redound  
For ever, and reproach, should dogs devour  
The faithful friend of Peleus' noble son  
Under Troy's battlements; but stand, thyself,  
Undaunted, and encourage all the host.

To whom the son of Atreus bold in arms.  
Ah, Phœnix, friend revered, ancient and sage!  
Would Pallas give me might and from the dint  
Shield me of dart and spear, with willing mind

I would defend Patroclus, for his death  
Hath touch'd me deep. But Hector with the rage  
Burns of consuming fire, nor to his spear  
Gives pause, for him Jove leads to victory.

He ceased, whom Pallas, Goddess azure-eyed  
Hearing, rejoiced that of the heavenly powers  
He had invoked *her* foremost to his aid.  
His shoulders with new might, and limbs she fill'd,  
And persevering boldness to his breast  
Imparted, such as prompts the fly, which oft  
From flesh of man repulsed, her purpose yet  
To bite holds fast, resolved on human blood.  
His stormy bosom with such courage fill'd  
By Pallas, to Patroclus he approach'd  
And hurl'd, incontinent, his glittering spear.  
There was a Trojan Chief, Podes by name,  
Son of Eëtion, valorous and rich;  
Of all Troy's citizens him Hector most  
Respected, in convivial pleasures sweet  
His chosen companion. As he sprang to flight,  
The hero of the golden locks his belt  
Struck with full force and sent the weapon through.  
Sounding he fell, and from the Trojan ranks  
Atrides dragg'd the body to his own.  
Then drew Apollo near to Hector's side,  
And in the form of Phœnops, Asius' son,  
Of all the foreign guests at Hector's board  
His favorite most, the hero thus address'd.

What Chief of all the Grecians shall henceforth  
Fear Hector, who from Menelaus shrinks  
Once deem'd effeminate, but dragging now  
The body of thy valiant friend approved  
Whom he hath slain, Podes, Eëtion's son?

He spake, and at his words grief like a cloud  
Involved the mind of Hector dark around;  
Right through the foremost combatants he rush'd  
All clad in dazzling brass. Then, lifting high  
His tassel'd Ægis radiant, Jove with storms  
Enveloped Ida; flash'd his lightnings, roar'd  
His thunders, and the mountain shook throughout.  
Troy's host he prosper'd, and the Greeks dispersed.

First fled Peneleus, the Bœotian Chief,  
Whom facing firm the foe Polydamas  
Struck on his shoulder's summit with a lance  
Hurl'd nigh at hand, which slight inscribed the bone.  
Leïtus also, son of the renown'd  
Alectryon, pierced by Hector in the wrist,  
Disabled left the fight; trembling he fled  
And peering narrowly around, nor hoped  
To lift a spear against the Trojans more.  
Hector, pursuing Leïtus, the point  
Encounter'd of the brave Idomeneus  
Full on his chest; but in his mail the lance  
Snapp'd, and the Trojans shouted to the skies.  
He, in his turn, cast at Deucalion's son  
Idomeneus, who in that moment gain'd  
A chariot-seat; but him the erring spear  
Attain'd not, piercing Cœranus instead  
The friend and follower of Meriones  
From wealthy Lyctus, and his charioteer.  
For when he left, that day, the gallant barks  
Idomeneus had sought the field on foot,  
And triumph proud, full sure, to Ilium's host  
Had yielded now, but that with rapid haste  
Cœranus drove to his relief, from him  
The fate averting which himself incurr'd  
Victim of Hector's homicidal arm.  
Him Hector smiting between ear and jaw  
Push'd from their sockets with the lance's point

His firm-set teeth, and sever'd sheer his tongue.  
Dismounted down he fell, and from his hand  
Let slide the flowing reins, which, to the earth  
Stooping, Meriones in haste resumed,  
And briefly thus Idomeneus address'd.

Now drive, and cease not, to the fleet of Greece!  
Thyself see'st victory no longer ours.

He said; Idomeneus whom, now, dismay  
Seized also, with his lash plying severe  
The coursers ample-maned, flew to the fleet.  
Nor Ajax, dauntless hero, not perceived,  
Nor Menelaus, by the sway of Jove  
The victory inclining fast to Troy,  
And thus the Telamonian Chief began.

Ah! who can be so blind as not to see  
The eternal Father, now, with his own hand  
Awarding glory to the Trojan host,  
Whose every spear flies, instant, to the mark  
Sent forth by brave or base? Jove guides them all,  
While, ineffectual, ours fall to the ground.  
But haste, devise we of ourselves the means  
How likeliest we may bear Patroclus hence,  
And gladden, safe returning, all our friends,  
Who, hither looking anxious, hope have none  
That we shall longer check the unconquer'd force  
Of hero-slaughtering Hector, but expect  
To see him soon amid the fleet of Greece.  
Oh for some Grecian now to carry swift  
The tidings to Achilles' ear, untaught,  
As I conjecture, yet the doleful news  
Of his Patroclus slain! but no such Greek  
May I discern, such universal gloom  
Both men and steeds envelops all around.  
Father of heaven and earth! deliver thou

Achaia's host from darkness; clear the skies;  
Give day; and (since thy sovereign will is such)  
Destruction with it—but oh give us day!

He spake, whose tears Jove saw with pity moved,  
And chased the untimely shades; bright beam'd the sun  
And the whole battle was display'd. Then spake  
The hero thus to Atreus' mighty son.

Now noble Menelaus! looking forth,  
See if Antilochus be yet alive,  
Brave son of Nestor, whom exhort to fly  
With tidings to Achilles, of the friend  
Whom most he loved, of his Patroclus slain.

He ceased, nor Menelaus, dauntless Chief,  
That task refused, but went; yet neither swift  
Nor willing. As a lion leaves the stalls  
Wearied himself with harassing the guard,  
Who, interdicting him his purposed prey,  
Watch all the night; he famish'd, yet again  
Comes furious on, but speeds not, kept aloof  
By spears from daring hands dismissed, but more  
By flash of torches which, though fierce, he dreads,  
Till at the dawn, sullen he stalks away;  
So from Patroclus Menelaus went  
Heroic Chief! reluctant; for he fear'd  
Lest the Achaians should resign the dead,  
Through consternation, to the host of Troy.  
Departing, therefore, he admonish'd oft  
Meriones and the Ajaces, thus.

Ye two brave leaders of the Argive host,  
And thou, Meriones! now recollect  
The gentle manners of Patroclus fallen  
Hapless in battle, who by carriage mild



Well understood, while yet he lived, to engage  
All hearts, through prisoner now of death and fate.

So saying, the hero amber-hair'd his steps  
Turn'd thence, the field exploring with an eye  
Sharp as the eagle's, of all fowls beneath  
The azure heavens for keenest sight renown'd,  
Whom, though he soar sublime, the leveret  
By broadest leaves conceal'd 'scapes not, but swift  
Descending, even her he makes his prey;  
So, noble Menelaus! were thine eyes  
Turn'd into every quarter of the host  
In search of Nestor's son, if still he lived.  
Him, soon, encouraging his band to fight,  
He noticed on the left of all the field,  
And sudden standing at his side, began.

Antilochus! oh hear me, noble friend!  
And thou shalt learn tidings of such a deed  
As best had never been. Thou know'st, I judge,  
And hast already seen, how Jove exalts  
To victory the Trojan host, and rolls  
Distress on ours; but ah! Patroclus lies,  
Our chief Achaian, slain, whose loss the Greeks  
Fills with regret. Haste, therefore, to the fleet,  
Inform Achilles; bid him haste to save,  
If save he can, the body of his friend;  
He can no more, for Hector hath his arms.

He ceased. Antilochus with horror heard  
Those tidings; mute long time he stood, his eyes  
Swam tearful, and his voice, sonorous erst,  
Found utterance none. Yet even so distress'd,  
He not the more neglected the command  
Of Menelaus. Setting forth to run,  
He gave his armor to his noble friend  
Laodocus, who thither turn'd his steeds,

And weeping as he went, on rapid feet  
Sped to Achilles with that tale of wo.

Nor could the noble Menelaus stay  
To give the weary Pylian band, bereft  
Of their beloved Antilochus, his aid,  
But leaving them to Thrasymedes' care,  
He flew to Menœtiades again,  
And the Ajaces, thus, instant bespake.

He goes. I have dispatch'd him to the fleet  
To seek Achilles; but his coming naught  
Expect I now, although with rage he burn  
Against illustrious Hector; for what fight  
Can he, unarm'd, against the Trojans wage?  
Deliberating, therefore, frame we means  
How best to save Patroclus, and to 'scape  
Ourselves unslain from this disastrous field.

Whom answer'd the vast son of Telamon.  
Most noble Menelaus! good is all  
Which thou hast spoken. Lift ye from the earth  
Thou and Meriones, at once, and bear  
The dead Patroclus from the bloody field.  
To cope meantime with Hector and his host  
Shall be our task, who, one in name, nor less  
In spirit one, already have the brunt  
Of much sharp conflict, side by side, sustain'd.

He ended; they enfolding in their arms  
The dead, upbore him high above the ground  
With force united; after whom the host  
Of Troy, seeing the body borne away,  
Shouted, and with impetuous onset all  
Follow'd them. As the hounds, urged from behind  
By youthful hunters, on the wounded boar  
Make fierce assault; awhile at utmost speed

They stretch toward him hungering, for the prey,  
But oft as, turning sudden, the stout brawn  
Faces them, scatter'd on all sides escape;  
The Trojans so, thick thronging in the rear,  
Ceaseless with falchions and spears double-edged  
Annoy'd them sore, but oft as in retreat  
The dauntless heroes, the Ajaces turn'd  
To face them, deadly wan grew every cheek,  
And not a Trojan dared with onset rude  
Molest them more in conflict for the dead.

Thus they, laborious, forth from battle bore  
Patroclus to the fleet, tempestuous war  
Their steps attending, rapid as the flames  
Which, kindled suddenly, some city waste;  
Consumed amid the blaze house after house  
Sinks, and the wind, meantime, roars through the fire;  
So them a deafening tumult as they went  
Pursued, of horses and of men spear-arm'd.  
And as two mules with strength for toil endued,  
Draw through rough ways down from the distant hills  
Huge timber, beam or mast; sweating they go,  
And overlabor'd to faint weariness;  
So they the body bore, while, turning oft,  
The Ajaces check'd the Trojans. As a mound  
Planted with trees and stretch'd athwart the mead  
Repels an overflow; the torrents loud  
Baffling, it sends them far away to float  
The level land, nor can they with the force  
Of all their waters burst a passage through;  
So the Ajaces, constant, in the rear  
Repress'd the Trojans; but the Trojans them  
Attended still, of whom Æneas most  
Troubled them, and the glorious Chief of Troy.  
They as a cloud of starlings or of daws  
Fly screaming shrill, warn'd timely of the kite  
Or hawk, devourers of the smaller kinds,

So they shrill-clamoring toward the fleet,  
Hasted before Æneas and the might  
Of Hector, nor the battle heeded more.  
Much radiant armor round about the foss  
Fell of the flying Grecians, or within  
Lay scatter'd, and no pause of war they found.

## Book XVIII

### ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

Achilles, by command of Juno, shows himself to the Trojans, who fly at his appearance; Vulcan, at the insistence of Thetis, forges for him a suit of armor.

Thus burn'd the battle like devouring fire.  
Meantime, Antilochus with rapid steps  
Came to Achilles. Him he found before  
His lofty barks, occupied, as he stood,  
With boding fears of all that had befall'n.  
He groan'd, and to his noble self he said.

Ah! wo is me—why falls Achaia's host,  
With such disorder foul, back on the fleet?  
I tremble lest the Gods my anxious thoughts  
Accomplish and my mother's words, who erst  
Hath warn'd me, that the bravest and the best  
Of all my Myrmidons, while yet I live,  
Slain under Troy, must view the sun no more.  
Brave Menœtiades is, doubtless, slain.  
Unhappy friend! I bade thee oft, our barks  
Deliver'd once from hostile fires, not seek  
To cope in arms with Hector, but return.

While musing thus he stood, the son approach'd  
Of noble Nestor, and with tears his cheeks  
Bedewing copious, his sad message told.

Oh son of warlike Peleus! thou shalt hear  
Tidings of deeds which best had never been.  
Patroclus is no more. The Grecians fight  
For his bare corse, and Hector hath his arms.

Then clouds of sorrow fell on Peleus' son,  
And, grasping with both hands the ashes, down  
He pour'd them on his head, his graceful brows  
Dishonoring, and thick the sooty shower  
Descending settled on his fragrant vest.  
Then, stretch'd in ashes, at the vast extent  
Of his whole length he lay, disordering wild  
With his own hands, and rending off his hair.  
The maidens, captived by himself in war  
And by Patroclus, shrieking from the tent  
Ran forth, and hemm'd the glorious Chief around.  
All smote their bosoms, and all, fainting, fell.  
On the other side, Antilochus the hands  
Held of Achilles, mourning and deep groans  
Uttering from his noble heart, through fear  
Lest Peleus' son should perish self-destroy'd.  
Loud groan'd the hero, whose loud groans within  
The gulfs of ocean, where she sat beside  
Her ancient sire, his Goddess-mother heard,  
And hearing shriek'd; around her at the voice  
Assembled all the Nereids of the deep  
Cymodoce, Thalia, Glaucæ came,  
Nisæa, Spio, Thoa, and with eyes  
Protuberant beauteous Halia; came with these  
Cymothœ, and Actæa, and the nymph  
Of marshes, Limnorea, nor delay'd  
Agave, nor Amphithœ the swift,  
Iæra, Doto, Melita, nor thence  
Was absent Proto or Dynamene,  
Callianira, Doris, Panope,  
Pherusa or Amphinome, or fair  
Dexamene, or Galatea praised  
For matchless form divine; Nemertes pure  
Came also, with Apseudes crystal-bright,  
Callianassa, Mæra, Clymene,  
Janeira and Janassa, sister pair,

And Orithya and with azure locks  
Luxuriant, Amatheia; nor alone  
Came these, but every ocean-nymph beside,  
The silver cave was fill'd; each smote her breast,  
And Thetis, loud lamenting, thus began.

Ye sister Nereids, hear! that ye may all  
From my own lips my boundless sorrow learn.  
Ah me forlorn! ah me, parent in vain  
Of an illustrious birth! who, having borne  
A noble son magnanimous, the chief  
Of heroes, saw him like a thriving plant  
Shoot vigorous under my maternal care,  
And sent him early in his gallant fleet  
Embark'd, to combat with the sons of Troy.  
But him from fight return'd I shall receive  
Beneath the roof of Peleus, never more;  
And while he lives, and on the sun his eyes  
Opens, he mourns, nor, going, can I aught  
Assist him; yet I go, that I may see  
My darling son, and from his lips be taught  
What grief hath now befallen him, who close  
Abiding in his tent shares not the war.  
So saying she left the cave, whom all her nymphs  
Attended weeping, and where'er they pass'd  
The breaking billows open'd wide a way.  
At fruitful Troy arrived, in order fair  
They climb'd the beach, where by his numerous barks  
Encompass'd, swift Achilles sighing lay.  
Then, drawing nigh to her afflicted son,  
The Goddess-mother press'd between her palms  
His temples, and in accents wing'd inquired.

Why weeps my son? what sorrow wrings thy soul?  
Speak, hide it not. Jove hath fulfill'd the prayer  
Which erst with lifted hands thou didst prefer,  
That all Achaia's host, wanting thy aid,

Might be compell'd into the fleet, and foul  
Disgrace incur, there prison'd for thy sake.

To whom Achilles, groaning deep, replied.  
My mother! it is true; Olympian Jove  
That prayer fulfils; but thence, what joy to me,  
Patroclus slain? the friend of all my friends  
Whom most I loved, dear to me as my life—  
Him I have lost. Slain and despoil'd he lies  
By Hector of his glorious armor bright,  
The wonder of all eyes, a matchless gift  
Given by the Gods to Peleus on that day  
When thee they doom'd into a mortal's arms.  
Oh that with these thy deathless ocean-nymphs  
Dwelling content, thou hadst my father left  
To espouse a mortal bride, so hadst thou 'scaped  
Pangs numberless which thou must now endure  
For thy son's death, whom thou shalt never meet  
From Troy return'd, in Peleus' mansion more!  
For life I covet not, nor longer wish  
To mix with human kind, unless my spear  
May find out Hector, and atonement take  
By slaying him, for my Patroclus slain.

To whom, with streaming tears, Thetis replied.  
Swift comes thy destiny as thou hast said,  
For after Hector's death thine next ensues.

Then answer, thus, indignant he return'd.  
Death, seize me now! since when my friend was slain,  
My doom was, not to succor him. He died  
From home remote, and wanting me to save him.  
Now, therefore, since I neither visit more  
My native land, nor, present here, have aught  
Avail'd Patroclus or my many friends  
Whom noble Hector hath in battle slain,  
But here I sit unprofitable grown,



Earth's burden, though of such heroic note,  
If not in council foremost (for I yield  
That prize to others) yet in feats of arms,  
Such as none other in Achaia's host,  
May fierce contention from among the Gods  
Perish, and from among the human race,  
With wrath, which sets the wisest hearts on fire;  
Sweeter than dropping honey to the taste,  
But in the bosom of mankind, a smoke!  
Such was my wrath which Agamemnon roused,  
The king of men. But since the past is fled  
Irrevocable, howsoe'er distress'd,  
Renounce we now vain musings on the past,  
Content through sad necessity. I go  
In quest of noble Hector, who hath slain  
My loved Patroclus, and such death will take  
As Jove ordains me and the Powers of Heaven  
At their own season, send it when they may.  
For neither might the force of Hercules,  
Although high-favored of Saturnian Jove,  
From death escape, but Fate and the revenge  
Restless of Juno vanquish'd even Him.  
I also, if a destiny like his  
Await me, shall, like him, find rest in death;  
But glory calls me now; now will I make  
Some Trojan wife or Dardan with both hands  
Wipe her soft cheeks, and utter many a groan.  
Long time have I been absent from the field,  
And they shall know it. Love me as thou may'st,  
Yet thwart me not, for I am fixt to go.

Whom Thetis answer'd, Goddess of the Deep.  
Thou hast well said, my son! it is no blame  
To save from threaten'd death our suffering friends.  
But thy magnificent and dazzling arms  
Are now in Trojan hands; them Hector wears  
Exulting, but ordain'd not long to exult,

So habited; his death is also nigh.  
But thou with yonder warring multitudes  
Mix not till thou behold me here again;  
For with the rising sun I will return  
To-morrow, and will bring thee glorious arms,  
By Vulcan forged himself, the King of fire.  
She said, and turning from her son aside,  
The sisterhood of Ocean thus address'd.

Plunge ye again into the briny Deep,  
And to the hoary Sovereign of the floods  
Report as ye have heard. I to the heights  
Olympian haste, that I may there obtain  
From Vulcan, glorious artist of the skies,  
Arms of excelling beauty for my son.

She said; they plunged into the waves again,  
And silver-footed Thetis, to the heights  
Olympian soaring swiftly to obtain  
Arms for renown'd Achilles, disappear'd.

Meantime, with infinite uproar the Greeks  
From Hector's hero-slaying arm had fled  
Home to their galleys station'd on the banks  
Of Hellespont. Nor yet Achaia's sons  
Had borne the body of Patroclus clear  
From flight of darts away, but still again  
The multitude of warriors and of steeds  
Came on, by Priameian Hector led  
Rapid as fire. Thrice noble Hector seized  
His ancles from behind, ardent to drag  
Patroclus, calling to his host the while;  
But thrice, the two Ajaces, clothed with might,  
Shock'd and repulsed him reeling. He with force  
Fill'd indefatigable, through his ranks  
Issuing, by turns assail'd them, and by turns  
Stood clamoring, yet not a step retired;

But as the hinds deter not from his prey  
A tawny lion by keen hunger urged,  
So would not both Ajaces, warriors bold,  
Intimidate and from the body drive  
Hector; and he had dragg'd him thence and won  
Immortal glory, but that Iris, sent  
Unseen by Jove and by the powers of heaven,  
From Juno, to Achilles brought command  
That he should show himself. Full near she drew,  
And in wing'd accents thus the Chief address'd.

Hero! most terrible of men, arise!  
protect Patroclus, for whose sake the war  
Stands at the fleet of Greece. Mutual prevails  
The slaughter, these the dead defending, those  
Resolute hence to drag him to the gates  
Of wind-swept Ilium. But beyond them all  
Illustrious Hector, obstinate is bent  
To win him, purposing to lop his head,  
And to exhibit it impaled on high.  
Thou then arise, nor longer on the ground  
Lie stretch'd inactive; let the thought with shame  
Touch thee, of thy Patroclus made the sport  
Of Trojan dogs, whose corse, if it return  
Dishonored home, brings with it thy reproach.

To whom Achilles matchless in the race.  
Iris divine! of all the Gods, who sent thee?

Then, thus, the swift ambadress of heaven.  
By Juno sent I come, consort of Jove.  
Nor knows Saturnian Jove high-throned, himself,  
My flight, nor any of the Immortal Powers,  
Tenants of the Olympian heights snow-crown'd.

Her answer'd then Pelides, glorious Chief.  
How shall I seek the fight? they have my arms.

My mother charged me also to abstain  
From battle, till she bring me armor new  
Which she hath promised me from Vulcan's hand.  
Meantime, whose armor else might serve my need  
I know not, save perhaps alone the shield  
Of Telamonian Ajax, whom I deem  
Himself now busied in the stormy van,  
Slaying the Trojans in my friend's defence.

To whom the swift-wing'd messenger of heaven,  
Full well we know thine armor Hector's prize  
Yet, issuing to the margin of the foss,  
Show thyself only. Panic-seized, perchance,  
The Trojans shall from fight desist, and yield  
To the o'ertoil'd though dauntless sons of Greece  
Short respite; it is all that war allows.

So saying, the storm-wing'd Iris disappear'd.  
Then rose at once Achilles dear to Jove,  
Athwart whose shoulders broad Minerva cast  
Her Ægis fringed terrific, and his brows  
Encircled with a golden cloud that shot  
Fires insupportable to sight abroad.  
As when some island, situate afar  
On the wide waves, invested all the day  
By cruel foes from their own city pour'd,  
Upsends a smoke to heaven, and torches shows  
On all her turrets at the close of eve  
Which flash against the clouds, kindled in hope  
Of aid from neighbor maritime allies,  
So from Achilles' head light flash'd to heaven.  
Issuing through the wall, beside the foss  
He stood, but mix'd not with Achaia's host,  
Obedient to his mother's wise command.  
He stood and shouted; Pallas also raised  
A dreadful shout and tumult infinite  
Excited throughout all the host of Troy.

Clear as the trumpet's note when it proclaims  
A numerous host approaching to invest  
Some city close around, so clear the voice  
Rang of Æacides, and tumult-toss'd  
Was every soul that heard the brazen tone.  
With swift recoil the long-maned coursers thrust  
The chariots back, all boding wo at hand,  
And every charioteer astonish'd saw  
Fires that fail'd not, illumining the brows  
Of Peleus' son, by Pallas kindled there.  
Thrice o'er the trench Achilles sent his voice  
Sonorous, and confusion at the sound  
Thrice seized the Trojans, and their famed allies.  
Twelve in that moment of their noblest died  
By their own spears and chariots, and with joy  
The Grecians from beneath a hill of darts  
Dragging Patroclus, placed him on his bier.  
Around him throng'd his fellow-warriors bold,  
All weeping, after whom Achilles went  
Fast-weeping also at the doleful sight  
Of his true friend on his funereal bed  
Extended, gash'd with many a mortal wound,  
Whom he had sent into the fight with steeds  
And chariot, but received him thence no more.

And now majestic Juno sent the sun,  
Unwearied minister of light, although  
Reluctant, down into the Ocean stream.  
So the sun sank, and the Achaians ceased  
From the all-wasting labors of the war.  
On the other side, the Trojans, from the fight  
Retiring, loosed their steeds, but ere they took  
Thought of refreshment, in full council met.  
It was a council at which no man sat,  
Or dared; all stood; such terror had on all  
Fallen, for that Achilles had appear'd,  
After long pause from battle's arduous toil.

First rose Polydamas the prudent son  
Of Panthus, above all the Trojans skill'd  
Both in futurity and in the past.  
He was the friend of Hector, and one night  
Gave birth to both. In council one excell'd  
And one still more in feats of high renown.  
Thus then, admonishing them, he began.

My friends! weigh well the occasion. Back to Troy  
By my advice, nor wait the sacred morn  
Here, on the plain, from Ilium's walls remote  
So long as yet the anger of this Chief  
'Gainst noble Agamemnon burn'd, so long  
We found the Greeks less formidable foes,  
And I rejoiced, myself, spending the night  
Beside their oary barks, for that I hoped  
To seize them; but I now tremble at thought  
Of Peleus' rapid son again in arms.  
A spirit proud as his will scorn to fight  
Here, on the plain, where Greeks and Trojans take  
Their common share of danger and of toil,  
And will at once strike at your citadel,  
Impatient till he make your wives his prey.  
Haste—let us home—else thus shall it befall;  
Night's balmy influence in his tent detains  
Achilles now, but rushing arm'd abroad  
To-morrow, should he find us lingering here,  
None shall mistake him then; happy the man  
Who soonest, then, shall 'scape to sacred Troy!  
Then, dogs shall make and vultures on our flesh  
Plenteous repast. Oh spare mine ears the tale!  
But if, though troubled, ye can yet receive  
My counsel, thus assembled we will keep  
Strict guard to-night; meantime, her gates and towers  
With all their mass of solid timbers, smooth  
And cramp'd with bolts of steel, will keep the town.  
But early on the morrow we will stand

All arm'd on Ilium's towers. Then, if he choose,  
His galleys left, to compass Troy about,  
He shall be task'd enough; his lofty steeds  
Shall have their fill of coursing to and fro  
Beneath, and gladly shall to camp return.  
But waste the town he shall not, nor attempt  
With all the utmost valor that he boasts  
To force a pass; dogs shall devour him first.

To whom brave Hector lours, and in wrath.  
Polydamas, I like not thy advice  
Who bidd'st us in our city skulk, again  
Imprison'd there. Are ye not yet content?  
Wish ye for durance still in your own towers?  
Time was, when in all regions under heaven  
Men praised the wealth of Priam's city stored  
With gold and brass; but all our houses now  
Stand emptied of their hidden treasures rare.  
Jove in his wrath hath scatter'd them; our wealth  
Is marketed, and Phrygia hath a part  
Purchased, and part Mæonia's lovely land.  
But since the son of wily Saturn old  
Hath given me glory now, and to inclose  
The Grecians in their fleet hemm'd by the sea,  
Fool! taint not with such talk the public mind.  
For not a Trojan here will thy advice  
Follow, or shall; it hath not my consent.  
But thus I counsel. Let us, band by band,  
Throughout the host take supper, and let each,  
Guarded against nocturnal danger, watch.  
And if a Trojan here be rack'd in mind  
Lest his possessions perish, let him cast  
His golden heaps into the public maw,  
Far better so consumed than by the Greeks.  
Then, with the morrow's dawn, all fair array'd  
In battle, we will give them at their fleet  
Sharp onset, and if Peleus' noble son

Have risen indeed to conflict for the ships,  
The worse for him. I shall not for his sake  
Avoid the deep-toned battle, but will firm  
Oppose his utmost. Either he shall gain  
Or I, great glory. Mars his favors deals  
Impartial, and the slayer oft is slain.  
So counsell'd Hector, whom with shouts of praise  
The Trojans answer'd:—fools, and by the power  
Of Pallas of all sober thought bereft!  
For all applauded Hector, who had given  
Advice pernicious, and Polydamas,  
Whose counsel was discreet and wholesome none.  
So then they took repast. But all night long  
The Grecians o'er Patroclus wept aloud,  
While, standing in the midst, Pelides led  
The lamentation, heaving many a groan,  
And on the bosom of his breathless friend  
Imposing, sad, his homicidal hands.  
As the grim lion, from whose gloomy lair  
Among thick trees the hunter hath his whelps  
Purloin'd, too late returning mourns his loss,  
Then, up and down, the length of many a vale  
Courses, exploring fierce the robber's foot,  
Incensed as he, and with a sigh deep-drawn  
Thus to his Myrmidons Achilles spake.

How vain, alas! my word spoken that day  
At random, when to soothe the hero's fears  
Menœtius, then our guest, I promised him  
His noble son at Opoeis again,  
Living and laden with the spoils of Troy!  
But Jove performs not all the thoughts of man,  
For we were both destined to tinge the soil  
Of Ilium with our blood, nor I shall see,  
Myself, my father in his mansion more  
Or Thetis, but must find my burial here.  
Yet, my Patroclus! since the earth expects



Me next, I will not thy funereal rites  
Finish, till I shall bring both head and arms  
Of that bold Chief who slew thee, to my tent.  
I also will smite off, before thy pile,  
The heads of twelve illustrious sons of Troy,  
Resentful of thy death. Meantime, among  
My lofty galleys thou shalt lie, with tears  
Mourn'd day and night by Trojan captives fair  
And Dardan compassing thy bier around,  
Whom we, at price of labor hard, ourselves  
With massy spears toiling in battle took  
From many an opulent city, now no more.

So saying, he bade his train surround with fire  
A tripod huge, that they might quickly cleanse  
Patroclus from all stain of clotted gore.  
They on the blazing hearth a tripod placed  
Capacious, fill'd with water its wide womb,  
And thrust dry wood beneath, till, fierce, the flames  
Embraced it round, and warm'd the flood within.  
Soon as the water in the singing brass  
Simmer'd, they bathed him, and with limpid oil  
Anointed; filling, next, his ruddy wounds  
With unguent mellow'd by nine circling years,  
They stretch'd him on his bed, then cover'd him  
From head to feet with linen texture light,  
And with a wide unsullied mantle, last.  
All night the Myrmidons around the swift  
Achilles stood, deploring loud his friend,  
And Jove his spouse and sister thus bespake.

So then, Imperial Juno! not in vain  
Thou hast the swift Achilles sought to rouse  
Again to battle; the Achaians, sure,  
Are thy own children, thou hast borne them all.  
To whom the awful Goddess ample-eyed.  
What word hath pass'd thy lips, Jove, most severe?

A man, though mortal merely, and to me  
Inferior in device, might have achieved  
That labor easily. Can I who boast  
Myself the chief of Goddesses, and such  
Not by birth only, but as thine espoused,  
Who art thyself sovereign of all the Gods,  
Can I with anger burn against the house  
Of Priam, and want means of just revenge?

Thus they in heaven their mutual conference  
Meantime, the silver-footed Thetis reach'd  
The starr'd abode eternal, brazen wall'd  
Of Vulcan, by the builder lame himself  
Uprear'd, a wonder even in eyes divine.  
She found him sweating, at his bellows huge  
Toiling industrious; tripods bright he form'd  
Twenty at once, his palace-wall to grace  
Ranged in harmonious order. Under each  
Two golden wheels he set, on which (a sight  
Marvellous!) into council they should roll  
Self-moved, and to his house, self-moved, return.  
Thus far the work was finish'd, but not yet  
Their ears of exquisite design affixt,  
For them he stood fashioning, and prepared  
The rivets. While he thus his matchless skill  
Employ'd laborious, to his palace-gate  
The silver-footed Thetis now advanced,  
Whom Charis, Vulcan's well-attired spouse,  
Beholding from the palace portal, flew  
To seize the Goddess' hand, and thus inquired.

Why, Thetis! worthy of all reverence  
And of all love, comest thou to our abode,  
Unfrequent here? But enter, and accept  
Such welcome as to such a guest is due.

So saying, she introduced and to a seat  
Led her with argent studs border'd around  
And foot-stool'd sumptuously; then, calling forth  
Her spouse, the glorious artist, thus she said.

Haste, Vulcan! Thetis wants thee; linger not.  
To whom the artist of the skies replied.

A Goddess then, whom with much cause I love  
And venerate is here, who when I fell  
Saved me, what time my shameless mother sought  
To cast me, because lame, out of all sight;  
Then had I been indeed forlorn, had not  
Eurynome the daughter of the Deep  
And Thetis in their laps received me fallen.  
Nine years with them residing, for their use  
I form'd nice trinkets, clasps, rings, pipes, and chains,  
While loud around our hollow cavern roar'd  
The surge of the vast deep, nor God nor man,  
Save Thetis and Eurynome, my life's  
Preservers, knew where I was kept conceal'd.  
Since, therefore, she is come, I cannot less  
Than recompense to Thetis amber-hair'd  
With readiness the boon of life preserved.  
Haste, then, and hospitably spread the board  
For her regale, while with my best dispatch  
I lay my bellows and my tools aside.

He spake, and vast in bulk and hot with toil  
Rose limping from beside his anvil-stock  
Upborne, with pain on legs tortuous and weak.  
First, from the forge dislodged he thrust apart  
His bellows, and his tools collecting all  
Bestow'd them, careful, in a silver chest,  
Then all around with a wet sponge he wiped  
His visage, and his arms and brawny neck  
Purified, and his shaggy breast from smutch;

Last, putting on his vest, he took in hand  
His sturdy staff, and shuffled through the door.  
Beside the King of fire two golden forms  
Majestic moved, that served him in the place  
Of handmaids; young they seem'd, and seem'd alive,  
Nor want they intellect, or speech, or force,  
Or prompt dexterity by the Gods inspired.  
These his supporters were, and at his side  
Attendant diligent, while he, with gait  
Uncouth, approaching Thetis where she sat  
On a bright throne, seized fast her hand and said,

Why, Thetis! worthy as thou art of love  
And of all reverence, hast thou arrived,  
Unfrequent here? Speak—tell me thy desire,  
Nor doubt my services, if thou demand  
Things possible, and possible to me.

Then Thetis, weeping plenteously, replied.  
Oh Vulcan! Is there on Olympius' heights  
A Goddess with such load of sorrow press'd  
As, in peculiar, Jove assigns to me?  
Me only, of all ocean-nymphs, he made  
Spouse to a man, Peleus Æacides,  
Whose bed, although reluctant and perforce,  
I yet endured to share. He now, the prey  
Of cheerless age, decrepid lies, and Jove  
Still other woes heaps on my wretched head.  
He gave me to bring forth, gave me to rear  
A son illustrious, valiant, and the chief  
Of heroes; he, like a luxuriant plant  
Upran to manhood, while his lusty growth  
I nourish'd as the husbandman his vine  
Set in a fruitful field, and being grown  
I sent him early in his gallant fleet  
Embark'd, to combat with the sons of Troy;  
But him from fight return'd I shall receive,

Beneath the roof of Peleus, never more,  
And while he lives and on the sun his eyes  
Opens, affliction is his certain doom,  
Nor aid resides or remedy in me.  
The virgin, his own portion of the spoils,  
Allotted to him by the Grecians—her  
Atrides, King of men, resumed, and grief  
Devour'd Achilles' spirit for her sake.  
Meantime, the Trojans shutting close within  
Their camp the Grecians, have forbidden them  
All egress, and the senators of Greece  
Have sought with splendid gifts to soothe my son.  
He, indisposed to rescue them himself  
From ruin, sent, instead, Patroclus forth,  
Clad in his own resplendent armor, Chief  
Of the whole host of Myrmidons. Before  
The Scæan gate from morn to eve they fought,  
And on that self-same day had Ilium fallen,  
But that Apollo, to advance the fame  
Of Hector, slew Menœtius' noble son  
Full-flush'd with victory. Therefore at thy knees  
Suppliant I fall, imploring from thine art  
A shield and helmet, greaves of shapely form  
With clasps secured, and corselet for my son.  
For those, once his, his faithful friend hath lost,  
Slain by the Trojans, and Achilles lies,  
Himself, extended mournful on the ground.

Her answer'd then the artist of the skies.  
Courage! Perplex not with these cares thy soul.  
I would that when his fatal hour shall come,  
I could as sure secrete him from the stroke  
Of destiny, as he shall soon have arms  
Illustrious, such as each particular man  
Of thousands, seeing them, shall wish his own.

He said, and to his bellows quick repair'd,  
Which turning to the fire he bade them heave.  
Full twenty bellows working all at once  
Breathed on the furnace, blowing easy and free  
The managed winds, now forcible, as best  
Suited dispatch, now gentle, if the will  
Of Vulcan and his labor so required.  
Impenetrable brass, tin, silver, gold,  
He cast into the forge, then, settling firm  
His ponderous anvil on the block, one hand  
With his huge hammer fill'd, one with the tongs.

He fashion'd first a shield massy and broad  
Of labor exquisite, for which he form'd  
A triple border beauteous, dazzling bright,  
And loop'd it with a silver brace behind.  
The shield itself with five strong folds he forged,  
And with devices multiform the disk  
Capacious charged, toiling with skill divine.

There he described the earth, the heaven, the sea,  
The sun that rests not, and the moon full-orb'd.  
There also, all the stars which round about  
As with a radiant frontlet bind the skies,  
The Pleiads and the Hyads, and the might  
Of huge Orion, with him Ursa call'd,  
Known also by his popular name, the Wain,  
That spins around the pole looking toward  
Orion, only star of these denied  
To slake his beams in ocean's briny baths.

Two splendid cities also there he form'd  
Such as men build. In one were to be seen  
Rites matrimonial solemnized with pomp  
Of sumptuous banquets; from their chambers forth  
Leading the brides they usher'd them along  
With torches through the streets, and sweet was heard

The voice around of Hymenæal song.  
Here striplings danced in circles to the sound  
Of pipe and harp, while in the portals stood  
Women, admiring, all, the gallant show.  
Elsewhere was to be seen in council met  
The close-throng'd multitude. There strife arose.  
Two citizens contended for a mulct  
The price of blood. This man affirm'd the fine  
All paid, haranguing vehement the crowd,  
That man denied that he had aught received,  
And to the judges each made his appeal  
Eager for their award. Meantime the people,  
As favor sway'd them, clamor'd loud for each.  
The heralds quell'd the tumult; reverend sat  
On polish'd stones the elders in a ring,  
Each with a herald's sceptre in his hand,  
Which holding they arose, and all in turn  
Gave sentence. In the midst two talents lay  
Of gold, his destined recompense whose voice  
Decisive should pronounce the best award.  
The other city by two glittering hosts  
Invested stood, and a dispute arose  
Between the hosts, whether to burn the town  
And lay all waste, or to divide the spoil.  
Meantime, the citizens, still undismay'd,  
Surrender'd not the town, but taking arms  
Secretly, set the ambush in array,  
And on the walls their wives and children kept  
Vigilant guard, with all the ancient men.  
They sallied; at their head Pallas and Mars  
Both golden and in golden vests attired  
Advanced, proportion each showing divine,  
Large, prominent, and such as Gods beseem'd.  
Not such the people, but of humbler size.  
Arriving at the spot for ambush chosen,  
A river's side, where cattle of each kind  
Drank, down they sat, all arm'd in dazzling brass.

Apart from all the rest sat also down  
Two spies, both looking for the flocks and herds.  
Soon they appear'd, and at their side were seen  
Two shepherd swains, each playing on his pipe  
Careless, and of the danger nought apprized,  
Swift ran the spies, perceiving their approach,  
And intercepting suddenly the herds  
And flocks of silver fleece, slew also those  
Who fed them. The besiegers, at that time  
In council, by the sound alarm'd, their steeds  
Mounted, and hasted, instant, to the place;  
Then, standing on the river's brink they fought  
And push'd each other with the brazen lance.  
There Discord raged, there Tumult, and the force  
Of ruthless Destiny; she now a Chief  
Seized newly wounded, and now captive held  
Another yet unhurt, and now a third  
Dragg'd breathless through the battle by his feet  
And all her garb was dappled thick with blood  
Like living men they traversed and they strove,  
And dragg'd by turns the bodies of the slain.

He also grav'd on it a fallow field  
Rich, spacious, and well-till'd. Plowers not few,  
There driving to and fro their sturdy teams,  
Labor'd the land; and oft as in their course  
They came to the field's bourn, so oft a man  
Met them, who in their hands a goblet placed  
Charged with delicious wine. They, turning, wrought  
Each his own furrow, and impatient seem'd  
To reach the border of the tilth, which black  
Appear'd behind them as a glebe new-turn'd,  
Though golden. Sight to be admired by all!

There too he form'd the likeness of a field  
Crowded with corn, in which the reapers toil'd  
Each with a sharp-tooth'd sickle in his hand.



Along the furrow here, the harvest fell  
In frequent handfuls, there, they bound the sheaves.  
Three binders of the sheaves their sultry task  
All plied industrious, and behind them boys  
Attended, filling with the corn their arms  
And offering still their bundles to be bound.  
Amid them, staff in hand, the master stood  
Silent exulting, while beneath an oak  
Apart, his heralds busily prepared  
The banquet, dressing a well-thriven ox  
New slain, and the attendant maidens mix'd  
Large supper for the hinds of whitest flour.

There also, laden with its fruit he form'd  
A vineyard all of gold; purple he made  
The clusters, and the vines supported stood  
By poles of silver set in even rows.  
The trench he color'd sable, and around  
Fenced it with tin. One only path it show'd  
By which the gatherers when they stripp'd the vines  
Pass'd and repass'd. There, youths and maidens blithe  
In frails of wicker bore the luscious fruit,  
While, in the midst, a boy on his shrill harp  
Harmonious play'd, still as he struck the chord  
Carolling to it with a slender voice.  
They smote the ground together, and with song  
And sprightly reed came dancing on behind.

There too a herd he fashion'd of tall beeves  
Part gold, part tin. They, lowing, from the stalls  
Rush'd forth to pasture by a river-side  
Rapid, sonorous, fringed with whispering reeds.  
Four golden herdsmen drove the kine a-field  
By nine swift dogs attended. Dreadful sprang  
Two lions forth, and of the foremost herd  
Seized fast a bull. Him bellowing they dragg'd,  
While dogs and peasants all flew to his aid.

The lions tore the hide of the huge prey  
And lapp'd his entrails and his blood. Meantime  
The herdsmen, troubling them in vain, their hounds  
Encouraged; but no tooth for lions' flesh  
Found they, and therefore stood aside and bark'd.

There also, the illustrious smith divine  
Amidst a pleasant grove a pasture form'd  
Spacious, and sprinkled o'er with silver sheep  
Numerous, and stalls and huts and shepherds' tents.

To these the glorious artist added next,  
With various skill delineated exact,  
A labyrinth for the dance, such as of old  
In Crete's broad island Dædalus composed  
For bright-hair'd Ariadne. There the youths  
And youth-alluring maidens, hand in hand,  
Danced jocund, every maiden neat-attired  
In finest linen, and the youths in vests  
Well-woven, glossy as the glaze of oil.  
These all wore garlands, and bright falchions, those,  
Of burnish'd gold in silver trappings hung:—  
They with well-tutor'd step, now nimbly ran  
The circle, swift, as when, before his wheel  
Seated, the potter twirls it with both hands  
For trial of its speed, now, crossing quick  
They pass'd at once into each other's place.  
On either side spectators numerous stood  
Delighted, and two tumblers roll'd themselves  
Between the dancers, singing as they roll'd.

Last, with the might of ocean's boundless flood  
He fill'd the border of the wondrous shield.

When thus the massy shield magnificent  
He had accomplish'd, for the hero next  
He forged, more ardent than the blaze of fire,

A corselet; then, a ponderous helmet bright  
Well fitted to his brows, crested with gold,  
And with laborious art divine adorn'd.  
He also made him greaves of molten tin.

The armor finish'd, bearing in his hand  
The whole, he set it down at Thetis' feet.  
She, like a falcon from the snowy top  
Stoop'd of Olympus, bearing to the earth  
The dazzling wonder, fresh from Vulcan's hand.

## **Book XIX**

### **ARGUMENT OF THE NINETEENTH BOOK.**

Achilles is reconciled to Agamemnon, and clothed in new armor forged by Vulcan, leads out the Myrmidons to battle.

Now rose the morn in saffron vest attired  
From ocean, with new day for Gods and men,  
When Thetis at the fleet of Greece arrived,  
Bearing that gift divine. She found her son  
All tears, and close enfolding in his arms  
Patroclus, while his Myrmidons around  
Wept also; she amid them, graceful, stood,  
And seizing fast his hand, him thus bespake.

Although our loss be great, yet, oh my son!  
Leave we Patroclus lying on the bier  
To which the Gods ordain'd him from the first.  
Receive from Vulcan's hands these glorious arms,  
Such as no mortal shoulders ever bore.

So saying, she placed the armor on the ground  
Before him, and the whole bright treasure rang.  
A tremor shook the Myrmidons; none dared  
Look on it, but all fled. Not so himself.  
In him fresh vengeance kindled at the view,  
And, while he gazed, a splendor as of fire  
Flash'd from his eyes. Delighted, in his hand  
He held the glorious bounty of the God,  
And, wondering at those strokes of art divine,  
His eager speech thus to his mother turn'd.

The God, my mother! hath bestow'd in truth  
Such armor on me as demanded skill

Like his, surpassing far all power of man.  
Now, therefore, I will arm. But anxious fears  
Trouble me, lest intrusive flies, meantime,  
Breed worms within the spear-inflicted wounds  
Of Menœtiades, and fill with taint  
Of putrefaction his whole breathless form.

But him the silver-footed Goddess fair  
Thus answer'd. Oh, my son! chase from thy mind  
All such concern. I will, myself, essay  
To drive the noisome swarms which on the slain  
In battle feed voracious. Should he lie  
The year complete, his flesh shall yet be found  
Untainted, and, it may be, fragrant too.  
But thou the heroes of Achaia's host  
Convening, in their ears thy wrath renounce  
Against the King of men, then, instant, arm  
For battle, and put on thy glorious might.

So saying, the Goddess raised his courage high.  
Then, through the nostrils of the dead she pour'd  
Ambrosia, and the ruddy juice divine  
Of nectar, antidotes against decay.

And now forth went Achilles by the side  
Of ocean, calling with a dreadful shout  
To council all the heroes of the host.  
Then, even they who in the fleet before  
Constant abode, helmsmen and those who held  
In stewardship the food and public stores,  
All flock'd to council, for that now at length  
After long abstinence from dread exploits  
Of war, Achilles had once more appear'd.  
Two went together, halting on the spear,  
(For still they felt the anguish of their wounds)  
Noble Ulysses and brave Diomedes,  
And took an early seat; whom follow'd last

The King of men, by Coön in the field  
Of furious battle wounded with a lance.  
The Grecians all assembled, in the midst  
Upstood the swift Achilles, and began.

Atrides! we had doubtless better sped  
Both thou and I, thus doing, when at first  
With cruel rage we burn'd, a girl the cause.  
I would that Dian's shaft had in the fleet  
Slain her that self-same day when I destroy'd  
Lyrnessus, and by conquest made her mine!  
Then had not many a Grecian, lifeless now,  
Clench'd with his teeth the ground, victim, alas!  
Of my revenge; whence triumph hath accrued  
To Hector and his host, while ours have cause  
For long remembrance of our mutual strife.  
But evils past let pass, yielding perforce  
To sad necessity. My wrath shall cease  
Now; I resign it; it hath burn'd too long.  
Thou therefore summon forth the host to fight,  
That I may learn meeting them in the field,  
If still the Trojans purpose at our fleet  
To watch us this night also. But I judge  
That driven by my spear to rapid flight,  
They shall escape with weary limbs at least.

He ended, and the Grecians brazen-greaved  
Rejoiced that Peleus' mighty son had cast  
His wrath aside. Then not into the midst  
Proceeding, but at his own seat, upstood  
King Agamemnon, and them thus bespake.

Friends! Grecian heroes! Ministers of Mars!  
Arise who may to speak, he claims your ear;  
All interruption wrongs him, and distracts,  
Howe'er expert the speaker. Who can hear  
Amid the roar of tumult, or who speak?

The clearest voice, best utterance, both are vain  
I shall address Achilles. Hear my speech  
Ye Argives, and with understanding mark.  
I hear not now the voice of your reproach  
First; ye have oft condemn'd me. Yet the blame  
Rests not with me; Jove, Destiny, and she  
Who roams the shades, Erynnis, caused the offence.  
She fill'd my soul with fury on that day  
In council, when I seized Achilles' prize.  
For what could I? All things obey the Gods.  
Ate, pernicious Power, daughter of Jove,  
By whom all suffer, challenges from all  
Reverence and fear. Delicate are her feet  
Which scorn the ground, and over human heads  
She glides, injurious to the race of man,  
Of two who strive, at least entangling one.  
She injured, on a day, dread Jove himself  
Most excellent of all in earth or heaven,  
When Juno, although female, him deceived,  
What time Alcmena should have brought to light  
In bulwark'd Thebes the force of Hercules.  
Then Jove, among the gods glorying, spake.

Hear all! both Gods and Goddesses, attend!  
That I may make my purpose known. This day  
Birth-pang-dispensing Ilithya brings  
An hero forth to light, who, sprung from those  
That sprang from me, his empire shall extend  
Over all kingdoms bordering on his own.

To whom, designing fraud, Juno replied.  
Thou wilt be found false, and this word of thine  
Shall want performance. But Olympian Jove!  
Swear now the inviolable oath, that he  
Who shall, this day, fall from between the feet  
Of woman, drawing his descent from thee,  
Shall rule all kingdoms bordering on his own.

She said, and Jove, suspecting nought her wiles,  
The great oath swore, to his own grief and wrong.  
At once from the Olympian summit flew  
Juno, and to Achaian Argos borne,  
There sought the noble wife of Sthenelus,  
Offspring of Perseus. Pregnant with a son  
Six months, she now the seventh saw at hand,  
But him the Goddess premature produced,  
And check'd Alcmena's pangs already due.  
Then joyful to have so prevail'd, she bore  
Herself the tidings to Saturnian Jove.

Lord of the candent lightnings! Sire of all!  
I bring thee tidings. The great prince, ordain'd  
To rule the Argive race, this day is born,  
Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus, the son  
Of Perseus; therefore he derives from thee,  
Nor shall the throne of Argos shame his birth.

She spake; then anguish stung the heart of Jove  
Deeply, and seizing by her glossy locks  
The Goddess Ate, in his wrath he swore  
That never to the starry skies again  
And the Olympian heights he would permit  
The universal mischief to return.  
Then, whirling her around, he cast her down  
To earth. She, mingling with all works of men,  
Caused many a pang to Jove, who saw his son  
Laborious tasks servile, and of his birth  
Unworthy, at Eurystheus' will enjoin'd.

So when the hero Hector at our ships  
Slew us, I then regretted my offence  
Which Ate first impell'd me to commit.  
But since, infatuated by the Gods  
I err'd, behold me ready to appease



With gifts of price immense whom I have wrong'd.  
Thou, then, arise to battle, and the host  
Rouse also. Not a promise yesternight  
Was made thee by Ulysses in thy tent  
On my behalf, but shall be well perform'd.  
Or if it please thee, though impatient, wait  
Short season, and my train shall bring the gifts  
Even now; that thou may'st understand and know  
That my peace-offerings are indeed sincere.

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.  
Atrides! Agamemnon! passing all  
In glory! King of men! recompense just  
By gifts to make me, or to make me none,  
That rests with thee. But let us to the fight  
Incontinent. It is no time to play  
The game of rhetoric, and to waste the hours  
In speeches. Much remains yet unperform'd.  
Achilles must go forth. He must be seen  
Once more in front of battle, wasting wide  
With brazen spear, the crowded ranks of Troy.  
Mark him—and as he fights, fight also ye.

To whom Ulysses ever-wise replied.  
Nay—urge not, valiant as thou art thyself,  
Achaia's sons up to the battlements  
Of Ilium, by repast yet unrefresh'd,  
Godlike Achilles!—For when phalanx once  
Shall clash with phalanx, and the Gods with rage  
Both hosts inspire, the contest shall not then  
Prove short. Bid rather the Achaians take  
Both food and wine, for they are strength and might.  
To stand all day till sunset to a foe  
Opposed in battle, fasting, were a task  
Might foil the best; for though his will be prompt  
To combat, yet the power must by degrees  
Forsake him; thirst and hunger he must feel,

And his limbs failing him at every step.  
But he who hath his vigor to the full  
Fed with due nourishment, although he fight  
All day, yet feels his courage unimpair'd,  
Nor weariness perceives till all retire.  
Come then—dismiss the people with command  
That each prepare replenishment. Meantime  
Let Agamemnon, King of men, his gifts  
In presence here of the assembled Greeks  
Produce, that all may view them, and that thou  
May'st feel thine own heart gladden'd at the sight.  
Let the King also, standing in the midst,  
Swear to thee, that he renders back the maid  
A virgin still, and strange to his embrace,  
And let thy own composure prove, the while,  
That thou art satisfied. Last, let him spread  
A princely banquet for thee in his tent,  
That thou may'st want no part of just amends.  
Thou too, Atrides, shalt hereafter prove  
More just to others; for himself, a King,  
Stoops not too low, soothing whom he hath wrong'd.

Him Agamemnon answer'd, King of men.  
Thou hast arranged wisely the whole concern,  
O Læertiades, and I have heard  
Thy speech, both words and method with delight.  
Willing I am, yea more, I wish to swear  
As thou hast said, for by the Gods I can  
Most truly. Let Achilles, though of pause  
Impatient, suffer yet a short delay  
With all assembled here, till from my tent  
The gifts arrive, and oaths of peace be sworn.  
To thee I give it in peculiar charge  
That choosing forth the most illustrious youths  
Of all Achaia, thou produce the gifts  
from my own ship, all those which yesternight  
We promised, nor the women leave behind.

And let Talthybius throughout all the camp  
Of the Achaians, instant, seek a boar  
For sacrifice to Jove and to the Sun.

Then thus Achilles matchless in the race.  
Atrides! most illustrious! King of men!  
Expedience bids us to these cares attend  
Hereafter, when some pause, perchance, of fight  
Shall happen, and the martial rage which fires  
My bosom now, shall somewhat less be felt.  
Our friends by Priameian Hector slain,  
Now strew the field mangled, for him hath Jove  
Exalted high, and given him great renown.  
But haste, now take refreshment; though, in truth  
Might I direct, the host should by all means  
Unfed to battle, and at set of sun  
All sup together, this affront revenged.  
But as for me, no drop shall pass my lips  
Or morsel, whose companion lies with feet  
Turn'd to the vestibule, pierced by the spear,  
And compass'd by my weeping train around.  
No want of food feel I. My wishes call  
For carnage, blood, and agonies and groans.

But him, excelling in all wisdom, thus  
Ulysses answer'd. Oh Achilles! son  
Of Peleus! bravest far of all our host!  
Me, in no scanty measure, thou excell'st  
Wielding the spear, and thee in prudence, I  
Not less. For I am elder, and have learn'd  
What thou hast yet to learn. Bid then thine heart  
Endure with patience to be taught by me.  
Men, satiate soon with battle, loathe the field  
On which the most abundant harvest falls,  
Reap'd by the sword; and when the hand of Jove  
Dispenser of the great events of war,  
Turns once the scale, then, farewell every hope

Of more than scanty gleanings. Shall the Greeks  
Abstain from sustenance for all who die?  
That were indeed severe, since day by day  
No few expire, and respite could be none.  
The dead, die whoso may, should be inhumed.  
This, duty bids, but bids us also deem  
One day sufficient for our sighs and tears.  
Ourselves, all we who still survive the war,  
Have need of sustenance, that we may bear  
The lengthen'd conflict with recruited might,  
Case in enduring brass.—Ye all have heard  
Your call to battle; let none lingering stand  
In expectation of a farther call,  
Which if it sound, shall thunder prove to him  
Who lurks among the ships. No. Rush we all  
Together forth, for contest sharp prepared,  
And persevering with the host of Troy.

So saying, the sons of Nestor, glorious Chief,  
He chose, with Meges Phyleus' noble son,  
Thoas, Meriones, and Melanippus  
And Lycomedes. These, together, sought  
The tent of Agamemnon, King of men.  
They ask'd, and they received. Soon they produced  
The seven promised tripods from the tent,  
Twice ten bright caldrons, twelve high-mettled steeds,  
Seven lovely captives skill'd alike in arts  
Domestic, of unblemish'd beauty rare,  
And last, Brisëis with the blooming cheeks.  
Before them went Ulysses, bearing weigh'd  
Ten golden talents, whom the chosen Greeks  
Attended laden with the remnant gifts.  
Full in the midst they placed them. Then arose  
King Agamemnon, and Talthybius  
The herald, clear in utterance as a God,  
Beside him stood, holding the victim boar.  
Atrides, drawing forth his dagger bright,

Appendant ever to his sword's huge sheath,  
Sever'd the bristly forelock of the boar,  
A previous offering. Next, with lifted hands  
To Jove he pray'd, while, all around, the Greeks  
Sat listening silent to the Sovereign's voice.  
He look'd to the wide heaven, and thus he pray'd.

First, Jove be witness! of all Powers above  
Best and supreme; Earth next, and next the Sun!  
And last, who under Earth the guilt avenge  
Of oaths sworn falsely, let the Furies hear!  
For no respect of amorous desire  
Or other purpose, have I laid mine hand  
On fair Brisëis, but within my tent  
Untouch'd, immaculate she hath remain'd.  
And if I falsely swear, then may the Gods  
The many woes with which they mark the crime  
Of men forsworn, pour also down on me!

So saying, he pierced the victim in his throat  
And, whirling him around, Talthybius, next,  
Cast him into the ocean, fishes' food.  
Then, in the centre of Achaia's sons  
Uprose Achilles, and thus spake again.

Jove! Father! dire calamities, effects  
Of thy appointment, fall on human-kind.  
Never had Agamemnon in my breast  
Such anger kindled, never had he seized,  
Blinded by wrath, and torn my prize away,  
But that the slaughter of our numerous friends  
Which thence ensued, thou hadst, thyself, ordained.  
Now go, ye Grecians, eat, and then to battle.

So saying, Achilles suddenly dissolved  
The hasty council, and all flew dispersed  
To their own ships. Then took the Myrmidons

Those splendid gifts which in the tent they lodged  
Of swift Achilles, and the damsels led  
Each to a seat, while others of his train  
Drove forth the steeds to pasture with his herd.  
But when Brisëis, bright as Venus, saw  
Patroclus lying mangled by the spear,  
Enfolding him around, she shriek'd and tore  
Her bosom, her smooth neck and beauteous cheeks.  
Then thus, divinely fair, with tears she said.

Ah, my Patroclus! dearest friend of all  
To hapless me, departing from this tent  
I left thee living, and now, generous Chief!  
Restored to it again, here find thee dead.  
How rapid in succession are my woes!  
I saw, myself, the valiant prince to whom  
My parents had betroth'd me, slain before  
Our city walls; and my three brothers, sons  
Of my own mother, whom with long regret  
I mourn, fell also in that dreadful field.  
But when the swift Achilles slew the prince  
Design'd my spouse, and the fair city sack'd  
Of noble Mynes, thou by every art  
Of tender friendship didst forbid my tears,  
Promising oft that thou would'st make me bride  
Of Peleus' godlike son, that thy own ship  
Should waft me hence to Phthia, and that thyself  
Would'st furnish forth among the Myrmidons  
Our nuptial feast. Therefore thy death I mourn  
Ceaseless, for thou wast ever kind to me.

She spake, and all her fellow-captives heaved  
Responsive sighs, deploring each, in show,  
The dead Patroclus, but, in truth, herself.  
Then the Achaian Chiefs gather'd around  
Achilles, wooing him to eat, but he  
Groan'd and still resolute, their suit refused—

If I have here a friend on whom by prayers  
I may prevail, I pray that ye desist,  
Nor longer press me, mourner as I am,  
To eat or drink, for till the sun go down  
I am inflexible, and *will* abstain.

So saying, the other princes he dismiss'd  
Impatient, but the sons of Atreus both,  
Ulysses, Nestor and Idomeneus,  
With Phoenix, hoary warrior, in his tent  
Abiding still, with cheerful converse kind  
Essay'd to soothe him, whose afflicted soul  
All soothing scorn'd till he should once again  
Rush on the ravening edge of bloody war.  
Then, mindful of his friend, groaning he said

Time was, unhappiest, dearest of my friends!  
When even thou, with diligent dispatch,  
Thyself, hast spread a table in my tent,  
The hour of battle drawing nigh between  
The Greeks and warlike Trojans. But there lies  
Thy body now, gored by the ruthless steel,  
And for thy sake I neither eat nor drink,  
Though dearth be none, conscious that other wo  
Surpassing this I can have none to fear.  
No, not if tidings of my father's death  
Should reach me, who, this moment, weeps, perhaps,  
In Phthia tears of tenderest regret  
For such a son; while I, remote from home  
Fight for detested Helen under Troy.  
Nor even were *he* dead, whom, if he live,  
I rear in Scyros, my own darling son,  
My Neoptolemus of form divine.  
For still this hope I cherish'd in my breast  
Till now, that, of us two, myself alone  
Should fall at Ilium, and that thou, restored

To Phthia, should'st have wafted o'er the waves  
My son from Scyros to his native home,  
That thou might'st show him all his heritage,  
My train of menials, and my fair abode.  
For either dead already I account  
Peleus, or doubt not that his residue  
Of miserable life shall soon be spent,  
Through stress of age and expectation sad  
That tidings of my death shall, next, arrive.

So spake Achilles weeping, around whom  
The Chiefs all sigh'd, each with remembrance pain'd  
Of some loved object left at home. Meantime  
Jove, with compassion moved, their sorrow saw,  
And in wing'd accents thus to Pallas spake.

Daughter! thou hast abandon'd, as it seems,  
Yon virtuous Chief for ever; shall no care  
Thy mind engage of brave Achilles more?  
Before his gallant fleet mourning he sits  
His friend, disconsolate; the other Greeks  
Sat and are satisfied; he only fasts.  
Go then—instil nectar into his breast,  
And sweets ambrosial, that he hunger not.

So saying, he urged Minerva prompt before.  
In form a shrill-voiced Harpy of long wing  
Through ether down she darted, while the Greeks  
In all their camp for instant battle arm'd.  
Ambrosial sweets and nectar she instill'd  
Into his breast, lest he should suffer loss  
Of strength through abstinence, then soar'd again  
To her great Sire's unperishing abode.  
And now the Grecians from their gallant fleet  
All pour'd themselves abroad. As when thick snow  
From Jove descends, driven by impetuous gusts  
Of the cloud-scattering North, so frequent shone



Issuing from the fleet the dazzling casques,  
Boss'd bucklers, hauberks strong, and ashen spears.  
Upwent the flash to heaven; wide all around  
The champain laugh'd with beamy brass illumed,  
And tramlings of the warriors on all sides  
Resounded, amidst whom Achilles arm'd.  
He gnash'd his teeth, fire glimmer'd in his eyes,  
Anguish intolerable wrung his heart  
And fury against Troy, while he put on  
His glorious arms, the labor of a God.  
First, to his legs his polish'd greaves he clasp'd  
Studded with silver, then his corselet bright  
Braced to his bosom, his huge sword of brass  
Athwart his shoulder slung, and his broad shield  
Uplifted last, luminous as the moon.  
Such as to mariners a fire appears,  
Kindled by shepherds on the distant top  
Of some lone hill; they, driven by stormy winds,  
Reluctant roam far off the fishy deep,  
Such from Achilles' burning shield divine  
A lustre struck the skies; his ponderous helm  
He lifted to his brows; starlike it shone,  
And shook its curling crest of bushy gold,  
By Vulcan taught to wave profuse around.  
So clad, godlike Achilles trial made  
If his arms fitted him, and gave free scope  
To his proportion'd limbs; buoyant they proved  
As wings, and high upbore his airy tread.  
He drew his father's spear forth from his case,  
Heavy and huge and long. That spear, of all  
Achaia's sons, none else had power to wield;  
Achilles only could the Pelian spear  
Brandish, by Chiron for his father hewn  
From Pelion's top for slaughter of the brave.  
His coursers, then, Automedon prepared  
And Alcimus, adjusting diligent  
The fair caparisons; they thrust the bits

Into their mouths, and to the chariot seat  
Extended and made fast the reins behind.  
The splendid scourge commodious to the grasp  
Seizing, at once Automedon upsprang  
Into his place; behind him, arm'd complete  
Achilles mounted, as the orient sun  
All dazzling, and with awful tone his speech  
Directed to the coursers of his Sire.

Xanthus, and Balius of Podarges' blood  
Illustrious! see ye that, the battle done,  
Ye bring whom now ye bear back to the host  
Of the Achaians in far other sort,  
Nor leave him, as ye left Patroclus, dead.  
Him then his steed unconquer'd in the race,  
Xanthus answer'd from beneath his yoke,  
But, hanging low his head, and with his mane  
Dishevell'd all, and streaming to the ground.  
Him Juno vocal made, Goddess white-arm'd.

And doubtless so we will. This day at least  
We bear thee safe from battle, stormy Chief!  
But thee the hour of thy destruction swift  
Approaches, hasten'd by no fault of ours,  
But by the force of fate and power divine.  
For not through sloth or tardiness on us  
Aught chargeable, have Ilium's sons thine arms  
Stript from Patroclus' shoulders, but a God  
Matchless in battle, offspring of bright-hair'd  
Latona, him contending in the van  
Slew, for the glory of the Chief of Troy.  
We, Zephyrus himself, though by report  
Swiftest of all the winds of heaven, in speed  
Could equal, but the Fates thee also doom  
By human hands to fall, and hands divine.

The interposing Furies at that word  
Suppress'd his utterance, and indignant, thus,  
Achilles, swiftest of the swift, replied.

Why, Xanthus, propheciest thou my death?  
It ill beseems thee. I already know  
That from my parents far remote my doom  
Appoints me here to die; yet not the more  
Cease I from feats of arms, till Ilium's host  
Shall have received, at length, their fill of war.

He said, and with a shout drove forth to battle.

## Book XX

### ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTIETH BOOK.

By permission of Jupiter the Gods descend into the battle, and range themselves on either side respectively. Neptune rescues Æneas from death by the hand of Achilles, from whom Apollo, soon after, rescues Hector. Achilles slays many Trojans.

The Grecians, thus, before their lofty ships  
Stood arm'd around Achilles, glorious Chief  
Insatiable with war, and opposite  
The Trojans on the rising-ground appear'd.  
Meantime, Jove order'd Themis, from the head  
Of the deep-fork'd Olympian to convene  
The Gods in council. She to every part  
Proceeding, bade them to the courts of Jove.  
Nor of the Floods was any absent thence  
Oceanus except, or of the Nymphs  
Who haunt the pleasant groves, or dwell beside  
Stream-feeding fountains, or in meadows green.  
Within the courts of cloud-assembler Jove  
Arrived, on pillar'd thrones radiant they sat,  
With ingenuity divine contrived  
By Vulcan for the mighty Sire of all.  
Thus they within the Thunderer's palace sat  
Assembled; nor was Neptune slow to hear  
The voice of Themis, but (the billows left)  
Came also; in the midst his seat he took,  
And ask'd, incontinent, the mind of Jove.

King of the lightnings! wherefore hast thou call'd  
The Gods to council? Hast thou aught at heart  
Important to the hosts of Greece and Troy?  
For on the battle's fiery edge they stand.

To whom replied Jove, Sovereign of the storms,  
Thou know'st my council, Shaker of the shores!  
And wherefore ye are call'd. Although ordain'd  
So soon to die, they interest me still.  
Myself, here seated on Olympus' top,  
With contemplation will my mind indulge  
Of yon great spectacle; but ye, the rest,  
Descend into the field, Trojan or Greek  
Each to assist, as each shall most incline.  
For should Achilles in the field no foe  
Find save the Trojans, quickly should they fly  
Before the rapid force of Peleus' son.  
They trembled ever at his look, and since  
Such fury for his friend hath fired his heart,  
I fear lest he anticipate the will  
Of Fate, and Ilium perish premature.

So spake the son of Saturn kindling war  
Inevitable, and the Gods to fight  
'Gan move with minds discordant. Juno sought  
And Pallas, with the earth-encircling Power  
Neptune, the Grecian fleet, with whom were join'd  
Mercury, teacher of all useful arts,  
And Vulcan, rolling on all sides his eyes  
Tremendous, but on disproportion'd legs,  
Not without labor hard, halting uncouth.  
Mars, warrior-God, on Ilium's part appear'd  
With Phœbus never-shorn, Dian shaft-arm'd,  
Xanthus, Latona, and the Queen of smiles,  
Venus. So long as the immortal Gods  
Mixed not with either host, Achaia's sons  
Exulted, seeing, after tedious pause,  
Achilles in the field, and terror shook  
The knees of every Trojan, at the sight  
Of swift Achilles like another Mars  
Panting for blood, and bright in arms again.

But when the Olympian Powers had enter'd once  
The multitude, then Discord, at whose voice  
The million maddens, vehement arose;  
Then, Pallas at the trench without the wall  
By turns stood shouting, and by turns a shout  
Sent terrible along the sounding shore,  
While, gloomy as a tempest, opposite,  
Mars from the lofty citadel of Troy  
Now yell'd aloud, now running o'er the hill  
Callicolone, on the Simois' side.

Thus the Immortals, ever-blest, impell'd  
Both hosts to battle, and dire inroad caused  
Of strife among them. Sudden from on high  
The Sire of Gods and men thunder'd; meantime,  
Neptune the earth and the high mountains shook;  
Through all her base and to her topmost peak  
Ida spring-fed the agitation felt  
Reeling, all Ilium and the fleet of Greece.  
Upstart'd from his throne, appall'd, the King  
Of Erebus, and with a cry his fears  
Through hell proclaim'd, lest Neptune, o'er his head  
Shattering the vaulted earth, should wide disclose  
To mortal and immortal eyes his realm  
Terrible, squalid, to the Gods themselves  
A dreaded spectacle; with such a sound  
The Powers eternal into battle rush'd.  
Opposed to Neptune, King of the vast Deep,  
Apollo stood with his wing'd arrows arm'd;  
Pallas to Mars; Diana shaft-expert,  
Sister of Phœbus, in her golden bow  
Rejoicing, with whose shouts the forests ring  
To Juno; Mercury, for useful arts  
Famed, to Latona; and to Vulcan's force  
The eddied River broad by mortal men  
Scamander call'd, but Xanthus by the Gods.

So Gods encounter'd Gods. But most desire  
Achilles felt, breaking the ranks, to rush  
On Priameian Hector, with whose blood  
Chiefly his fury prompted him to sate  
The indefatigable God of war.  
But, the encourager of Ilium's host  
Apollo, urged Æneas to assail  
The son of Peleus, with heroic might  
Inspiring his bold heart. He feign'd the voice  
Of Priam's son Lycaon, and his form  
Assuming, thus the Trojan Chief address'd.

Æneas! Trojan leader! where are now  
Thy vaunts, which, banqueting erewhile among  
Our princes, o'er thy brimming cups thou mad'st,  
That thou would'st fight, thyself, with Peleus' son?

To whom Æneas answer thus returned.  
Offspring of Priam! why enjoin'st thou me  
Not so inclined, that arduous task, to cope  
With the unmatch'd Achilles? I have proved  
His force already, when he chased me down  
From Ida with his spear, what time he made  
Seizure of all our cattle, and destroy'd  
Pegasus and Lyrnessus; but I 'scaped  
Unslain, by Jove himself empower'd to fly,  
Else had I fallen by Achilles' hand,  
And by the hand of Pallas, who his steps  
Conducted, and exhorted him to slay  
Us and the Leleges. Vain, therefore, proves  
All mortal force to Peleus' son opposed;  
For one, at least, of the Immortals stands  
Ever beside him, guardian of his life,  
And, of himself, he hath an arm that sends  
His rapid spear unerring to the mark.  
Yet, would the Gods more equal sway the scales

Of battle, not with ease should he subdue  
Me, though he boast a panoply of brass.

Him, then, Apollo answer'd, son of Jove.  
Hero! prefer to the immortal Gods  
Thy Prayer, for thee men rumor Venus' son  
Daughter of Jove; and Peleus' son his birth  
Drew from a Goddess of inferior note.  
Thy mother is from Jove; the offspring, his,  
Less noble of the hoary Ocean old.  
Go, therefore, and thy conquering spear uplift  
Against him, nor let aught his sounding words  
Appal thee, or his threats turn thee away.

So saying, with martial force the Chief he fill'd,  
Who through the foremost combatants advanced  
Radiant in arms. Nor pass'd Anchises' son  
Unseen of Juno, through the crowded ranks  
Seeking Achilles, but the Powers of heaven  
Convened by her command, she thus address'd.

Neptune, and thou, Minerva! with mature  
Deliberation, ponder the event.  
Yon Chief, Æneas, dazzling bright in arms;  
Goes to withstand Achilles, and he goes  
Sent by Apollo; in despite of whom  
Be it our task to give him quick repulse,  
Or, of ourselves, let some propitious Power  
Strengthen Achilles with a mind exempt  
From terror, and with force invincible.  
So shall he know that of the Gods above  
The mightiest are his friends, with whom compared  
The favorers of Ilium in time past,  
Who stood her guardians in the bloody strife,  
Are empty boasters all, and nothing worth.  
For therefore came we down, that we may share  
This fight, and that Achilles suffer nought



Fatal to-day, though suffer all he must  
Hereafter, with his thread of life entwined  
By Destiny, the day when he was born.  
But should Achilles unapprized remain  
Of such advantage by a voice divine,  
When he shall meet some Deity in the field,  
Fear then will seize him, for celestial forms  
Unveil'd are terrible to mortal eyes.

To whom replied the Shaker of the shores.  
Juno! thy hot impatience needs control;  
It ill befits thee. No desire I feel  
To force into contention with ourselves  
Gods, our inferiors. No. Let us, retired  
To yonder hill, distant from all resort,  
There sit, while these the battle wage alone.  
But if Apollo, or if Mars the fight  
Entering, begin, themselves, to interfere  
Against Achilles, then will we at once  
To battle also; and, I much misdeem,  
Or glad they shall be soon to mix again  
Among the Gods on the Olympian heights,  
By strong coercion of our arms subdued.

So saying, the God of Ocean azure-hair'd  
Moved foremost to the lofty mound earth-built  
Of noble Hercules, by Pallas raised  
And by the Trojans for his safe escape,  
What time the monster of the deep pursued  
The hero from the sea-bank o'er the plain.  
There Neptune sat, and his confederate Gods,  
Their shoulders with impenetrable clouds  
O'ermantled, while the city-spoiler Mars  
Sat with Apollo opposite on the hill  
Callicolone, with their aids divine.  
So, Gods to Gods in opposite aspect  
Sat ruminating, and alike the work

All fearing to begin of arduous war,  
While from his seat sublime Jove urged them on.  
The champain all was fill'd, and with the blaze  
Illumined wide of men and steeds brass-arm'd,  
And the incumber'd earth jarr'd under foot  
Of the encountering hosts. Then, two, the rest  
Surpassing far, into the midst advanced  
Impatient for the fight, Anchises' son  
Æneas and Achilles, glorious Chief!  
Æneas first, under his ponderous casque  
Nodding and menacing, advanced; before  
His breast he held the well-conducted orb  
Of his broad shield, and shook his brazen spear.  
On the other side, Achilles to the fight  
Flew like a ravening lion, on whose death  
Resolved, the peasants from all quarters meet;  
He, viewing with disdain the foremost, stalks  
Right on, but smitten by some dauntless youth  
Writhes himself, and discloses his huge fangs  
Hung with white foam; then, growling for revenge,  
Lashes himself to battle with his tail,  
Till with a burning eye and a bold heart  
He springs to slaughter, or himself is slain;  
So, by his valor and his noble mind  
Impell'd, renown'd Achilles moved toward  
Æneas, and, small interval between,  
Thus spake the hero matchless in the race.

Why stand'st thou here, Æneas! thy own band  
Left at such distance? Is it that thine heart  
Glowes with ambition to contend with me  
In hope of Priam's honors, and to fill  
His throne hereafter in Troy steed-renown'd?  
But shouldst thou slay me, not for that exploit  
Would Priam such large recompense bestow,  
For he hath sons, and hath, beside, a mind  
And disposition not so lightly changed.

Or have the Trojans of their richest soil  
For vineyard apt or plow assign'd thee part  
If thou shalt slay me? Difficult, I hope,  
At least, thou shalt experience that emprise.  
For, as I think, I have already chased  
Thee with my spear. Forgettest thou the day  
When, finding thee alone, I drove thee down  
Headlong from Ida, and, thy cattle left  
Afar, thou didst not dare in all thy flight  
Turn once, till at Lyrnessus safe arrived,  
Which city by Jove's aid and by the aid  
Of Pallas I destroy'd, and captive led  
Their women? Thee, indeed, the Gods preserved  
But they shall not preserve thee, as thou dream'st  
Now also. Back into thy host again;  
Hence, I command thee, nor oppose in fight  
My force, lest evil find thee. To be taught  
By suffering only is the part of fools.

To whom Æneas answer thus return'd.  
Pelides! hope not, as I were a boy,  
With words to scare me. I have also taunts  
At my command, and could be sharp as thou.  
By such reports as from the lips of men  
We oft have heard, each other's birth we know  
And parents; but my parents to behold  
Was ne'er thy lot, nor have I thine beheld.  
Thee men proclaim from noble Peleus sprung  
And Thetis, bright hair'd Goddess of the Deep;  
I boast myself of lovely Venus born  
To brave Anchises; and his son this day  
In battle slain thy sire shall mourn, or mine;  
For I expect not that we shall depart  
Like children, satisfied with words alone.  
But if it please thee more at large to learn  
My lineage (thousands can attest it true)  
Know this. Jove, Sovereign of the storms, begat

Dardanus, and ere yet the sacred walls  
Of Ilium rose, the glory of this plain,  
He built Dardania; for at Ida's foot  
Dwelt our progenitors in ancient days.  
Dardanus was the father of a son,  
King Ericthonius, wealthiest of mankind.  
Three thousand mares of his the marish grazed,  
Each suckling with delight her tender foal.  
Boreas, enamor'd of no few of these,  
The pasture sought, and cover'd them in form  
Of a steed azure-maned. They, pregnant thence,  
Twelve foals produced, and all so light of foot,  
That when they wanton'd in the fruitful field  
They swept, and snapp'd it not, the golden ear;  
And when they wanton'd on the boundless deep,  
They skimm'd the green wave's frothy ridge, secure.  
From Ericthonius sprang Tros, King of Troy,  
And Tros was father of three famous sons,  
Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymede  
Loveliest of human kind, whom for his charms  
The Gods caught up to heaven, there to abide  
With the immortals, cup-bearer of Jove.  
Ilus begat Laomedon, and he  
Five sons, Tithonus, Priam, Clytius,  
Lampus, and Hicetaon, branch of Mars.  
Assaracus a son begat, by name  
Capys, and Capys in due time his son  
Warlike Anchises, and Anchises me.  
But Priam is the noble Hector's sire.  
Such is my lineage, and such blood I boast;  
But valor is from Jove; he, as he wills,  
Increases or reduces it in man,  
For he is lord of all. Therefore enough—  
Too long like children we have stood, the time  
Consuming here, while battle roars around.  
Reproach is cheap. Easily might we cast  
Gibes at each other, till a ship that asks

A hundred oars should sink beneath the load.  
The tongue of man is voluble, hath words  
For every theme, nor wants wide field and long,  
And as he speaks so shall he hear again.  
But we—why should we wrangle, and with taunts  
Assail each other, as the practice is  
Of women, who with heart-devouring strife  
On fire, start forth into the public way  
To mock each other, uttering, as may chance,  
Much truth, much falsehood, as their anger bids?  
The ardor of my courage will not slack  
For all thy speeches; we must combat first;  
Now, therefore, without more delay, begin,  
That we may taste each other's force in arms.

So spake Æneas, and his brazen lance  
Hurl'd with full force against the dreadful shield.  
Loud roar'd its ample concave at the blow.  
Not unalarm'd, Pelides his broad disk  
Thrust farther from him, deeming that the force  
Of such an arm should pierce his guard with ease.  
Vain fear! he recollected not that arms  
Glorious as his, gifts of the immortal Gods,  
Yield not so quickly to the force of man.  
The stormy spear by brave Æneas sent,  
No passage found; the golden plate divine  
Repress'd its vehemence; two folds it pierced,  
But three were still behind, for with five folds  
Vulcan had fortified it; two were brass;  
The two interior, tin; the midmost, gold;  
And at the golden one the weapon stood.  
Achilles next, hurl'd his long shadow'd spear,  
And struck Æneas on the utmost verge  
Of his broad shield, where thinnest lay the brass,  
And thinnest the ox-hide. The Pelian ash  
Started right through the buckler, and it rang.  
Æneas crouch'd terrified, and his shield

Thrust farther from him; but the rapid beam  
Bursting both borders of the ample disk,  
Glanced o'er his back, and plunged into the soil.  
He 'scaped it, and he stood; but, as he stood,  
With horror infinite the weapon saw  
Planted so near him. Then, Achilles drew  
His falchion keen, and with a deafening shout  
Sprang on him; but Æneas seized a stone  
Heavy and huge, a weight to overcharge  
Two men (such men as are accounted strong  
Now) but he wielded it with ease, alone.  
Then had Æneas, as Achilles came  
Impetuous on, smitten, although in vain,  
His helmet or his shield, and Peleus' son  
Had with his falchion him stretch'd at his feet,  
But that the God of Ocean quick perceived  
His peril, and the Immortals thus bespake.

I pity brave Æneas, who shall soon,  
Slain by Achilles, see the realms below,  
By smooth suggestions of Apollo lured  
To danger, such as he can ne'er avert.  
But wherefore should the Chief, guiltless himself,  
Die for the fault of others? at no time  
His gifts have fail'd, grateful to all in heaven.  
Come, therefore, and let us from death ourselves  
Rescue him, lest if by Achilles' arm  
This hero perish, Jove himself be wroth;  
For he is destined to survive, lest all  
The house of Dardanus (whom Jove beyond  
All others loved, his sons of woman born)  
Fail with Æneas, and be found no more.  
Saturnian Jove hath hated now long time  
The family of Priam, and henceforth  
Æneas and his son, and his sons' sons,  
Shall sway the sceptre o'er the race of Troy.

To whom, majestic thus the spouse of Jove.  
Neptune! deliberate thyself, and choose  
Whether to save Æneas, or to leave  
The hero victim of Achilles' ire.  
For Pallas and myself ofttimes have sworn  
In full assembly of the Gods, to aid  
Troy never, never to avert the day  
Of her distress, not even when the flames  
Kindled by the heroic sons of Greece,  
Shall climb with fury to her topmost towers.

She spake; then Neptune, instant, through the throng  
Of battle flying, and the clash of spears,  
Came where Achilles and Æneas fought.  
At once with shadows dim he blurr'd the sight  
Of Peleus' son, and from the shield, himself,  
Of brave Æneas the bright-pointed ash  
Retracting, placed it at Achilles' feet.  
Then, lifting high Æneas from the ground,  
He heaved him far remote; o'er many a rank  
Of heroes and of bounding steeds he flew,  
Launch'd into air from the expanded palm  
Of Neptune, and alighted in the rear  
Of all the battle where the Caucons stood.  
Neptune approach'd him there, and at his side  
Standing, in accents wing'd, him thus bespake.

What God, Æneas! tempted thee to cope  
Thus inconsiderately with the son  
Of Peleus, both more excellent in fight  
Than thou, and more the favorite of the skies?  
From him retire hereafter, or expect  
A premature descent into the shades.  
But when Achilles shall have once fulfill'd  
His destiny, in battle slain, then fight  
Fearless, for thou canst fall by none beside.

So saying, he left the well-admonish'd Chief,  
And from Achilles' eyes scatter'd the gloom  
Shed o'er them by himself. The hero saw  
Clearly, and with his noble heart incensed  
By disappointment, thus conferring, said.

Gods! I behold a prodigy. My spear  
Lies at my foot, and he at whom I cast  
The weapon with such deadly force, is gone!  
Æneas therefore, as it seems, himself  
Interests the immortal Gods, although  
I deem'd his boast of their protection vain.  
I reckon not. Let him go. So gladly 'scaped  
From slaughter now, he shall not soon again  
Feel an ambition to contend with me.  
Now will I rouse the Danaï, and prove  
The force in fight of many a Trojan more.

He said, and sprang to battle with loud voice,  
Calling the Grecians after him.—Ye sons  
Of the Achæians! stand not now aloof,  
My noble friends! but foot to foot let each  
Fall on courageous, and desire the fight.  
The task were difficult for me alone,  
Brave as I boast myself, to chase a foe  
So numerous, and to combat with them all.  
Not Mars himself, immortal though he be,  
Nor Pallas, could with all the ranks contend  
Of this vast multitude, and drive the whole.  
With hands, with feet, with spirit and with might,  
All that I can I will; right through I go,  
And not a Trojan who shall chance within  
Spear's reach of me, shall, as I judge, rejoice.

Thus he the Greeks exhorted. Opposite,  
Meantime, illustrious Hector to his host



Vociferated, his design to oppose  
Achilles publishing in every ear.  
Fear not, ye valiant men of Troy! fear not  
The son of Peleus. In a war of words  
I could, myself, cope even with the Gods;  
But not with spears; there they excel us all.  
Nor shall Achilles full performance give  
To all his vaunts, but, if he some fulfil,  
Shall others leave mutilate in the midst.  
I will encounter him, though his hands be fire,  
Though fire his hands, and his heart hammer'd steel.

So spake he them exhorting. At his word  
Uprose the Trojan spears, thick intermixt  
The battle join'd, and clamor loud began.  
Then thus, approaching Hector, Phœbus spake.

Henceforth, advance not Hector! in the front  
Seeking Achilles, but retired within  
The stormy multitude his coming wait,  
Lest his spear reach thee, or his glittering sword.

He said, and Hector far into his host  
Withdrew, admonish'd by the voice divine.  
Then, shouting terrible, and clothed with might,  
Achilles sprang to battle. First, he slew  
The valiant Chief Iphition, whom a band  
Numerous obey'd. Otrynteus was his sire.  
Him to Otrynteus, city-waster Chief,  
A Naiad under snowy Tmolus bore  
In fruitful Hyda. Right into his front  
As he advanced, Achilles drove his spear,  
And rived his skull; with thundering sound he fell,  
And thus the conqueror gloried in his fall.

Ah Otryntides! thou art slain. Here lies  
The terrible in arms, who born beside

The broad Gygæan lake, where Hyllus flows  
And Hermus, call'd the fertile soil his own.

Thus gloried he. Meantime the shades of death  
Cover'd Iphition, and Achaian wheels  
And horses ground his body in the van.  
Demoleon next, Antenor's son, a brave  
Defender of the walls of Troy, he slew.  
Into his temples through his brazen casque  
He thrust the Pelian ash, nor could the brass  
Such force resist, but the huge weapon drove  
The shatter'd bone into his inmost brain,  
And his fierce onset at a stroke repress'd.  
Hippodamas his weapon next received  
Within his spine, while with a leap he left  
His steeds and fled. He, panting forth his life,  
Moan'd like a bull, by consecrated youths  
Dragg'd round the Heliconian King, who views  
That victim with delight. So, with loud moans  
The noble warrior sigh'd his soul away.  
Then, spear in hand, against the godlike son  
Of Priam, Polydorus, he advanced.  
Not yet his father had to him indulg'd  
A warrior's place, for that of all his sons  
He was the youngest-born, his hoary sire's  
Chief darling, and in speed surpass'd them all.  
Then also, in the vanity of youth,  
For show of nimbleness, he started oft  
Into the vanward, till at last he fell.  
Him gliding swiftly by, swifter than he  
Achilles with a javelin reach'd; he struck  
His belt behind him, where the golden clasps  
Met, and the double hauberk interposed.  
The point transpierced his bowels, and sprang through  
His navel; screaming, on his knees he fell,  
Death-shadows dimm'd his eyes, and with both hands,  
Stooping, he press'd his gather'd bowels back.

But noble Hector, soon as he beheld  
His brother Polydorus to the earth  
Inclined, and with his bowels in his hands,  
Sightless well-nigh with anguish could endure  
No longer to remain aloof; flame-like  
He burst abroad, and shaking his sharp spear,  
Advanced to meet Achilles, whose approach  
Seeing, Achilles bounded with delight,  
And thus, exulting, to himself he said.

Ah! he approaches, who hath stung my soul  
Deepest, the slayer of whom most I loved!  
Behold, we meet! Caution is at an end,  
And timid skulking in the walks of war.

He ceased, and with a brow knit into frowns,  
Call'd to illustrious Hector. Haste, approach,  
That I may quick dispatch thee to the shades.

Whom answer'd warlike Hector, nought appall'd.  
Pelides! hope not, as I were a boy,  
With words to scare me. I have also taunts  
At my command, and can be sharp as thou.  
I know thee valiant, and myself I know  
Inferior far; yet, whether thou shalt slay  
Me, or, inferior as I am, be slain  
By me, is at the pleasure of the Gods,  
For I wield also not a pointless beam.

He said, and, brandishing it, hurl'd his spear,  
Which Pallas, breathing softly, wafted back  
From the renown'd Achilles, and it fell  
Successful at illustrious Hector's feet.  
Then, all on fire to slay him, with a shout  
That rent the air Achilles rapid flew  
Toward him; but him wrapt in clouds opaque  
Apollo caught with ease divine away.

Thrice, swift Achilles sprang to the assault  
Impetuous, thrice the pitchy cloud he smote,  
And at his fourth assault, godlike in act,  
And terrible in utterance, thus exclaim'd.

Dog! thou art safe, and hast escaped again;  
But narrowly, and by the aid once more  
Of Phœbus, without previous suit to whom  
Thou ventur'est never where the javelin sings.  
But when we next encounter, then expect,  
If one of all in heaven aid also me,  
To close thy proud career. Meantime I seek  
Some other, and assail e'en whom I may.

So saying, he pierced the neck of Dryops through,  
And at his feet he fell. Him there he left,  
And turning on a valiant warrior huge,  
Philetor's son, Demuchus, in the knee  
Pierced, and detain'd him by the planted spear,  
Till with his sword he smote him, and he died.  
Laogonus and Dardanus he next  
Assaulted, sons of Bias; to the ground  
Dismounting both, one with his spear he slew,  
The other with his falchion at a blow.  
Tros too, Alastor's son—he suppliant clasp'd  
Achilles' knees, and for his pity sued,  
Pleading equality of years, in hope  
That he would spare, and send him thence alive.  
Ah dreamer! ignorant how much in vain  
That suit he urged; for not of milky mind,  
Or placable in temper was the Chief  
To whom he sued, but fiery. With both hands  
His knees he clasp'd importunate, and he  
Fast by the liver gash'd him with his sword.  
His liver falling forth, with sable blood  
His bosom fill'd, and darkness veil'd his eyes.  
Then, drawing close to Mulius, in his ear

He set the pointed brass, and at a thrust  
Sent it, next moment, through his ear beyond.  
Then, through the forehead of Agenor's son  
Echeclus, his huge-hafted blade he drove,  
And death and fate forever veil'd his eyes.  
Next, where the tendons of the elbow meet,  
Striking Deucalion, through his wrist he urged  
The brazen point; he all defenceless stood,  
Expecting death; down came Achilles' blade  
Full on his neck; away went head and casque  
Together; from his spine the marrow sprang,  
And at his length outstretch'd he press'd the plain.  
From him to Rhigmus, Pireus' noble son,  
He flew, a warrior from the fields of Thrace.  
Him through the loins he pierced, and with the beam  
Fixt in his bowels, to the earth he fell;  
Then piercing, as he turn'd to flight, the spine  
Of Areithöus his charioteer,  
He thrust him from his seat; wild with dismay  
Back flew the fiery coursers at his fall.  
As a devouring fire within the glens  
Of some dry mountain ravages the trees,  
While, blown around, the flames roll to all sides,  
So, on all sides, terrible as a God,  
Achilles drove the death-devoted host  
Of Ilium, and the champain ran with blood.  
As when the peasant his yoked steers employs  
To tread his barley, the broad-fronted pair  
With ponderous hoofs trample it out with ease,  
So, by magnanimous Achilles driven,  
His coursers solid-hoof'd stamp'd as they ran  
The shields, at once, and bodies of the slain;  
Blood spatter'd all his axle, and with blood  
From the horse-hoofs and from the fellied wheels  
His chariot redden'd, while himself, athirst  
For glory, his unconquerable hands  
Defiled with mingled carnage, sweat, and dust.

## Book XXI

### ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.

Achilles having separated the Trojans, and driven one part of them to the city and the other into the Scamander, takes twelve young men alive, his intended victims to the manes of Patroclus. The river overflowing his banks with purpose to overwhelm him, is opposed by Vulcan, and gladly relinquishes the attempt. The battle of the gods ensues. Apollo, in the form of Agenor, decoys Achilles from the town, which in the mean time the Trojans enter and shut the gates against him.

But when they came, at length, where Xanthus winds  
His stream vortiginous from Jove derived,  
There, separating Ilium's host, he drove  
Part o'er the plain to Troy in the same road  
By which the Grecians had so lately fled  
The fury of illustrious Hector's arm.  
That way they fled pouring themselves along  
Flood-like, and Juno, to retard them, threw  
Darkness as night before them. Other part,  
Push'd down the sides of Xanthus, headlong plunged  
With dashing sound into his dizzy stream,  
And all his banks re-echoed loud the roar.  
They, struggling, shriek'd in silver eddies whirl'd.  
As when, by violence of fire expell'd,  
Locusts uplifted on the wing escape  
To some broad river, swift the sudden blaze  
Pursues them, they, astonish'd, strew the flood,  
So, by Achilles driven, a mingled throng  
Of horses and of warriors overspread  
Xanthus, and glutted all his sounding course  
He, chief of heroes, leaving on the bank  
His spear against a tamarisk reclined,  
Plunged like a God, with falchion arm'd alone

But fill'd with thoughts of havoc. On all sides  
Down came his edge; groans follow'd dread to hear  
Of warriors smitten by the sword, and all  
The waters as they ran reddened with blood.  
As smaller fishes, flying the pursuit  
Of some huge dolphin, terrified, the creeks  
And secret hollows of a haven fill,  
For none of all that he can seize he spares,  
So lurk'd the trembling Trojans in the caves  
Of Xanthus' awful flood. But he (his hands  
Wearied at length with slaughter) from the rest  
Twelve youths selected whom to death he doom'd,  
In vengeance for his loved Patroclus slain.  
Them stupified with dread like fawns he drove  
Forth from the river, manacling their hands  
Behind them fast with their own tunic-strings,  
And gave them to his warrior train in charge.  
Then, ardent still for blood, rushing again  
Toward the stream, Dardanian Priam's son  
He met, Lycaon, as he climb'd the bank.  
Him erst by night, in his own father's field  
Finding him, he had led captive away.  
Lycaon was employ'd cutting green shoots  
Of the wild-fig for chariot-rings, when lo!  
Terrible, unforeseen, Achilles came.  
He seized and sent him in a ship afar  
To Lemnos; there the son of Jason paid  
His price, and, at great cost, Eëtion  
The guest of Jason, thence redeeming him,  
Sent him to fair Arisba; but he 'scaped  
Thence also and regain'd his father's house.  
Eleven days, at his return, he gave  
To recreation joyous with his friends,  
And on the twelfth his fate cast him again  
Into Achilles' hands, who to the shades  
Now doom'd him, howsoever loth to go.  
Soon as Achilles swiftest of the swift

Him naked saw (for neither spear had he  
Nor shield nor helmet, but, when he emerged,  
Weary and faint had cast them all away)  
Indignant to his mighty self he said.

Gods! I behold a miracle! Ere long  
The valiant Trojans whom my self have slain  
Shall rise from Erebus, for he is here,  
The self-same warrior whom I lately sold  
At Lemnos, free, and in the field again.  
The hoary deep is prison strong enough  
For most, but not for him. Now shall he taste  
The point of this my spear, that I may learn  
By sure experience, whether hell itself  
That holds the strongest fast, can him detain,  
Or whether he shall thence also escape.

While musing thus he stood, stunn'd with dismay  
The youth approach'd, eager to clasp his knees,  
For vehement he felt the dread of death  
Working within him; with his Pelian ash  
Uplifted high noble Achilles stood  
Ardent to smite him; he with body bent  
Ran under it, and to his knees adhered;  
The weapon, missing him, implanted stood  
Close at his back, when, seizing with one hand  
Achilles' knees, he with the other grasp'd  
The dreadful beam, resolute through despair,  
And in wing'd accents suppliant thus began.

Oh spare me! pity me! Behold I clasp  
Thy knees, Achilles! Ah, illustrious Chief!  
Reject not with disdain a suppliant's prayer.  
I am thy guest also, who at thy own board  
Have eaten bread, and did partake the gift  
Of Ceres with thee on the very day  
When thou didst send me in yon field surprised



For sale to sacred Lemnos, far remote,  
And for my price receiv'dst a hundred beeves.  
Loose me, and I will yield thee now that sum  
Thrice told. Alas! this morn is but the twelfth  
Since, after numerous hardships, I arrived  
Once more in Troy, and now my ruthless lot  
Hath given me into thy hands again.  
Jove cannot less than hate me, who hath twice  
Made me thy prisoner, and my doom was death,  
Death in my prime, the day when I was born  
Son of Laothöe from Alta sprung,  
From Alta, whom the Leleges obey  
On Satnio's banks in lofty Pegasus.  
His daughter to his other numerous wives  
King Priam added, and two sons she bore  
Only to be deprived by thee of both.  
My brother hath already died, in front  
Of Ilium's infantry, by thy bright spear,  
The godlike Polydorus; and like doom  
Shall now be mine, for I despair to escape  
Thine hands, to which the Gods yield me again.  
But hear and mark me well. My birth was not  
From the same womb as Hector's, who hath slain  
Thy valiant friend for clemency renown'd.

Such supplication the illustrious son  
Of Priam made, but answer harsh received.

Fool! speak'st of ransom? Name it not to me.  
For till my friend his miserable fate  
Accomplish'd, I was somewhat given to spare,  
And numerous, whom I seized alive, I sold.  
But now, of all the Trojans whom the Gods  
Deliver to me, none shall death escape,  
'Specially of the house of Priam, none.  
Die therefore, even thou, my friend! What mean  
Thy tears unreasonably shed and vain?

Died not Patroclus. braver far than thou?  
And look on me—see'st not to what a height  
My stature towers, and what a bulk I boast?  
A King begat me, and a Goddess bore.  
What then! A death by violence awaits  
Me also, and at morn, or eve, or noon,  
I perish, whensoever the destined spear  
Shall reach me, or the arrow from the nerve.

He ceased, and where the suppliant kneel'd, he died.  
Quitting the spear, with both hands spread abroad  
He sat, but swift Achilles with his sword  
'Twixt neck and key-bone smote him, and his blade  
Of double edge sank all into the wound.  
He prone extended on the champain lay  
Bedewing with his sable blood the glebe,  
Till, by the foot, Achilles cast him far  
Into the stream, and, as he floated down,  
Thus in wing'd accents, glorying, exclaim'd.

Lie there, and feed the fishes, which shall lick  
Thy blood secure. Thy mother ne'er shall place  
Thee on thy bier, nor on thy body weep,  
But swift Scamander on his giddy tide  
Shall bear thee to the bosom of the sea.  
There, many a fish shall through the crystal flood  
Ascending to the rippled surface, find  
Lycaon's pamper'd flesh delicious fare.  
Die Trojans! till we reach your city, you  
Fleeing, and slaughtering, I. This pleasant stream  
Of dimpling silver which ye worship oft  
With victim bulls, and sate with living steeds  
His rapid whirlpools, shall avail you nought,  
But ye shall die, die terribly, till all  
Shall have requited me with just amends  
For my Patroclus, and for other Greeks  
Slain at the ships while I declined the war.

He ended, at those words still more incensed  
Scamander means devised, thenceforth to check  
Achilles, and avert the doom of Troy.  
Meantime the son of Peleus, his huge spear  
Grasping, assail'd Asteropæus son  
Of Pelegon, on fire to take his life.  
Fair Peribœa, daughter eldest-born  
Of Accessamenus, his father bore  
To broad-stream'd Axius, who had clasp'd the nymph  
In his embrace. On him Achilles sprang.  
He newly risen from the river, stood  
Arm'd with two lances opposite, for him  
Xanthus embolden'd, at the deaths incensed  
Of many a youth, whom, mercy none vouchsafed,  
Achilles had in all his current slain.  
And now small distance interposed, they faced  
Each other, when Achilles thus began.

Who art and whence, who dar'st encounter me?  
Hapless the sires whose sons my force defy.

To whom the noble son of Pelegon.  
Pelides, mighty Chief? Why hast thou ask'd  
My derivation? From the land I come  
Of mellow-soil'd Pœonia far remote,  
Chief leader of Pœnia's host spear-arm'd;  
This day hath also the eleventh risen  
Since I at Troy arrived. For my descent,  
It is from Axius river wide-diffused,  
From Axius, fairest stream that waters earth,  
Sire of bold Pelegon whom men report  
My sire. Let this suffice. Now fight, Achilles!

So spake he threatening, and Achilles raised  
Dauntless the Pelian ash. At once two spears  
The hero bold, Asteropæus threw,

With both hands apt for battle. One his shield  
Struck but pierced not, impeded by the gold,  
Gift of a God; the other as it flew  
Grazed at his right elbow; sprang the sable blood;  
But, overflying him, the spear in earth  
Stood planted deep, still hungering for the prey.  
Then, full at the Pæonian Peleus' son  
Hurl'd forth his weapon with unsparing force  
But vain; he struck the sloping river bank,  
And mid-length deep stood plunged the ashen beam.  
Then, with his falchion drawn, Achilles flew  
To smite him; he in vain, meantime, essay'd  
To pluck the rooted spear forth from the bank;  
Thrice with full force he shook the beam, and thrice,  
Although reluctant, left it; at his fourth  
Last effort, bending it he sought to break  
The ashen spear-beam of Æacides,  
But perish'd by his keen-edged falchion first;  
For on the belly at his navel's side  
He smote him; to the ground effused fell all  
His bowels, death's dim shadows veil'd his eyes.  
Achilles ardent on his bosom fix'd  
His foot, despoil'd him, and exulting cried.

Lie there; though River-sprung, thou find'st it hard  
To cope with sons of Jove omnipotent.  
Thou said'st, a mighty River is my sire—  
But my descent from mightier Jove I boast;  
My father, whom the Myrmidons obey,  
Is son of Æacus, and he of Jove.  
As Jove all streams excels that seek the sea,  
So, Jove's descendants nobler are than theirs.  
Behold a River at thy side—let him  
Afford thee, if he can, some succor—No—  
He may not fight against Saturnian Jove.  
Therefore, not kingly Acheloïus,  
Nor yet the strength of Ocean's vast profound,

Although from him all rivers and all seas,  
All fountains and all wells proceed, may boast  
Comparison with Jove, but even he  
Astonish'd trembles at his fiery bolt,  
And his dread thunders rattling in the sky.  
He said, and drawing from the bank his spear  
Asteropæus left stretch'd on the sands,  
Where, while the clear wave dash'd him, eels his flanks  
And ravening fishes numerous nibbled bare.  
The horsed Pæonians next he fierce assail'd,  
Who seeing their brave Chief slain by the sword  
And forceful arm of Peleus' son, beside  
The eddy-whirling stream fled all dispersed.  
Thersilochus and Mydon then he slew,  
Thrasius, Astypylus and Ophelestes,  
Ænius and Mnesus; nor had these sufficed  
Achilles, but Pæonians more had fallen,  
Had not the angry River from within  
His circling gulfs in semblance, of a man  
Call'd to him, interrupting thus his rage.

Oh both in courage and injurious deeds  
Unmatch'd, Achilles! whom themselves the Gods  
Cease not to aid, if Saturn's son have doom'd  
All Ilium's race to perish by thine arm,  
Expel them, first, from me, ere thou achieve  
That dread exploit; for, cumber'd as I am  
With bodies, I can pour my pleasant stream  
No longer down into the sacred deep;  
All vanish where thou comest. But oh desist  
Dread Chief! Amazement fills me at thy deeds.

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.  
River divine! hereafter be it so.  
But not from slaughter of this faithless host  
I cease, till I shall shut them fast in Troy

And trial make of Hector, if his arm  
In single fight shall strongest prove, or mine

He said, and like a God, furious, again  
Assail'd the Trojans; then the circling flood  
To Phœbus thus his loud complaint address'd.

Ah son of Jove, God of the silver bow!  
The mandate of the son of Saturn ill  
Hast thou perform'd, who, earnest, bade thee aid  
The Trojans, till (the sun sunk in the West)  
Night's shadow dim should veil the fruitful field.

He ended, and Achilles spear-renown'd  
Plunged from the bank into the middle stream.  
Then, turbulent, the River all his tide  
Stirr'd from the bottom, landward heaving off  
The numerous bodies that his current chok'd  
Slain by Achilles; them, as with the roar  
Of bulls, he cast aground, but deep within  
His oozy gulfs the living safe conceal'd.  
Terrible all around Achilles stood  
The curling wave, then, falling on his shield  
Dash'd him, nor found his footsteps where to rest.  
An elm of massy trunk he seized and branch  
Luxuriant, but it fell torn from the root  
And drew the whole bank after it; immersed  
It damm'd the current with its ample boughs,  
And join'd as with a bridge the distant shores,  
Upsprang Achilles from the gulf and turn'd  
His feet, now wing'd for flight, into the plain  
Astonish'd; but the God, not so appeased,  
Arose against him with a darker curl,  
That he might quell him and deliver Troy.  
Back flew Achilles with a bound, the length  
Of a spear's cast, for such a spring he own'd  
As bears the black-plumed eagle on her prey

Strongest and swiftest of the fowls of air.  
Like her he sprang, and dreadful on his chest  
Clang'd his bright armor. Then, with course oblique  
He fled his fierce pursuer, but the flood,  
Fly where he might, came thundering in his rear.  
As when the peasant with his spade a rill  
Conducts from some pure fountain through his grove  
Or garden, clearing the obstructed course,  
The pebbles, as it runs, all ring beneath,  
And, as the slope still deepens, swifter still  
It runs, and, murmuring, outstrips the guide,  
So him, though swift, the river always reach'd  
Still swifter; who can cope with power divine?  
Oft as the noble Chief, turning, essay'd  
Resistance, and to learn if all the Gods  
Alike rush'd after him, so oft the flood,  
Jove's offspring, laved his shoulders. Upward then  
He sprang distress'd, but with a sidelong sweep  
Assailing him, and from beneath his steps  
Wasting the soil, the Stream his force subdued.  
Then looking to the skies, aloud he mourn'd.

Eternal Sire! forsaken by the Gods  
I sink, none deigns to save me from the flood,  
From which once saved, I would no death decline.  
Yet blame I none of all the Powers of heaven  
As Thetis; she with falsehood sooth'd my soul,  
She promised me a death by Phœbus' shafts  
Swift-wing'd, beneath the battlements of Troy.  
I would that Hector, noblest of his race,  
Had slain me, I had then bravely expired  
And a brave man had stripp'd me of my arms.  
But fate now dooms me to a death abhorr'd  
Whelm'd in deep waters, like a swine-herd's boy  
Drown'd in wet weather while he fords a brook.

So spake Achilles; then, in human form,  
Minerva stood and Neptune at his side;  
Each seized his hand confirming him, and thus  
The mighty Shaker of the shores began.

Achilles! moderate thy dismay, fear nought.  
In us behold, in Pallas and in me,  
Effectual aids, and with consent of Jove;  
For to be vanquish'd by a River's force  
Is not thy doom. This foe shall soon be quell'd;  
Thine eyes shall see it. Let our counsel rule  
Thy deed, and all is well. Cease not from war  
Till fast within proud Ilium's walls her host  
Again be prison'd, all who shall escape;  
Then (Hector slain) to the Achaian fleet  
Return; we make the glorious victory thine.

So they, and both departing sought the skies.  
Then, animated by the voice divine,  
He moved toward the plain now all o'erspread  
By the vast flood on which the bodies swam  
And shields of many a youth in battle slain.  
He leap'd, he waded, and the current stemm'd  
Right onward, by the flood in vain opposed,  
With such might Pallas fill'd him. Nor his rage  
Scamander aught repress'd, but still the more  
Incensed against Achilles, curl'd aloft  
His waters, and on Simoïs call'd aloud.

Brother! oh let us with united force  
Check, if we may, this warrior; he shall else  
Soon lay the lofty towers of Priam low,  
Whose host appall'd, defend them now no more.  
Haste—succor me—thy channel fill with streams  
From all thy fountains; call thy torrents down;  
Lift high the waters; mingle trees and stones  
With uproar wild, that we may quell the force



Of this dread Chief triumphant now, and fill'd  
With projects that might more beseech a God.  
But vain shall be his strength, his beauty nought  
Shall profit him or his resplendent arms,  
For I will bury them in slime and ooze,  
And I will overwhelm himself with soil,  
Sands heaping o'er him and around him sands  
Infinite, that no Greek shall find his bones  
For ever, in my bottom deep immersed.  
There shall his tomb be piled, nor other earth,  
At his last rites, his friends shall need for him.

He said, and lifting high his angry tide  
Vortiginous, against Achilles hurl'd,  
Roaring, the foam, the bodies, and the blood;  
Then all his sable waves divine again  
Accumulating, bore him swift along.  
Shriek'd Juno at that sight, terrified lest  
Achilles in the whirling deluge sunk  
Should perish, and to Vulcan quick exclaim'd.

Vulcan, my son, arise; for we account  
Xanthus well able to contend with thee.  
Give instant succor; show forth all thy fires.  
Myself will haste to call the rapid South  
And Zephyrus, that tempests from the sea  
Blowing, thou may'st both arms and dead consume  
With hideous conflagration. Burn along  
The banks of Xanthus, fire his trees and him  
Seize also. Let him by no specious guile  
Of flattery soothe thee, or by threats appall,  
Nor slack thy furious fires 'till with a shout  
I give command, then bid them cease to blaze.

She spake, and Vulcan at her word his fires  
Shot dreadful forth; first, kindling on the field,  
He burn'd the bodies strew'd numerous around

Slain by Achilles; arid grew the earth  
And the flood ceased. As when a sprightly breeze  
Autumnal blowing from the North, at once  
Dries the new-water'd garden, gladdening him  
Who tills the soil, so was the champain dried;  
The dead consumed, against the River, next,  
He turn'd the fierceness of his glittering fires.  
Willows and tamarisks and elms he burn'd,  
Burn'd lotus, rushes, reeds; all plants and herbs  
That clothed profuse the margin of his flood.  
His eels and fishes, whether wont to dwell  
In gulfs beneath, or tumble in the stream,  
All languish'd while the artist of the skies  
Breath'd on them; even Xanthus lost, himself,  
All force, and, suppliant, Vulcan thus address'd.

Oh Vulcan! none in heaven itself may cope  
With thee. I yield to thy consuming fires.  
Cease, cease. I reck not if Achilles drive  
Her citizens, this moment, forth from Troy,  
For what are war and war's concerns to me?

So spake he scorch'd, and all his waters boil'd.  
As some huge caldron hisses urged by force  
Of circling fires and fill'd with melted lard,  
The unctuous fluid overbubbling streams  
On all sides, while the dry wood flames beneath,  
So Xanthus bubbled and his pleasant flood  
Hiss'd in the fire, nor could he longer flow  
But check'd his current, with hot steams annoy'd  
By Vulcan raised. His supplication, then,  
Importunate to Juno thus he turn'd.

Ah Juno! why assails thy son my streams,  
Hostile to me alone? Of all who aid  
The Trojans I am surely least to blame,  
Yet even I desist if thou command;

And let thy son cease also; for I swear  
That never will I from the Trojans turn  
Their evil day, not even when the host  
Of Greece shall set all Ilium in a blaze.

He said, and by his oath pacified, thus  
The white-arm'd Deity to Vulcan spake.

Peace, glorious son! we may not in behalf  
Of mortal man thus longer vex a God.

Then Vulcan his tremendous fires repress'd,  
And down into his gulfy channel rush'd  
The refluent flood; for when the force was once  
Subdued of Xanthus, Juno interposed,  
Although incensed, herself to quell the strife.

But contest vehement the other Gods  
Now waged, each breathing discord; loud they rush'd  
And fierce to battle, while the boundless earth  
Quaked under them, and, all around, the heavens  
Sang them together with a trumpet's voice.  
Jove listening, on the Olympian summit sat  
Well-pleased, and, in his heart laughing for joy,  
Beheld the Powers of heaven in battle join'd.  
Not long aloof they stood. Shield-piercer Mars,  
His brazen spear grasp'd, and began the fight  
Rushing on Pallas, whom he thus reproach'd.

Wasp! front of impudence, and past all bounds  
Audacious! Why impellest thou the Gods  
To fight? Thy own proud spirit is the cause.  
Remember'st not, how, urged by thee, the son  
Of Tydeus, Diomedes, myself assail'd,  
When thou, the radiant spear with thy own hand  
Guiding, didst rend my body? Now, I ween,

The hour is come in which I shall exact  
Vengeance for all thy malice shown to me.

So saying, her shield he smote tassell'd around  
Terrific, proof against the bolts of Jove;  
That shield gore-tainted Mars with fury smote.  
But she, retiring, with strong grasp upheaved  
A rugged stone, black, ponderous, from the plain,  
A land-mark fixt by men of ancient times,  
Which hurling at the neck of stormy Mars  
She smote him. Down he fell. Seven acres, stretch'd,  
He overspread, his ringlets in the dust  
Polluted lay, and dreadful rang his arms.  
The Goddess laugh'd, and thus in accents wing'd  
With exultation, as he lay, exclaim'd.

Fool! Art thou still to learn how far my force  
Surpasses thine, and darest thou cope with me?  
Now feel the furies of thy mother's ire  
Who hates thee for thy treachery to the Greeks,  
And for thy succor given to faithless Troy.

She said, and turn'd from Mars her glorious eyes.  
But him deep-groaning and his torpid powers  
Recovering slow, Venus conducted thence  
Daughter of Jove, whom soon as Juno mark'd,  
In accents wing'd to Pallas thus she spake.

Daughter invincible of glorious Jove!  
Haste—follow her—Ah shameless! how she leads  
Gore-tainted Mars through all the host of heaven.

So she, whom Pallas with delight obey'd;  
To Venus swift she flew, and on the breast  
With such force smote her that of sense bereft  
The fainting Goddess fell. There Venus lay

And Mars extended on the fruitful glebe,  
And Pallas thus in accents wing'd exclaim'd.

I would that all who on the part of Troy  
Oppose in fight Achaia's valiant sons,  
Were firm and bold as Venus in defence  
Of Mars, for whom she dared my power defy!  
So had dissension (Ilium overthrown  
And desolated) ceased long since in heaven.

So Pallas, and approving Juno smiled.  
Then the imperial Shaker of the shores  
Thus to Apollo. Phœbus! wherefore stand  
We thus aloof? Since others have begun,  
Begin we also; shame it were to both  
Should we, no combat waged, ascend again  
Olympus and the brass-built hall of Jove.  
Begin, for thou art younger; me, whose years  
Alike and knowledge thine surpass so far,  
It suits not. Oh stupidity! how gross  
Art thou and senseless! Are no traces left  
In thy remembrance of our numerous wrongs  
Sustain'd at Ilium, when, of all the Gods  
Ourselves alone, by Jove's commandment, served  
For stipulated hire, a year complete,  
Our task-master the proud Laomedon?  
Myself a bulwark'd town, spacious, secure  
Against assault, and beautiful as strong  
Built for the Trojans, and thine office was  
To feed for King Laomedon his herds  
Among the groves of Ida many-valed.  
But when the gladsome hours the season brought  
Of payment, then the unjust King of Troy  
Dismiss'd us of our whole reward amerced  
By violence, and added threats beside.  
Thee into distant isles, bound hand and foot,  
To sell he threatened, and to amputate

The ears of both; we, therefore, hasted thence  
Resenting deep our promised hire withheld.  
Aid'st thou for this the Trojans? Canst thou less  
Than seek, with us, to exterminate the whole  
Perfidious race, wives, children, husbands, all?

To whom the King of radiant shafts Apollo.  
Me, Neptune, thou wouldst deem, thyself, unwise  
Contending for the sake of mortal men  
With thee; a wretched race, who like the leaves  
Now flourish rank, by fruits of earth sustain'd,  
Now sapless fall. Here, therefore, us between  
Let all strife cease, far better left to them.

He said, and turn'd away, fearing to lift  
His hand against the brother of his sire.  
But him Diana of the woods with sharp  
Rebuke, his huntress sister, thus reprov'd.

Fly'st thou, Apollo! and to Neptune yield'st  
An unearn'd victory, the prize of fame  
Resigning patient and with no dispute?  
Fool! wherefore bearest thou the bow in vain?  
Ah, let me never in my father's courts  
Hear thee among the immortals vaunting more  
That thou wouldst Neptune's self confront in arms.

So she, to whom Apollo nought replied.  
But thus the consort of the Thunderer, fired  
With wrath, reprov'd the Archeress of heaven.

How hast thou dared, impudent, to oppose  
My will? Bow-practised as thou art, the task  
To match my force were difficult to thee.  
Is it, because by ordinance of Jove  
Thou art a lioness to womankind,  
Killing them at thy pleasure? Ah beware—

Far easier is it, on the mountain-heights  
To slay wild beasts and chase the roving hind,  
Than to conflict with mightier than ourselves.  
But, if thou wish a lesson on that theme,  
Approach—thou shalt be taught with good effect  
How far my force in combat passes thine.  
She said, and with her left hand seizing both  
Diana's wrists, snatch'd suddenly the bow  
Suspended on her shoulder with the right,  
And, smiling, smote her with it on the ears.  
She, writhing oft and struggling, to the ground  
Shook forth her rapid shafts, then, weeping, fled  
As to her cavern in some hollow rock  
The dove, not destined to his talons, flies  
The hawk's pursuit, and left her arms behind.

Then, messenger of heaven, the Argicide  
Address'd Latona. Combat none with thee,  
Latona, will I wage. Unsafe it were  
To cope in battle with a spouse of Jove.  
Go, therefore, loudly as thou wilt, proclaim  
To all the Gods that thou hast vanquish'd me.

Collecting, then, the bow and arrows fallen  
In wild disorder on the dusty plain,  
Latona with the sacred charge withdrew  
Following her daughter; she, in the abode  
Brass-built arriving of Olympian Jove,  
Sat on his knees, weeping till all her robe  
Ambrosial shook. The mighty Father smiled,  
And to his bosom straining her, inquired.

Daughter beloved! who, which of all the Gods  
Hath raised his hand, presumptuous, against thee,

As if convicted of some open wrong?

To whom the clear-voiced Huntress crescent-crown'd.  
My Father! Juno, thy own consort fair  
My sorrow caused, from whom dispute and strife  
Perpetual, threaten the immortal Powers.

Thus they in heaven mutual conferr'd. Meantime  
Apollo into sacred Troy return'd  
Mindful to guard her bulwarks, lest the Greeks  
Too soon for Fate should desolate the town.  
The other Gods, some angry, some elate  
With victory, the Olympian heights regain'd,  
And sat beside the Thunderer. But the son  
Of Peleus—He both Trojans slew and steeds.  
As when in volumes slow smoke climbs the skies  
From some great city which the Gods have fired  
Vindictive, sorrow thence to many ensues  
With mischief, and to all labor severe,  
So caused Achilles labor on that day,  
Severe, and mischief to the men of Troy.

But ancient Priam from a sacred tower  
Stood looking forth, whence soon he noticed vast  
Achilles, before whom the Trojans fled  
All courage lost. Descending from the tower  
With mournful cries and hasting to the wall  
He thus enjoin'd the keepers of the gates.

Hold wide the portals till the flying host  
Re-enter, for himself is nigh, himself  
Achilles drives them home. Now, wo to Troy!  
But soon as safe within the walls received  
They breathe again, shut fast the ponderous gates  
At once, lest that destroyer also pass.

He said; they, shooting back the bars, threw wide  
The gates and saved the people, whom to aid  
Apollo also sprang into the field,



They, parch'd with drought and whiten'd all with dust,  
Flew right toward the town, while, spear in hand,  
Achilles press'd them, vengeance in his heart  
And all on fire for glory. Then, full sure,  
Ilium, the city of lofty gates, had fallen  
Won by the Grecians, had not Phœbus roused  
Antenor's valiant son, the noble Chief  
Agenor; him with dauntless might he fill'd,  
And shielding him against the stroke of fate  
Beside him stood himself, by the broad beech  
Cover'd and wrapt in clouds. Agenor then,  
Seeing the city-waster hero nigh  
Achilles, stood, but standing, felt his mind  
Troubled with doubts; he groan'd, and thus he mused.

Alas! if following the tumultuous flight  
Of these, I shun Achilles, swifter far  
He soon will lop my ignominious head.  
But if, these leaving to be thus dispersed  
Before him, from the city-wall I fly  
Across the plain of Troy into the groves  
Of Ida, and in Ida's thickets lurk,  
I may, at evening, to the town return  
Bathed and refresh'd. But whither tend my thoughts?  
Should he my flight into the plain observe  
And swift pursuing seize me, then, farewell  
All hope to scape a miserable death,  
For he hath strength passing the strength of man.  
How then—shall I withstand him here before  
The city? He hath also flesh to steel  
Pervious, within it but a single life,  
And men report him mortal, howsoe'er  
Saturnian Jove lift him to glory now.

So saying, he turn'd and stood, his dauntless heart  
Beating for battle. As the pard springs forth  
To meet the hunter from her gloomy lair,

Nor, hearing loud the hounds, fears or retires,  
But whether from afar or nigh at hand  
He pierce her first, although transfixt, the fight  
Still tries, and combats desperate till she fall,  
So, brave Antenor's son fled not, or shrank,  
Till he had proved Achilles, but his breast  
O'ershadowing with his buckler and his spear  
Aiming well-poised against him, loud exclaim'd.

Renown'd Achilles! Thou art high in hope  
Doubtless, that thou shalt this day overthrow  
The city of the glorious sons of Troy.  
Fool! ye must labor yet ere she be won,  
For numerous are her citizens and bold,  
And we will guard her for our parents' sake  
Our wives and little ones. But here thou diest  
Terrible Chief and dauntless as thou art.

He said, and with full force hurling his lance  
Smote, and err'd not, his greave beneath his knee  
The glittering tin, forged newly, at the stroke  
Tremendous rang, but quick recoil'd and vain  
The weapon, weak against that guard divine.  
Then sprang Achilles in his turn to assail  
Godlike Agenor, but Apollo took  
That glory from him, snatching wrapt in clouds  
Agenor thence, whom calm he sent away.

Then Phœbus from pursuit of Ilium's host  
By art averted Peleus' son; the form  
Assuming of Agenor, swift he fled  
Before him, and Achilles swift pursued.  
While him Apollo thus lured to the chase  
Wide o'er the fruitful plain, inclining still  
Toward Scamander's dizzy stream his course  
Nor flying far before, but with false hope  
Always beguiling him, the scatter'd host

Meantime, in joyful throngs, regain'd the town.  
They fill'd and shut it fast, nor dared to wait  
Each other in the field, or to inquire  
Who lived and who had fallen, but all, whom flight  
Had rescued, like a flood pour'd into Troy.

## Book XXII

### ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.

Achilles slays Hector.

Thus they, throughout all Troy, like hunted fawns  
Dispersed, their trickling limbs at leisure cool'd,  
And, drinking, slaked their fiery thirst, reclined  
Against the battlements. Meantime, the Greeks  
Sloping their shields, approach'd the walls of Troy,  
And Hector, by his adverse fate ensnared,  
Still stood exposed before the Scæan gate.  
Then spake Apollo thus to Peleus' son.

Wherefore, thyself mortal, pursuest thou me  
Immortal? oh Achilles! blind with rage,  
Thou know'st not yet, that thou pursuest a God.  
Unmindful of thy proper task, to press  
The flying Trojans, thou hast hither turn'd  
Devious, and they are all now safe in Troy;  
Yet hope me not to slay; I cannot die.

To whom Achilles swiftest of the swift,  
Indignant. Oh, of all the Powers above  
To me most adverse, Archer of the skies!  
Thou hast beguiled me, leading me away  
From Ilium far, whence intercepted, else,  
No few had at this moment gnaw'd the glebe.  
Thou hast defrauded me of great renown,  
And, safe thyself, hast rescued *them* with ease.  
Ah—had I power, I would requite thee well.

So saying, incensed he turned toward the town  
His rapid course, like some victorious steed

That whirls, at stretch, a chariot to the goal.  
Such seem'd Achilles, coursing light the field.

Him, first, the ancient King of Troy perceived  
Scouring the plain, resplendent as the star  
Autumnal, of all stars in dead of night  
Conspicuous most, and named Orion's dog;  
Brightest it shines, but ominous, and dire  
Disease portends to miserable man;  
So beam'd Achilles' armor as he flew.  
Loud wail'd the hoary King; with lifted hands  
His head he smote, and, uttering doleful cries  
Of supplication, sued to his own son.  
He, fixt before the gate, desirous stood  
Of combat with Achilles, when his sire  
With arms outstretch'd toward him, thus began.

My Hector! wait not, oh my son! the approach  
Of this dread Chief, alone, lest premature  
Thou die, this moment by Achilles slain,  
For he is strongest far. Oh that the Gods  
Him loved as I! then, soon should vultures rend  
And dogs his carcase, and my grief should cease.  
He hath unchilded me of many a son,  
All valiant youths, whom he hath slain or sold  
To distant isles, and even now, I miss  
Two sons, whom since the shutting of the gates  
I find not, Polydorus and Lycaon,  
My children by Laothöe the fair.  
If they survive prisoners in yonder camp,  
I will redeem them with gold and brass  
By noble Eltes to his daughter given,  
Large store, and still reserved. But should they both,  
Already slain, have journey'd to the shades,  
We, then, from whom they sprang have cause to mourn  
And mourn them long, but shorter shall the grief  
Of Ilium prove, if thou escape and live.

Come then, my son! enter the city-gate  
That thou may'st save us all, nor in thy bloom  
Of life cut off, enhance Achilles' fame.  
Commiserate also thy unhappy sire  
Ere yet distracted, whom Saturnian Jove  
Ordains to a sad death, and ere I die  
To woes innumerable; to behold  
Sons slaughter'd, daughters ravish'd, torn and stripp'd  
The matrimonial chamber, infants dash'd  
Against the ground in dire hostility,  
And matrons dragg'd by ruthless Grecian hands.  
Me, haply, last of all, dogs shall devour  
In my own vestibule, when once the spear  
Or falchion of some Greek hath laid me low.  
The very dogs fed at my table-side,  
My portal-guards, drinking their master's blood  
To drunkenness, shall wallow in my courts.  
Fair falls the warlike youth in battle slain,  
And when he lies torn by the pointed steel,  
His death becomes him well; he is secure,  
Though dead, from shame, whatever next befalls:  
But when the silver locks and silver beard  
Of an old man slain by the sword, from dogs  
Receive dishonor, of all ills that wait  
On miserable man, that sure is worst.

So spake the ancient King, and his grey hairs  
Pluck'd with both hands, but Hector firm endured.  
On the other side all tears his mother stood,  
And lamentation; with one hand she bared,  
And with the other hand produced her breast,  
Then in wing'd accents, weeping, him bespake.

My Hector! reverence this, and pity me  
If ever, drawing forth this breast, thy griefs  
Of infancy I soothed, oh now, my son!  
Acknowledge it, and from within the walls

Repulse this enemy; stand not abroad  
To cope with *him*, for he is savage-fierce,  
And should he slay thee, neither shall myself  
Who bore thee, nor thy noble spouse weep o'er  
Thy body, but, where we can never come,  
Dogs shall devour it in the fleet of Greece.

So they with prayers importuned, and with tears  
Their son, but him sway'd not; unmoved he stood,  
Expecting vast Achilles now at hand.  
As some fell serpent in his cave expects  
The traveller's approach, batten'd with herbs  
Of baneful juice to fury, forth he looks  
Hideous, and lies coil'd all around his den,  
So Hector, fill'd with confidence untamed,  
Fled not, but placing his bright shield against  
A buttress, with his noble heart conferr'd.

Alas for me! should I repass the gate,  
Polydamas would be the first to heap  
Reproaches on me, for he bade me lead  
The Trojans back this last calamitous night  
In which Achilles rose to arms again.  
But I refused, although to have complied,  
Had proved more profitable far; since then  
By rash resolves of mine I have destroy'd  
The people, how can I escape the blame  
Of all in Troy? The meanest there will say—  
By his self-will he hath destroy'd us all.  
So shall they speak, and then shall I regret  
That I return'd ere I had slain in fight  
Achilles, or that, by Achilles slain,  
I died not nobly in defence of Troy.  
But shall I thus? Lay down my bossy shield,  
Put off my helmet, and my spear recline  
Against the city wall, then go myself  
To meet the brave Achilles, and at once

Promise him Helen, for whose sake we strive  
With all the wealth that Paris in his fleet  
Brought home, to be restored to Atreus' sons,  
And to distribute to the Greeks at large  
All hidden treasures of the town, an oath  
Taking beside from every senator,  
That he will nought conceal, but will produce  
And share in just equality what stores  
Soever our fair city still includes?  
Ah airy speculations, questions vain!  
I may not sue to him: compassion none  
Will he vouchsafe me, or my suit respect.  
But, seeing me unarm'd, will sate at once  
His rage, and womanlike I shall be slain.  
It is no time from oak or hollow rock  
With him to parley, as a nymph and swain,  
A nymph and swain soft parley mutual hold,  
But rather to engage in combat fierce  
Incontinent; so shall we soonest learn  
Whom Jove will make victorious, him or me.

Thus pondering he stood; meantime approach'd  
Achilles, terrible as fiery Mars,  
Crest-tossing God, and brandish'd as he came  
O'er his right shoulder high the Pelian spear.  
Like lightning, or like flame, or like the sun  
Ascending, beam'd his armor. At that sight  
Trembled the Trojan Chief, nor dared expect  
His nearer step, but flying left the gates  
Far distant, and Achilles swift pursued.  
As in the mountains, fleetest fowl of air,  
The hawk darts eager at the dove; she scuds  
Aslant, he screaming, springs and springs again  
To seize her, all impatient for the prey,  
So flew Achilles constant to the track  
Of Hector, who with dreadful haste beneath  
The Trojan bulwarks plied his agile limbs.



Passing the prospect-mount where high in air  
The wild-fig waved, they rush'd along the road,  
Declining never from the wall of Troy.  
And now they reach'd the running rivulets clear,  
Where from Scamander's dizzy flood arise  
Two fountains, tepid one, from which a smoke  
Issues voluminous as from a fire,  
The other, even in summer heats, like hail  
For cold, or snow, or crystal-stream frost-bound.  
Beside them may be seen the broad canals  
Of marble scoop'd, in which the wives of Troy  
And all her daughters fair were wont to lave  
Their costly raiment, while the land had rest,  
And ere the warlike sons of Greece arrived.  
By these they ran, one fleeing, one in chase.  
Valiant was he who fled, but valiant far  
Beyond him he who urged the swift pursuit;  
Nor ran they for a vulgar prize, a beast  
For sacrifice, or for the hide of such,  
The swift foot-racer's customary meed,  
But for the noble Hector's life they ran.  
As when two steeds, oft conquerors, trim the goal  
For some illustrious prize, a tripod bright  
Or beauteous virgin, at a funeral game,  
So they with nimble feet the city thrice  
Of Priam compass'd. All the Gods look'd on,  
And thus the Sire of Gods and men began.

Ah—I behold a warrior dear to me  
Around the walls of Ilium driven, and grieve  
For Hector, who the thighs of fatted bulls  
On yonder heights of Ida many-valed  
Burn'd oft to me, and in the heights of Troy:  
But him Achilles, glorious Chief, around  
The city walls of Priam now pursues.  
Consider this, ye Gods! weigh the event.  
Shall we from death save Hector? or, at length,

Leave him, although in battle high renown'd,  
To perish by the might of Peleus' son?

Whom answer'd thus Pallas cerulean-eyed.  
Dread Sovereign of the storms! what hast thou said?  
Wouldst thou deliver from the stroke of fate  
A mortal man death-destined from of old?  
Do it; but small thy praise shall be in heaven.

Then answer thus, cloud-gatherer Jove return'd.  
Fear not, Tritonia, daughter dear! that word  
Spake not my purpose; me thou shalt perceive  
Always to thee indulgent. What thou wilt  
That execute, and use thou no delay.

So roused he Pallas of herself prepared,  
And from the heights Olympian down she flew.  
With unremitting speed Achilles still  
Urged Hector. As among the mountain-height  
The hound pursues, roused newly from her lair  
The flying fawn through many a vale and grove;  
And though she trembling skulk the shrubs beneath,  
Tracks her continual, till he find the prey,  
So 'scaped not Hector Peleus' rapid son.  
Oft as toward the Dardan gates he sprang  
Direct, and to the bulwarks firm of Troy,  
Hoping some aid by volleys from the wall,  
So oft, outstripping him, Achilles thence  
Enforced him to the field, who, as he might,  
Still ever stretch'd toward the walls again.  
As, in a dream, pursuit hesitates oft,  
This hath no power to fly, that to pursue,  
So these—one fled, and one pursued in vain.  
How, then, had Hector his impending fate  
Eluded, had not Phœbus, at his last,  
Last effort meeting him, his strength restored,  
And wing'd for flight his agile limbs anew?

The son of Peleus, as he ran, his brows  
Shaking, forbade the people to dismiss  
A dart at Hector, lest a meaner hand  
Piercing him, should usurp the foremost praise.  
But when the fourth time to those rivulets.  
They came, then lifting high his golden scales,  
Two lots the everlasting Father placed  
Within them, for Achilles one, and one  
For Hector, balancing the doom of both.  
Grasping it in the midst, he raised the beam.  
Down went the fatal day of Hector, down  
To Ades, and Apollo left his side.  
Then blue-eyed Pallas hasting to the son  
Of Peleus, in wing'd accents him address'd.

Now, dear to Jove, Achilles famed in arms!  
I hope that, fierce in combat though he be,  
We shall, at last, slay Hector, and return  
Crown'd with great glory to the fleet of Greece.  
No fear of his deliverance now remains,  
Not even should the King of radiant shafts,  
Apollo, toil in supplication, roll'd  
And roll'd again before the Thunderer's feet.  
But stand, recover breath; myself, the while,  
Shall urge him to oppose thee face to face.

So Pallas spake, whom joyful he obey'd,  
And on his spear brass-pointed lean'd. But she,  
(Achilles left) to noble Hector pass'd,  
And in the form, and with the voice loud-toned  
Approaching of Deiphobus, his ear  
In accents, as of pity, thus address'd.

Ah brother! thou art overtask'd, around  
The walls of Troy by swift Achilles driven;  
But stand, that we may chase him in his turn.

To whom crest-tossing Hector huge replied.  
Deiphobus! of all my father's sons  
Brought forth by Hecuba, I ever loved  
Thee most, but more than ever love thee now,  
Who hast not fear'd, seeing me, for my sake  
To quit the town, where others rest content.

To whom the Goddess, thus, cerulean-eyed.  
Brother! our parents with much earnest suit  
Clasping my knees, and all my friends implored me  
To stay in Troy, (such fear hath seized on all)  
But grief for thee prey'd on my inmost soul.  
Come—fight we bravely—spare we now our spears  
No longer; now for proof if Peleus' son  
Slaying us both, shall bear into the fleet  
Our arms gore-stain'd, or perish slain by thee.

So saying, the wily Goddess led the way.  
They soon, approaching each the other, stood  
Opposite, and huge Hector thus began.

Pelides! I will fly thee now no more.  
Thrice I have compass'd Priam's spacious walls  
A fugitive, and have not dared abide  
Thy onset, but my heart now bids me stand  
Dauntless, and I will slay, or will be slain.  
But come. We will attest the Gods; for they  
Are fittest both to witness and to guard  
Our covenant. If Jove to me vouchsafe  
The hard-earn'd victory, and to take thy life,  
I will not with dishonor foul insult  
Thy body, but, thine armor stripp'd, will give  
Thee to thy friends, as thou shalt me to mine.

To whom Achilles, lowering dark, replied.  
Hector! my bitterest foe! speak not to me  
Of covenants! as concord can be none

Lions and men between, nor wolves and lambs  
Can be unanimous, but hate perforce  
Each other by a law not to be changed,  
So cannot amity subsist between  
Thee and myself; nor league make I with thee  
Or compact, till thy blood in battle shed  
Or mine, shall gratify the fiery Mars.  
Rouse all thy virtue; thou hast utmost need  
Of valor now, and of address in arms.  
Escape me more thou canst not; Pallas' hand  
By mine subdues thee; now will I avenge  
At once the agonies of every Greek  
In thy unsparing fury slain by thee.

He said, and, brandishing the Pelian ash,  
Dismiss'd it; but illustrious Hector warn'd,  
Crouched low, and, overflying him, it pierced  
The soil beyond, whence Pallas plucking it  
Unseen, restored it to Achilles' hand,  
And Hector to his godlike foe replied.

Godlike Achilles! thou hast err'd, nor know'st  
At all my doom from Jove, as thou pretend'st,  
But seek'st, by subtlety and wind of words,  
All empty sounds, to rob me of my might.  
Yet stand I firm. Think not to pierce my back.  
Behold my bosom! if the Gods permit,  
Meet me advancing, and transpierce me there.  
Meantime avoid my glittering spear, but oh  
May'st thou receive it all! since lighter far  
To Ilium should the toils of battle prove,  
Wert thou once slain, the fiercest of her foes.

He said, and hurling his long spear with aim  
Unerring, smote the centre of the shield  
Of Peleus' son, but his spear glanced away.  
He, angry to have sent it forth in vain,

(For he had other none) with eyes downcast  
Stood motionless awhile, then with loud voice  
Sought from Deiphobus, white-shielded Chief,  
A second; but Deiphobus was gone.  
Then Hector understood his doom, and said.

Ah, it is plain; this is mine hour to die.  
I thought Deiphobus at hand, but me  
Pallas beguiled, and he is still in Troy.  
A bitter death threatens me, it is nigh,  
And there is no escape; Jove, and Jove's son  
Apollo, from the first, although awhile  
My prompt deliverers, chose this lot for me,  
And now it finds me. But I will not fall  
Inglorious; I will act some great exploit  
That shall be celebrated ages hence.

So saying, his keen falchion from his side  
He drew, well-temper'd, ponderous, and rush'd  
At once to combat. As the eagle darts  
Right downward through a sullen cloud to seize  
Weak lamb or timorous hare, so brandishing  
His splendid falchion, Hector rush'd to fight.  
Achilles, opposite, with fellest ire  
Full-fraught came on; his shield with various art  
Celestial form'd, o'erspread his ample chest,  
And on his radiant casque terrific waved  
The bushy gold of his resplendent crest,  
By Vulcan spun, and pour'd profuse around.  
Bright as, among the stars, the star of all  
Most radiant, Hesperus, at midnight moves,  
So, in the right hand of Achilles beam'd  
His brandish'd spear, while, meditating wo  
To Hector, he explored his noble form,  
Seeking where he was vulnerable most.  
But every part, his dazzling armor torn  
From brave Patroclus' body, well secured,

Save where the circling key-bone from the neck  
Disjoins the shoulder; there his throat appear'd,  
Whence injured life with swiftest flight escapes;  
Achilles, plunging in that part his spear,  
Impell'd it through the yielding flesh beyond.  
The ashen beam his power of utterance left  
Still unimpair'd, but in the dust he fell,  
And the exulting conqueror exclaim'd.

But Hector! thou hadst once far other hopes,  
And, stripping slain Patroclus, thought'st thee safe,  
Nor caredst for absent me. Fond dream and vain!  
I was not distant far; in yonder fleet  
He left one able to avenge his death,  
And he hath slain thee. Thee the dogs shall rend  
Dishonorably, and the fowls of air,  
But all Achaia's host shall him entomb.

To whom the Trojan Chief languid replied.  
By thy own life, by theirs who gave thee birth,  
And by thy knees, oh let not Grecian dogs  
Rend and devour me, but in gold accept  
And brass a ransom at my father's hands,  
And at my mother's an illustrious price;  
Send home my body, grant me burial rites  
Among the daughters and the sons of Troy.

To whom with aspect stern Achilles thus.  
Dog! neither knees nor parents name to me.  
I would my fierceness of revenge were such,  
That I could carve and eat thee, to whose arms  
Such griefs I owe; so true it is and sure,  
That none shall save thy carcase from the dogs.  
No, trust me, would thy parents bring me weigh'd  
Ten—twenty ransoms, and engage on oath  
To add still more; would thy Dardanian Sire  
Priam, redeem thee with thy weight in gold,

Not even at that price would I consent  
That she who bare should place thee on thy bier  
With lamentation; dogs and ravening fowls  
Shall rend thy body while a scrap remains.

Then, dying, warlike Hector thus replied.  
Full well I knew before, how suit of mine  
Should speed preferr'd to thee. Thy heart is steel.  
But oh, while yet thou livest, think, lest the Gods  
Requite thee on that day, when pierced thyself  
By Paris and Apollo, thou shalt fall,  
Brave as thou art, before the Scæan gate.

He ceased, and death involved him dark around.  
His spirit, from his limbs dismiss'd, the house  
Of Ades sought, mourning in her descent  
Youth's prime and vigor lost, disastrous doom!  
But him though dead, Achilles thus bespake.

Die thou. My death shall find me at what hour  
Jove gives commandment, and the Gods above.

He spake, and from the dead drawing away  
His brazen spear, placed it apart, then stripp'd  
His arms gore-stain'd. Meantime the other sons  
Of the Achæians, gathering fast around,  
The bulk admired, and the proportion just  
Of Hector; neither stood a Grecian there  
Who pierced him not, and thus the soldier spake.

Ye Gods! how far more patient of the touch  
Is Hector now, than when he fired the fleet!

Thus would they speak, then give him each a stab.  
And now, the body stripp'd, their noble Chief  
The swift Achilles standing in the midst,  
The Grecians in wing'd accents thus address'd.



Friends, Chiefs and Senators of Argos' host!  
Since, by the will of heaven, this man is slain  
Who harm'd us more than all our foes beside,  
Essay we next the city, so to learn  
The Trojan purpose, whether (Hector slain)  
They will forsake the citadel, or still  
Defend it, even though of him deprived.  
But wherefore speak I thus? still undeplord,  
Unburied in my fleet Patroclus lies;  
Him never, while alive myself, I mix  
With living men and move, will I forget.  
In Ades, haply, they forget the dead,  
Yet will not I Patroclus, even there.  
Now chanting pæans, ye Achaian youths!  
Return we to the fleet with this our prize;  
We have achieved great glory, we have slain  
Illustrious Hector, him whom Ilium praised  
In all her gates, and as a God revered.

He said; then purposing dishonor foul  
To noble Hector, both his feet he bored  
From heel to ancle, and, inserting thongs,  
Them tied behind his chariot, but his head  
Left unsustain'd to trail along the ground.  
Ascending next, the armor at his side  
He placed, then lash'd the steeds; they willing flew  
Thick dust around the body dragg'd arose,  
His sable locks all swept the plain, and all  
His head, so graceful once, now track'd the dust,  
For Jove had given it into hostile hands  
That they might shame it in his native soil.  
Thus, whelm'd in dust, it went. The mother Queen  
Her son beholding, pluck'd her hair away,  
Cast far aside her lucid veil, and fill'd  
With shrieks the air. His father wept aloud,  
And, all around, long, long complaints were heard

And lamentations in the streets of Troy,  
Not fewer or less piercing, than if flames  
Had wrapt all Ilium to her topmost towers.  
His people scarce detain'd the ancient King  
Grief-stung, and resolute to issue forth  
Through the Dardanian gates; to all he kneel'd  
In turn, then roll'd himself in dust, and each  
By name solicited to give him way.

Stand off, my fellow mourners! I would pass  
The gates, would seek, alone, the Grecian fleet.  
I go to supplicate the bloody man,  
Yon ravager; he may respect, perchance,  
My years, may feel some pity of my age;  
For, such as I am, his own father is,  
Peleus, who rear'd him for a curse to Troy,  
But chiefly rear'd him to myself a curse,  
So numerous have my sons in prime of youth  
Fall'n by his hand, all whom I less deplore  
(Though mourning all) than one; my agonies  
For Hector soon shall send me to the shades.  
Oh had he but within these arms expired,  
The hapless Queen who bore him, and myself  
Had wept him, then, till sorrow could no more!

So spake he weeping, and the citizens  
All sigh'd around; next, Hecuba began  
Amid the women, thus, her sad complaint.

Ah wherefore, oh my son! wretch that I am,  
Breathe I forlorn of thee? Thou, night and day,  
My glory wast in Ilium, thee her sons  
And daughters, both, hail'd as their guardian God,  
Conscious of benefits from thee received,  
Whose life prolong'd should have advanced them all  
To high renown. Vain boast! thou art no more.

So mourn'd the Queen. But fair Andromache  
Nought yet had heard, nor knew by sure report  
Hector's delay without the city gates.  
She in a closet of her palace sat,  
A twofold web weaving magnificent,  
With sprinkled flowers inwrought of various hues,  
And to her maidens had commandment given  
Through all her house, that compassing with fire  
An ample tripod, they should warm a bath  
For noble Hector from the fight return'd.  
Tenderness ill-inform'd! she little knew  
That in the field, from such refreshments far,  
Pallas had slain him by Achilles' hand.  
She heard a cry of sorrow from the tower;  
Her limbs shook under her, her shuttle fell,  
And to her bright-hair'd train, alarm'd, she cried.

Attend me two of you, that I may learn  
What hath befallen. I have heard the voice  
Of the Queen-mother; my rebounding heart  
Chokes me, and I seem fetter'd by a frost.  
Some mischief sure o'er Priam's sons impends.  
Far be such tidings from me! but I fear  
Horribly, lest Achilles, cutting off  
My dauntless Hector from the gates alone,  
Enforce him to the field, and quell perhaps  
The might, this moment, of that dreadful arm  
His hinderance long; for Hector ne'er was wont  
To seek his safety in the ranks, but flew  
First into battle, yielding place to none.

So saying, she rush'd with palpitating heart  
And frantic air abroad, by her two maids  
Attended; soon arriving at the tower,  
And at the throng of men, awhile she stood  
Down-looking wistful from the city-wall,  
And, seeing him in front of Ilium, dragg'd

So cruelly toward the fleet of Greece,  
O'erwhelm'd with sudden darkness at the view  
Fell backward, with a sigh heard all around.  
Far distant flew dispersed her head-attire,  
Twist, frontlet, diadem, and even the veil  
By golden Venus given her on the day  
When Hector led her from Eëtion's house  
Enrich'd with nuptial presents to his home.  
Around her throng'd her sisters of the house  
Of Priam, numerous, who within their arms  
Fast held her loathing life; but she, her breath  
At length and sense recovering, her complaint  
Broken with sighs amid them thus began.

Hector! I am undone; we both were born  
To misery, thou in Priam's house in Troy,  
And I in Hypoplacian Thebes wood-crown'd  
Beneath Eëtion's roof. He, doom'd himself  
To sorrow, me more sorrowfully doom'd,  
Sustain'd in helpless infancy, whom oh  
That he had ne'er begotten! thou descend'st  
To Pluto's subterraneous dwelling drear,  
Leaving myself destitute, and thy boy,  
Fruit of our hapless loves, an infant yet,  
Never to be hereafter thy delight,  
Nor love of thine to share or kindness more.  
For should he safe survive this cruel war,  
With the Achaians penury and toil  
Must be his lot, since strangers will remove  
At will his landmarks, and possess his fields.  
Thee lost, he loses all, of father, both,  
And equal playmate in one day deprived,  
To sad looks doom'd, and never-ceasing-tears.  
He seeks, necessitous his father's friends,  
One by his mantle pulls, one by his vest,  
Whose utmost pity yields to his parch'd lips  
A thirst-provoking drop, and grudges more;

Some happier child, as yet untaught to mourn  
A parent's loss, shoves rudely from the board  
My son, and, smiting him, reproachful cries—  
Away—thy father is no guest of ours—  
Then, weeping, to his widow'd mother comes  
Astyanax, who on his father's lap  
Ate marrow only, once, and fat of lambs,  
And when sleep took him, and his crying fit  
Had ceased, slept ever on the softest bed,  
Warm in his nurse's arms, fed to his fill  
With delicacies, and his heart at rest.  
But now, Astyanax (so named in Troy  
For thy sake, guardian of her gates and towers)  
His father lost, must many a pang endure.  
And as for thee, cast naked forth among  
Yon galleys, where no parent's eye of thine  
Shall find thee, when the dogs have torn thee once  
Till they are sated, worms shall eat thee next.  
Meantime, thy graceful raiment rich, prepared  
By our own maidens, in thy palace lies;  
But I will burn it, burn it all, because  
Useless to thee, who never, so adorn'd,  
Shalt slumber more; yet every eye in Troy  
Shall see, how glorious once was thy attire.

So, weeping, she; to whom the multitude  
Of Trojan dames responsive sigh'd around.

## **Book XXIII**

### **ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.**

The body of Patroclus is burned, and the funeral games ensue.

Such mourning was in Troy; meantime the Greeks  
Their galleys and the shores of Hellespont  
Regaining, each to his own ship retired.  
But not the Myrmidons; Achilles them  
Close rank'd in martial order still detain'd,  
And thus his fellow-warriors brave address'd.

Ye swift-horsed Myrmidons, associates dear!  
Release not from your chariots yet your steeds  
Firm-hoof'd, but steeds and chariots driving near,  
Bewail Patroclus, as the rites demand  
Of burial; then, satiate with grief and tears,  
We will release our steeds, and take repast.

He ended, and, himself leading the way,  
His numerous band all mourn'd at once the dead.  
Around the body thrice their glossy steeds,  
Mourning they drove, while Thetis in their hearts  
The thirst of sorrow kindled; they with tears  
The sands bedew'd, with tears their radiant arms,  
Such deep regret of one so brave they felt.  
Then, placing on the bosom of his friend  
His homicidal hands, Achilles thus  
The shade of his Patroclus, sad, bespake.

Hail, oh Patroclus, even in Ades hail!  
For I will now accomplish to the full  
My promise pledged to thee, that I would give  
Hector dragg'd hither to be torn by dogs

Piecemeal, and would before thy funeral pile  
The necks dissever of twelve Trojan youths  
Of noblest rank, resentful of thy death.

He said, and meditating foul disgrace  
To noble Hector, stretch'd him prone in dust  
Beside the bier of Menœtiades.  
Then all the Myrmidons their radiant arms  
Put off, and their shrill-neighing steeds released.  
A numerous band beside the bark they sat  
Of swift Æacides, who furnish'd forth  
Himself a feast funereal for them all.  
Many a white ox under the ruthless steel  
Lay bleeding, many a sheep and blatant goat,  
With many a saginated boar bright-tusk'd,  
Amid fierce flames Vulcanian stretch'd to roast.  
Copious the blood ran all around the dead.

And now the Kings of Greece conducted thence  
To Agamemnon's tent the royal son  
Of Peleus, loth to go, and won at last  
With difficulty, such his anger was  
And deep resentment of his slaughter'd friend.  
Soon then as Agamemnon's tent they reach'd,  
The sovereign bade his heralds kindle fire  
Around an ample vase, with purpose kind  
Moving Achilles from his limbs to cleanse  
The stains of battle; but he firm refused  
That suit, and bound refusal with an oath—

No; by the highest and the best of all,  
By Jove I will not. Never may it be  
That brazen bath approach this head of mine,  
Till I shall first Patroclus' body give  
To his last fires, till I shall pile his tomb,  
And sheer my locks in honor of my friend;  
For, like to this, no second wo shall e'er

My heart invade, while vital breath I draw.  
But, all unwelcome as it is, repast  
Now calls us. Agamemnon, King of men!  
Give thou command that at the dawn they bring  
Wood hither, such large portion as beseems  
The dead, descending to the shades, to share,  
That hungry flames consuming out of sight  
His body soon, the host may war again.

He spake; they, hearing, readily obey'd.  
Then, each his food preparing with dispatch,  
They ate, nor wanted any of the guests  
Due portion, and their appetites sufficed  
To food and wine, all to their tents repair'd  
Seeking repose; but on the sands beside  
The billowy deep Achilles groaning lay  
Amidst his Myrmidons, where space he found  
With blood unstain'd beside the dashing wave.  
There, soon as sleep, deliverer of the mind,  
Wrapp'd him around (for much his noble limbs  
With chase of Hector round the battlements  
Of wind-swept Ilium wearied were and spent)  
The soul came to him of his hapless friend,  
In bulk resembling, in expressive eyes  
And voice Patroclus, and so clad as he.  
Him, hovering o'er his head, the form address'd.

Sleep'st thou, Achilles! of thy friend become  
Heedless? Him living thou didst not neglect  
Whom thou neglectest dead. Give me a tomb  
Instant, that I may pass the infernal gates.  
For now, the shades and spirits of the dead  
Drive me afar, denying me my wish  
To mingle with them on the farthest shore,  
And in wide-portal'd Ades sole I roam.  
Give me thine hand, I pray thee, for the earth  
I visit never more, once burnt with fire;



We never shall again close council hold  
As we were wont, for me my fate severe,  
Mine even from my birth, hath deep absorb'd.  
And oh Achilles, semblance of the Gods!  
Thou too predestined art beneath the wall  
To perish of the high-born Trojan race.  
But hear my last injunction! ah, my friend!  
My bones sepulchre not from thine apart,  
But as, together we were nourish'd both  
Beneath thy roof (what time from Opoëis  
Menœtius led me to thy father's house,  
Although a child, yet fugitive for blood,  
Which, in a quarrel at the dice, I spilt,  
Killing my playmate by a casual blow,  
The offspring of Amphidamas, when, like  
A father, Peleus with all tenderness  
Received and cherish'd me, and call'd me thine)  
So, let one vase inclose, at last, our bones,  
The golden vase, thy Goddess mother's gift.

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.  
Ah, loved and honor'd! wherefore hast thou come!  
Why thus enjoin'd me? I will all perform  
With diligence that thou hast now desired.  
But nearer stand, that we may mutual clasp  
Each other, though but with a short embrace,  
And sad satiety of grief enjoy.

He said, and stretch'd his arms toward the shade,  
But him seized not; shrill-clamoring and light  
As smoke, the spirit pass'd into the earth.  
Amazed, upsprang Achilles, clash'd aloud  
His palms together, and thus, sad, exclaim'd.

Ah then, ye Gods! there doubtless are below  
The soul and semblance both, but empty forms;  
For all night long, mourning, disconsolate,

The soul of my Patroclus, hapless friend!  
Hath hover'd o'er me, giving me in charge  
His last requests, just image of himself.

So saying, he call'd anew their sorrow forth,  
And rosy-palm'd Aurora found them all  
Mourning afresh the pitiable dead.  
Then royal Agamemnon call'd abroad  
Mules and mule-drivers from the tents in haste  
To gather wood. Uprose a valiant man,  
Friend of the virtuous Chief Idomeneus,  
Meriones, who led them to the task.  
They, bearing each in hand his sharpen'd axe  
And twisted cord, thence journey'd forth, the mules  
Driving before them; much uneven space  
They measured, hill and dale, right onward now,  
And now circuitous; but at the groves  
Arrived at length, of Ida fountain-fed,  
Their keen-edged axes to the towering oaks  
Dispatchful they applied; down fell the trees  
With crash sonorous. Splitting, next, the trunks,  
They bound them on the mules; they, with firm hoofs  
The hill-side stamping, through the thickets rush'd  
Desirous of the plain. Each man his log  
(For so the armor-bearer of the King  
Of Crete, Meriones, had them enjoin'd)  
Bore after them, and each his burthen cast  
Down on the beach regular, where a tomb  
Of ample size Achilles for his friend  
Patroclus had, and for himself, design'd.

Much fuel thrown together, side by side  
There down they sat, and his command at once  
Achilles issued to his warriors bold,  
That all should gird their armor, and the steeds  
Join to their chariots; undelaying each  
Complied, and in bright arms stood soon array'd.

Then mounted combatants and charioteers.  
First, moved the chariots, next, the infantry  
Proceeded numerous, amid whom his friends,  
Bearing the body of Patroclus, went.  
They poll'd their heads, and cover'd him with hair  
Shower'd over all his body, while behind  
Noble Achilles march'd, the hero's head  
Sustaining sorrowful, for to the realms  
Of Ades a distinguish'd friend he sent.

And now, arriving on the ground erewhile  
Mark'd by Achilles, setting down the dead,  
They heap'd the fuel quick, a lofty pile.  
But Peleus' son, on other thoughts intent,  
Retiring from the funeral pile, shore off  
His amber ringlets, whose exuberant growth  
Sacred to Sperchius he had kept unshorn,  
And looking o'er the gloomy deep, he said.

Sperchius! in vain Peleus my father vow'd  
That, hence returning to my native land,  
These ringlets shorn I should present to thee  
With a whole hecatomb, and should, beside,  
Rams offer fifty at thy fountain head  
In thy own field, at thy own fragrant shrine.  
So vow'd the hoary Chief, whose wishes thou  
Leavest unperform'd. Since, therefore, never more  
I see my native home, the hero these  
Patroclus takes down with him to the shades.

He said, and filling with his hair the hand  
Of his dead friend, the sorrows of his train  
Waken'd afresh. And now the lamp of day  
Westering apace, had left them still in tears,  
Had not Achilles suddenly address'd  
King Agamemnon, standing at his side.

Atrides! (for Achaia's sons thy word  
Will readiest execute) we may with grief  
Sate ourselves hereafter; but, the host  
Dispersing from the pile, now give command  
That they prepare repast; ourselves, to whom  
These labors in peculiar appertain  
Will finish them; but bid the Chiefs abide.

Which when imperial Agamemnon heard,  
He scatter'd instant to their several ships  
The people; but the burial-dressers thence  
Went not; they, still abiding, heap'd the pile.  
A hundred feet of breadth from side to side  
They gave to it, and on the summit placed  
With sorrowing hearts the body of the dead.  
Many a fat sheep, with many an ox full-horn'd  
They flay'd before the pile, busy their task  
Administering, and Peleus' son the fat  
Taking from every victim, overspread  
Complete the body with it of his friend  
Patroclus, and the flay'd beasts heap'd around.  
Then, placing flagons on the pile, replete  
With oil and honey, he inclined their mouths  
Toward the bier, and slew and added next,  
Deep-groaning and in haste, four martial steeds.  
Nine dogs the hero at his table fed,  
Of which beheading two, their carcasses  
He added also. Last, twelve gallant sons  
Of noble Trojans slaying (for his heart  
Teem'd with great vengeance) he applied the force  
Of hungry flames that should devour the whole,  
Then, mourning loud, by name his friend invoked.

Rejoice, Patroclus! even in the shades,  
Behold my promise to thee all fulfill'd!  
Twelve gallant sons of Trojans famed in arms,  
Together with thyself, are all become

Food for these fires: but fire shall never feed  
On Hector; him I destine to the dogs.

So threaten'd he; but him no dogs devour'd;  
Them, day and night, Jove's daughter Venus chased  
Afar, and smooth'd the hero o'er with oils  
Of rosy scent ambrosial, lest his corse,  
Behind Achilles' chariot dragg'd along  
So rudely, should be torn; and Phœbus hung  
A veil of sable clouds from heaven to earth,  
O'ershadowing broad the space where Hector lay,  
Lest parching suns intense should stiffen him.

But the pile kindled not. Then, Peleus' son  
Seeking a place apart, two Winds in prayer  
Boreas invoked and Zephyrus, to each  
Vowing large sacrifice. With earnest suit  
(Libation pouring from a golden cup)  
Their coming he implored, that so the flames  
Kindling, incontinent might burn the dead.  
Iris, his supplications hearing, swift  
Convey'd them to the Winds; they, in the hall  
Banqueting of the heavy-blowing West  
Sat frequent. Iris, sudden at the gate  
Appear'd; they, at the sight upstarting all,  
Invited each the Goddess to himself.  
But she refused a seat and thus she spake.

I sit not here. Borne over Ocean's stream  
Again, to Æthiopia's land I go  
Where hecatombs are offer'd to the Gods,  
Which, with the rest, I also wish to share.  
But Peleus' son, earnest, the aid implores  
Of Boreas and of Zephyrus the loud,  
Vowing large sacrifice if ye will fan  
Briskly the pile on which Patroclus lies  
By all Achaia's warriors deep deplored.

She said, and went. Then suddenly arose  
The Winds, and, roaring, swept the clouds along.  
First, on the sea they blew; big rose the waves  
Beneath the blast. At fruitful Troy arrived  
Vehement on the pile they fell, and dread  
On all sides soon a crackling blaze ensued.  
All night, together blowing shrill, they drove  
The sheeted flames wide from the funeral pile,  
And all night long, a goblet in his hand  
From golden beakers fill'd, Achilles stood  
With large libations soaking deep the soil,  
And calling on the spirit of his friend.  
As some fond father mourns, burning the bones  
Of his own son, who, dying on the eve  
Of his glad nuptials, hath his parents left  
O'erwhelm'd with inconsolable distress,  
So mourn'd Achilles, his companion's bones  
Burning, and pacing to and fro the field  
Beside the pile with many a sigh profound.  
But when the star, day's harbinger, arose,  
Soon after whom, in saffron vest attired  
The morn her beams diffuses o'er the sea,  
The pile, then wasted, ceased to flame, and then  
Back flew the Winds over the Thracian deep  
Rolling the flood before them as they pass'd.  
And now Pelides lying down apart  
From the funereal pile, slept, but not long,  
Though weary; waken'd by the stir and din  
Of Agamemnon's train. He sat erect,  
And thus the leaders of the host address'd.

Atrides, and ye potentates who rule  
The whole Achaian host! first quench the pile  
Throughout with generous wine, where'er the fire  
Hath seized it. We will then the bones collect  
Of Menœtiades, which shall with ease

Be known, though many bones lie scatter'd near,  
Since in the middle pile Patroclus lay,  
But wide apart and on its verge we burn'd  
The steeds and Trojans, a promiscuous heap.  
Them so collected in a golden vase  
We will dispose, lined with a double cawl,  
Till I shall, also, to my home below.  
I wish not now a tomb of amplest bounds,  
But such as may suffice, which yet in height  
The Grecians and in breadth shall much augment  
Hereafter, who, survivors of my fate,  
Shall still remain in the Achaian fleet.

So spake Pelides, and the Chiefs complied.  
Where'er the pile had blazed, with generous wine  
They quench'd it, and the hills of ashes sank.  
Then, weeping, to a golden vase, with lard  
Twice lined, they gave their gentle comrade's bones  
Fire-bleach'd, and lodging safely in his tent  
The relics, overspread them with a veil.  
Designing, next, the compass of the tomb,  
They mark'd its boundary with stones, then fill'd  
The wide enclosure hastily with earth,  
And, having heap'd it to its height, return'd.  
But all the people, by Achilles still  
Detain'd, there sitting, form'd a spacious ring,  
And he the destined prizes from his fleet  
Produced, capacious caldrons, tripods bright,  
Steeds, mules, tall oxen, women at the breast  
Close-cinctured, elegant, and unwrought iron.  
First, to the chariot-drivers he proposed  
A noble prize; a beauteous maiden versed  
In arts domestic, with a tripod ear'd,  
Of twenty and two measures. These he made  
The conqueror's meed. The second should a mare  
Obtain, unbroken yet, six years her age,  
Pregnant, and bearing in her womb a mule.

A caldron of four measures, never smirch'd  
By smoke or flame, but fresh as from the forge  
The third awaited; to the fourth he gave  
Two golden talents, and, unsullied yet  
By use, a twin-ear'd phial to the fifth.  
He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.

Atrides, and ye chiefs of all the host!  
These prizes, in the circus placed, attend  
The charioteers. Held we the present games  
In honor of some other Grecian dead,  
I would myself bear hence the foremost prize;  
For ye are all witnesses well-inform'd  
Of the superior virtue of my steeds.  
They are immortal; Neptune on my sire  
Peleus conferr'd them, and my sire on me.  
But neither I this contest share myself,  
Nor shall my steeds; for they would miss the force  
And guidance of a charioteer so kind  
As they have lost, who many a time hath cleansed  
Their manes with water of the crystal brook,  
And made them sleek, himself, with limpid oil.  
Him, therefore, mourning, motionless they stand  
With hair dishevell'd, streaming to the ground.  
But ye, whoever of the host profess  
Superior skill, and glory in your steeds  
And well-built chariots, for the strife prepare!

So spake Pelides, and the charioteers,  
For speed renown'd arose. Long ere the rest  
Eumelus, King of men, Admetus' son  
Arose, accomplish'd in equestrian arts.  
Next, Tydeus' son, brave Diomedes, arose;  
He yoked the Trojan coursers by himself  
In battle from Æneas won, what time  
Apollo saved their master. Third, upstood  
The son of Atreus with the golden locks,



Who to his chariot Agamemnon's mare  
Swift Æthe and his own Podargus join'd.  
Her Echepolus from Anchises sprung  
To Agamemnon gave; she was the price  
At which he purchased leave to dwell at home  
Excused attendance on the King at Troy;  
For, by the gift of Jove, he had acquired  
Great riches, and in wide-spread Sicyon dwelt.  
Her wing'd with ardor, Menelaus yoked.  
Antilochus, arising fourth, his steeds  
Bright-maned prepared, son of the valiant King  
Of Pylus, Nestor Neleïades.  
Of Pylia breed were they, and thus his sire,  
With kind intent approaching to his side,  
Advised him, of himself not uninform'd.

Antilochus! Thou art, I know, beloved  
By Jove and Neptune both, from whom, though young  
Thou hast received knowledge of every art  
Equestrian, and hast little need to learn.  
Thou know'st already how to trim the goal  
With nicest skill, yet wondrous slow of foot  
Thy coursers are, whence evil may ensue.  
But though their steeds be swifter, I account  
Thee wise, at least, as they. Now is the time  
For counsel, furnish now thy mind with all  
Precaution, that the prize escape thee not.  
The feller of huge trees by skill prevails  
More than by strength; by skill the pilot guides  
His flying bark rock'd by tempestuous winds,  
And more by skill than speed the race is won.  
But he who in his chariot and his steeds  
Trusts only, wanders here and wanders there  
Unsteady, while his coursers loosely rein'd  
Roam wide the field; not so the charioteer  
Of sound intelligence; he though he drive  
Inferior steeds, looks ever to the goal

Which close he clips, not ignorant to check  
His coursers at the first but with tight rein  
Ruling his own, and watching those before.  
Now mark; I will describe so plain the goal  
That thou shalt know it surely. A dry stump  
Extant above the ground an ell in height  
Stands yonder; either oak it is, or pine  
More likely, which the weather least impairs.  
Two stones, both white, flank it on either hand.  
The way is narrow there, but smooth the course  
On both sides. It is either, as I think,  
A monument of one long since deceased,  
Or was, perchance, in ancient days design'd,  
As now by Peleus' mighty son, a goal.  
That mark in view, thy steeds and chariot push  
Near to it as thou may'st; then, in thy seat  
Inclining gently to the left, prick smart  
Thy right-hand horse challenging him aloud,  
And give him rein; but let thy left-hand horse  
Bear on the goal so closely, that the nave  
And felly of thy wheel may seem to meet.  
Yet fear to strike the stone, lest foul disgrace  
Of broken chariot and of crippled steeds  
Ensure, and thou become the public jest.  
My boy beloved! use caution; for if once  
Thou turn the goal at speed, no man thenceforth  
Shall reach, or if he reach, shall pass thee by,  
Although Arion in thy rear he drove  
Adrastus' rapid horse of race divine,  
Or those, Troy's boast, bred by Laomedon.

So Nestor spake, inculcating with care  
On his son's mind these lessons in the art,  
And to his place retiring, sat again.  
Meriones his coursers glossy-maned  
Made ready last. Then to his chariot-seat  
Each mounted, and the lots were thrown; himself

Achilles shook them. First, forth leap'd the lot  
Of Nestor's son Antilochus, after whom  
The King Eumelus took his destined place.  
The third was Menelaus spear-renown'd;  
Meriones the fourth; and last of all,  
Bravest of all, heroic Diomede  
The son of Tydeus took his lot to drive.  
So ranged they stood; Achilles show'd the goal  
Far on the champain, nigh to which he placed  
The godlike Phœnix servant of his sire,  
To mark the race and make a true report.

All raised the lash at once, and with the reins  
At once all smote their steeds, urging them on  
Vociferous; they, sudden, left the fleet  
Far, far behind them, scouring swift the plain.  
Dark, like a stormy cloud, uprose the dust  
Their chests beneath, and scatter'd in the wind  
Their manes all floated; now the chariots swept  
The low declivity unseen, and now  
Emerging started into view; erect  
The drivers stood; emulous, every heart  
Beat double; each encouraged loud his steeds;  
They, flying, fill'd with dust the darken'd air.  
But when returning to the hoary deep  
They ran their last career, then each display'd  
Brightest his charioteership, and the race  
Lay stretch'd, at once, into its utmost speed.  
Then, soon the mares of Pheretiades  
Pass'd all, but Diomede behind him came,  
Borne by his unemasculated steeds  
Of Trojan pedigree; they not remote,  
But close pursued him; and at every pace  
Seem'd entering both; the chariot at their head,  
For blowing warm into Eumelus' neck  
Behind, and on his shoulders broad, they went,  
And their chins rested on him as they flew.

Then had Tydides pass'd him, or had made  
Decision dubious, but Apollo struck,  
Resentful, from his hand the glittering scourge.  
Fast roll'd the tears indignant down his cheeks,  
For he beheld the mares with double speed,  
Flying, and of the spur deprived, his own  
Retarded steeds continual thrown behind.  
But not unnoticed by Minerva pass'd  
The art by Phœbus practised to impede  
The son of Tydeus, whom with winged haste  
Following, she gave to him his scourge again,  
And with new force his lagging steeds inspired.  
Eumelus, next, the angry Goddess, swift  
Pursuing, snapt his yoke; wide flew the mares  
Asunder, and the pole fell to the ground.  
Himself, roll'd from his seat, fast by the wheel  
With lacerated elbows, nostrils, mouth,  
And batter'd brows lay prone; sorrow his eyes  
Deluged, and disappointment chok'd his voice.  
Then, far outstripping all, Tydides push'd  
His steeds beyond, which Pallas fill'd with power  
That she might make the glorious prize his own.  
Him follow'd Menelaus amber-hair'd,  
The son of Atreus, and his father's steeds  
Encouraging, thus spake Antilochus.

Away—now stretch ye forward to the goal.  
I bid you not to an unequal strife  
With those of Diomedes, for Pallas them  
Quickens that he may conquer, and the Chief  
So far advanced makes competition vain.  
But reach the son of Atreus, fly to reach  
His steeds, incontinent; ah, be not shamed  
For ever, foil'd by Æthe, by a mare!  
Why fall ye thus behind, my noblest steeds?  
I tell you both, and ye shall prove me true,  
No favor shall ye find at Nestor's hands,

My valiant sire, but he will thrust his spear  
Right through you, should we lose, for sloth of yours,  
Or by your negligence, the nobler prize.  
Haste then—pursue him—reach the royal Chief—  
And how to pass him in yon narrow way  
Shall be my care, and not my care in vain.

He ended; they, awhile, awed by his voice,  
With more exertion ran, and Nestor's son  
Now saw the hollow strait mark'd by his sire.  
It was a chasm abrupt, where winter-floods,  
Wearing the soil, had gullied deep the way.  
Thither Atrides, anxious to avoid  
A clash of chariots drove, and thither drove  
Also, but somewhat devious from his track,  
Antilochus. Then Menelaus fear'd,  
And with loud voice the son of Nestor hail'd.

Antilochus, at what a madman's rate  
Drivest thou! stop—check thy steeds—the way is here  
Too strait, but widening soon, will give thee scope  
To pass me by; beware, lest chariot close  
To chariot driven, thou maim thyself and me.

He said; but still more rapid and the scourge  
Plying continual, as he had not heard,  
Antilochus came on. Far as the quoit  
By some broad-shoulder'd youth for trial hurl'd  
Of manhood flies, so far Antilochus  
Shot forward; but the coursers fell behind  
Of Atreus' son, who now abated much  
By choice his driving, lest the steeds of both  
Jostling, should overturn with sudden shock  
Both chariots, and themselves in dust be roll'd,  
Through hot ambition of the foremost prize.  
Him then the hero golden-hair'd reproved.

Antilochus! the man lives not on earth  
Like thee for love of mischief. Go, extoll'd  
For wisdom falsely by the sons of Greece.  
Yet, trust me, not without an oath, the prize  
Thus foully sought shall even now be thine.

He said, and to his coursers call'd aloud.  
Ah be not tardy; stand not sorrow-check'd;  
Their feet will fail them sooner far than yours,  
For years have pass'd since they had youth to boast.

So he; and springing at his voice, his steeds  
Regain'd apace the vantage lost. Meantime  
The Grecians, in full circus seated, mark'd  
The steeds; they flying, fill'd with dust the air.  
Then, ere the rest, Idomeneus discern'd  
The foremost pair; for, on a rising ground  
Exalted, he without the circus sat,  
And hearing, though remote, the driver's voice  
Chiding his steeds, knew it, and knew beside  
The leader horse distinguish'd by his hue,  
Chestnut throughout, save that his forehead bore  
A splendid blazon white, round as the moon.

He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.  
Friends! Chiefs and senators of Argos' host!  
Discern I sole the steeds, or also ye?  
The horses, foremost now, to me appear  
Other than erst, and I descry at hand  
A different charioteer; the mares of late  
Victorious, somewhere distant in the race  
Are hurt; I plainly saw them at the first  
Turning the goal, but see them now no more;  
And yet with eyes inquisitive I range  
From side to side the whole broad plain of Troy.  
Either the charioteer hath slipp'd the reins,  
Or rounded not successfully the goal

Through want of guidance. Thrown, as it should seem,  
Forth from his seat, he hath his chariot maim'd,  
And his ungovern'd steeds have roam'd away.  
Arise and look ye forth yourselves, for I  
With doubtful ken behold him; yet the man  
Seems, in my view, Ætolian by descent,  
A Chief of prime renown in Argos' host,  
The hero Tydeus' son, brave Diomede,

But Ajax Oiliades the swift  
Him sharp reproved. Why art thou always given  
To prate, Idomeneus? thou seest the mares,  
Remote indeed, but posting to the goal.  
Thou art not youngest of the Argives here  
So much, nor from beneath thy brows look forth  
Quick-sighted more than ours, thine eyes abroad.  
Yet still thou pratest, although silence more  
Should suit thee, among wiser far than thou.  
The mares which led, lead still, and he who drives  
Eumelus is, the same who drove before.

To whom the Cretan Chief, angry, replied.  
Ajax! whom none in wrangling can excel  
Or rudeness, though in all beside thou fall  
Below the Argives, being boorish-rough,  
Come now—a tripod let us wager each,  
Or caldron, and let Agamemnon judge  
Whose horses lead, that, losing, thou may'st learn.

He said; then sudden from his seat upsprang  
Swift Ajax Oiliades, prepared  
For harsh retort, nor had the contest ceased  
Between them, but had grown from ill to worse,  
Had not himself, Achilles, interposed.

Ajax—Idomeneus—abstain ye both  
From bitter speech offensive, and such terms

As ill become you. Ye would feel, yourselves,  
Resentment, should another act as ye.  
Survey the course, peaceable, from your seats;  
The charioteers, by competition wing'd,  
Will soon themselves arrive, then shall ye know  
Distinctly, both who follows and who leads.

He scarce had said, when nigh at hand appear'd  
Tydides, lashing, as he came, his steeds  
Continual; they with hoofs uplifted high  
Their yet remaining ground shorten'd apace,  
Sprinkling with dusty drops at every stroke  
Their charioteer, while close upon their heels  
Radiant with tin and gold the chariot ran,  
Scarce tracking light the dust, so swift they flew.  
He stood in the mid-circus; there the sweat  
Rain'd under them from neck and chest profuse,  
And Diomede from his resplendent seat  
Leaping, reclined his scourge against the yoke.  
Nor was his friend brave Sthenelus remiss,  
But, seizing with alacrity the prize,  
Consign'd the tripod and the virgin, first,  
To his own band in charge; then, loosed the steeds.  
Next came, by stratagem, not speed advanced  
To that distinction, Nestor's son, whom yet  
The hero Menelaus close pursued  
Near as the wheel runs to a courser's heels,  
Drawing his master at full speed; his tail  
With its extremest hairs the felly sweeps  
That close attends him o'er the spacious plain,  
So near had Menelaus now approach'd  
Antilochus; for though at first he fell  
A full quoit's cast behind, he soon retrieved  
That loss, with such increasing speed the mare  
Bright-maned of Agamemnon, Æthe, ran;  
She, had the course few paces more to both  
Afforded, should have clearly shot beyond



Antilochus, nor dubious left the prize.  
But noble Menelaus threw behind  
Meriones, companion in the field,  
Of King Idomeneus, a lance's flight,  
For slowest were his steeds, and he, to rule  
The chariot in the race, least skill'd of all.  
Last came Eumelus drawing to the goal,  
Himself, his splendid chariot, and his mares  
Driving before him. Peleus' rapid son  
Beheld him with compassion, and, amid  
The Argives, in wing'd accents thus he spake.

Here comes the most expert, driving his steeds  
Before him. Just it were that he received  
The second prize; Tydides claims the first.

He said, and all applauded the award.  
Then had Achilles to Eumelus given  
The mare (for such the pleasure seem'd of all)  
Had not the son of mighty Nestor risen,  
Antilochus, who pleaded thus his right.

Achilles! acting as thou hast proposed,  
Thou shalt offend me much, for thou shalt take  
The prize from me, because the Gods, his steeds  
And chariot-yoke disabling, render'd vain  
His efforts, and no failure of his own.  
It was his duty to have sought the Gods  
In prayer, then had he not, following on foot  
His coursers, hindmost of us all arrived.  
But if thou pity him, and deem it good,  
Thou hast much gold, much brass, and many sheep  
In thy pavilion; thou hast maidens fair,  
And coursers also. Of thy proper stores  
Hereafter give to him a richer prize  
Than this, or give it now, so shall the Greeks  
Applaud thee; but this mare yield I to none;

Stand forth the Grecian who desires to win  
That recompense, and let him fight with me.

He ended, and Achilles, godlike Chief,  
Smiled on him, gratulating his success,  
Whom much he loved; then, ardent, thus replied.

Antilochus! if thou wouldst wish me give  
Eumelus of my own, even so I will.  
I will present to him my corslet bright  
Won from Asteropæus, edged around  
With glittering tin; a precious gift, and rare.

So saying, he bade Automedon his friend  
Produce it from the tent; he at his word  
Departing, to Achilles brought the spoil,  
Which at his hands Eumelus glad received.  
Then, stung with grief, and with resentment fired  
Immeasurable, Menelaus rose  
To charge Antilochus. His herald gave  
The sceptre to his hand, and (silence bidden  
To all) the godlike hero thus began.

Antilochus! oh heretofore discreet!  
What hast thou done? Thou hast dishonor'd foul  
My skill, and wrong'd my coursers, throwing thine,  
Although inferior far, by fraud before them.  
Ye Chiefs and Senators of Argos' host!  
Impartial judge between us, lest, of these,  
Some say hereafter, Menelaus bore  
Antilochus by falsehood down, and led  
The mare away, because, although his steeds  
Were worse, his arm was mightier, and prevail'd.  
Yet hold—myself will judge, and will to all  
Contentment give, for I will judge aright.  
Hither, Antilochus, illustrious youth!  
And, as the law prescribes, standing before

Thy steeds and chariot, holding too the scourge  
With which thou drovest, lay hand on both thy steeds,  
And swear by Neptune, circler of the earth,  
That neither wilfully, nor yet by fraud  
Thou didst impede my chariot in its course.

Then prudent, thus Antilochus replied.  
Oh royal Menelaus! patient bear  
The fault of one thy junior far, in years  
Alike unequal and in worth to thee.  
Thou know'st how rash is youth, and how propense  
To pass the bounds by decency prescribed,  
Quick, but not wise. Lay, then, thy wrath aside;  
The mare now given me I will myself  
Deliver to thee, and if thou require  
A larger recompense, will rather yield  
A larger much than from thy favor fall  
Deservedly for ever, mighty Prince!  
And sin so heinously against the Gods.

So saying, the son of valiant Nestor led  
The mare, himself, to Menelaus' hand,  
Who with heart-freshening joy the prize received.  
As on the ears of growing corn the dews  
Fall grateful, while the spiry grain erect  
Bristles the fields, so, Menelaus, felt  
Thy inmost soul a soothing pleasure sweet!  
Then answer thus the hero quick return'd.

Antilochus! exasperate though I were,  
Now, such no longer, I relinquish glad  
All strife with thee, for that at other times  
Thou never inconsiderate wast or light,  
Although by youthful heat misled to-day.  
Yet safer is it not to over-reach  
Superiors, for no other Grecian here  
Had my extreme displeasure calm'd so soon;

But thou hast suffer'd much, and much hast toil'd,  
As thy good father and thy brother have,  
On my behalf; I, therefore, yield, subdued  
By thy entreaties, and the mare, though mine,  
Will also give thee, that these Grecians all  
May know me neither proud nor hard to appease.

So saying, the mare he to Noëmon gave,  
Friend of Antilochus, and, well-content,  
The polish'd caldron for *his* prize received.  
The fourth awarded lot (for he had fourth  
Arrived) Meriones asserted next,  
The golden talents; but the phial still  
Left unappropriated Achilles bore  
Across the circus in his hand, a gift  
To ancient Nestor, whom he thus bespake.

Thou also, oh my father! this accept,  
Which in remembrance of the funeral rites  
Of my Patroclus, keep, for him thou seest  
Among the Greeks no more. Receive a prize,  
Thine by gratuity; for thou shalt wield  
The cestus, wrestle, at the spear contend,  
Or in the foot-race (fallen as thou art  
Into the wane of life) never again.

He said, and placed it in his hands. He, glad,  
Receiving it, in accents wing'd replied.

True, oh my son! is all which thou hast spoken.  
These limbs, these hands, young friend! (their vigor lost)  
No longer, darted from the shoulder, spring  
At once to battle. Ah that I could grow  
Young yet again, could feel again such force  
Athletic, as when in Buprasium erst  
The Epeans with sepulchral pomp entomb'd  
King Amarynceus, where his sons ordain'd

Funereal games in honor of their sire!  
Epean none or even Pylian there  
Could cope with me, or yet Ætolian bold.  
Boxing, I vanquish'd Clytomedes, son  
Of Enops; wrestling, the Pleuronian Chief  
Ancæus; in the foot-race Iphiclus,  
Though a fleet runner; and I over-pitch'd  
Phyleus and Polydorus at the spear.  
The sons of Actor in the chariot-race  
Alone surpass'd me, being two for one,  
And jealous both lest I should also win  
That prize, for to the victor charioteer  
They had assign'd the noblest prize of all.  
They were twin-brothers, and one ruled the steeds,  
The steeds one ruled, the other lash'd them on.  
Such once was I; but now, these sports I leave  
To younger; me submission most befits  
To withering age, who then outshone the best.  
But go. The funeral of thy friend with games  
Proceed to celebrate; I accept thy gift  
With pleasure; and my heart is also glad  
That thou art mindful evermore of one  
Who loves thee, and such honor in the sight  
Yield'st me of all the Greeks, as is my due.  
May the Gods bless thee for it more and more!

He spake, and Peleus' son, when he had heard  
At large his commendation from the lips  
Of Nestor, through the assembled Greeks return'd.  
He next proposed, not lightly to be won,  
The boxer's prize. He tether'd down a mule,  
Untamed and hard to tame, but strong to toil,  
And in her prime of vigor, in the midst;  
A goblet to the vanquish'd he assign'd,  
Then stood erect and to the Greeks exclaim'd.

Atridæ! and ye Argives brazen-greaved!  
I call for two bold combatants expert  
To wage fierce strife for these, with lifted fists  
Smiting each other. He, who by the aid  
Of Phœbus shall o'ertome, and whom the Greeks  
Shall all pronounce victorious, leads the mule  
Hence to his tent; the vanquish'd takes the cup.

He spake, and at his word a Greek arose  
Big, bold, and skillful in the boxer's art,  
Epeüs, son of Panopeus; his hand  
He on the mule imposed, and thus he said.

Approach the man ambitious of the cup!  
For no Achaian here shall with his fist  
Me foiling, win the mule. I boast myself  
To all superior. May it not suffice  
That I to no pre-eminence pretend  
In battle? To attain to foremost praise  
Alike in every art is not for one.  
But this I promise, and will well perform—  
My blows shall lay him open, split him, crush  
His bones to splinters, and let all his friends,  
Attendant on him, wait to bear him hence,  
Vanquish'd by my superior force in fight.

He ended, and his speech found no reply.  
One godlike Chief alone, Euryalus,  
Son of the King Mecisteus, who, himself,  
Sprang from Talaion, opposite arose.  
He, on the death of Oedipus, at Thebes  
Contending in the games held at his tomb,  
Had overcome the whole Cadmean race.  
Him Diomedes spear-famed for fight prepared,  
Giving him all encouragement, for much  
He wish'd him victory. First then he threw  
His cincture to him; next, he gave him thongs

Cut from the hide of a wild buffalo.  
Both girt around, into the midst they moved.  
Then, lifting high their brawny arms, and fists  
Mingling with fists, to furious fight they fell;  
Dire was the crash of jaws, and the sweat stream'd  
From every limb. Epeüs fierce advanced,  
And while Euryalus with cautious eye  
Watch'd his advantage, pash'd him on the cheek  
He stood no longer, but, his shapely limbs,  
Unequal to his weight, sinking, he fell.  
As by the rising north-wind driven ashore  
A huge fish flounces on the weedy beach,  
Which soon the sable flood covers again,  
So, beaten down, he bounded. But Epeüs,  
Heroic chief, upraised him by his hand,  
And his own comrades from the circus forth  
Led him, step dragging after step, the blood  
Ejecting grumous, and at every pace  
Rolling his head languid from side to side.  
They placed him all unconscious on his seat  
In his own band, then fetch'd his prize, the cup.

Still other prizes, then, Achilles placed  
In view of all, the sturdy wrestler's meed.  
A large hearth-tripod, valued by the Greeks  
At twice six beeves, should pay the victor's toil;  
But for the vanquish'd, in the midst he set  
A damsel in variety expert  
Of arts domestic, valued at four beeves.  
He rose erect, and to the Greeks he cried.

Arise ye, now, who shall this prize dispute.  
So spake the son of Peleus; then arose  
Huge Telamonian Ajax, and upstood  
Ulysses also, in all wiles adept.  
Both girt around, into the midst they moved.  
With vigorous gripe each lock'd the other fast,

Like rafters, standing, of some mansion built  
By a prime artist proof against all winds.  
Their backs, tugg'd vehemently, creak'd, the sweat  
Trickled, and on their flanks and shoulders, red  
The wheelks arose; they bearing still in mind  
The tripod, ceased not struggling for the prize.  
Nor could Ulysses from his station move  
And cast down Ajax, nor could Ajax him  
Unsettle, fixt so firm Ulysses stood.  
But when, long time expectant, all the Greeks  
Grew weary, then, huge Ajax him bespake.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!  
Lift, or be lifted, and let Jove decide.

He said, and heaved Ulysses. Then, his wiles  
Forgat not he, but on the ham behind  
Chopp'd him; the limbs of Ajax at the stroke  
Disabled sank; he fell supine, and bore  
Ulysses close adhering to his chest  
Down with him. Wonder riveted all eyes.  
Then brave Ulysses from the ground awhile  
Him lifted in his turn, but ere he stood,  
Inserting his own knee the knees between  
Of Ajax, threw him. To the earth they fell  
Both, and with dust defiled lay side by side.  
And now, arising to a third essay,  
They should have wrestled yet again, had not  
Achilles, interfering, them restrain'd.

Strive not together more; cease to exhaust  
Each other's force; ye both have earn'd the prize  
Depart alike requited, and give place  
To other Grecians who shall next contend.

He spake; they glad complied, and wiping off  
The dust, put on their tunics. Then again



Achilles other prizes yet proposed,  
The rapid runner's meed. First, he produced  
A silver goblet of six measures; earth  
Own'd not its like for elegance of form.  
Skilful Sidonian artists had around  
Embellish'd it, and o'er the sable deep  
Phœnician merchants into Lemnos' port  
Had borne it, and the boon to Thoas given;  
But Jason's son, Euneüs, in exchange  
For Priam's son Lycaon, to the hand  
Had pass'd it of Patroclus famed in arms.  
Achilles this, in honor of his friend,  
Set forth, the swiftest runner's recompense.  
The second should a fatted ox receive  
Of largest size, and he assign'd of gold  
A just half-talent to the worst and last.  
He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.

Now stand ye forth who shall this prize dispute.  
He said, and at his word instant arose  
Swift Ajax Oïliades; upsprang  
The shrewd Ulysses next, and after him  
Brave Nestor's son Antilochus, with whom  
None vied in speed of all the youths of Greece.  
They stood prepared. Achilles show'd the goal.  
At once all started. Oïliades  
Led swift the course, and closely at his heels  
Ulysses ran. Near as some cinctured maid  
Industrious holds the distaff to her breast,  
While to and fro with practised finger neat  
She tends the flax drawing it to a thread,  
So near Ulysses follow'd him, and press'd  
His footsteps, ere the dust fill'd them again,  
Pouring his breath into his neck behind,  
And never slackening pace. His ardent thirst  
Of victory with universal shouts  
All seconded, and, eager, bade him on.

And now the contest shortening to a close,  
Ulysses his request silent and brief  
To azure-eyed Minerva thus preferr'd.

Oh Goddess hear, prosper me in the race!  
Such was his prayer, with which Minerva pleased,  
Freshen'd his limbs, and made him light to run.  
And now, when in one moment they should both  
Have darted on the prize, then Ajax' foot  
Sliding, he fell; for where the dung of beeves  
Slain by Achilles for his friend, had spread  
The soil, there Pallas tripp'd him. Ordure foul  
His mouth, and ordure foul his nostrils fill'd.  
Then brave Ulysses, first arriving, seized  
The cup, and Ajax took his prize, the ox.  
He grasp'd his horn, and sputtering as he stood  
The ordure forth, the Argives thus bespake.

Ah—Pallas tripp'd my footsteps; she attends  
Ulysses ever with a mother's care.

Loud laugh'd the Grecians. Then, the remnant prize  
Antilochus receiving, smiled and said.

Ye need not, fellow-warriors, to be taught  
That now, as ever, the immortal Gods  
Honor on seniority bestow.  
Ajax is elder, yet not much, than I.  
But Laertiades was born in times  
Long past, a chief coëval with our sires,  
Not young, but vigorous; and of the Greeks,  
Achilles may alone with him contend.

So saying, the merit of superior speed  
To Peleus' son he gave, who thus replied.

Antilochus! thy praise of me shall prove  
Nor vain nor unproductive to thyself,  
For the half-talent doubled shall be thine.

He spake, and, doubling it, the talent placed  
Whole in his hand. He glad the gift received.  
Achilles, then Sarpedon's arms produced,  
Stripp'd from him by Patroclus, his long spear,  
Helmet and shield, which in the midst he placed.  
He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.

I call for two brave warriors arm'd to prove  
Each other's skill with weapons keen, this prize  
Disputing, next, in presence of us all.  
Who first shall through his armor reach the skin  
Of his antagonist, and shall draw his blood,  
To him this silver-studded falchion bright  
I give; the blade is Thracian, and of late  
Asteropæus wore it, whom I slew.  
These other arms shall be their common meed,  
And I will banquet both within my tent.

He said, then Telamonian Ajax huge  
Arose, and opposite the son arose  
Of warlike Tydeus, Diomede the brave.  
Apart from all the people each put on  
His arms, then moved into the middle space,  
Lowering terrific, and on fire to fight.  
The host look'd on amazed. Approaching each  
The other, thrice they sprang to the assault,  
And thrice struck hand to hand. Ajax the shield  
Pierced of his adversary, but the flesh  
Attain'd not, baffled by his mail within.  
Then Tydeus' son, sheer o'er the ample disk  
Of Ajax, thrust a lance home to his neck,  
And the Achaians for the life appall'd  
Of Ajax, bade them, ceasing, share the prize.

But the huge falchion with its sheath and belt—  
Achilles them on Diomedes bestow'd.

The hero, next, an iron clod produced  
Rough from the forge, and wont to task the might  
Of King Eëtion; but, when him he slew,  
Pelides, glorious chief, with other spoils  
From Thebes convey'd it in his fleet to Troy.  
He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.

Come forth who also shall this prize dispute!  
How far soe'er remote the winner's fields,  
This lump shall serve his wants five circling years;  
His shepherd shall not, or his plowman, need  
In quest of iron seek the distant town,  
But hence he shall himself their wants supply.  
Then Polypætes brave in fight arose,  
Arose Leonteus also, godlike chief,  
With Ajax son of Telamon. Each took  
His station, and Epeüs seized the clod.  
He swung, he cast it, and the Grecians laugh'd.  
Leonteus, branch of Mars, quoited it next.  
Huge Telamonian Ajax with strong arm  
Dismiss'd it third, and overpitch'd them both.  
But when brave Polypætes seized the mass  
Far as the vigorous herdsman flings his staff  
That twirling flies his numerous beeves between,  
So far his cast outmeasured all beside,  
And the host shouted. Then the friends arose  
Of Polypætes valiant chief, and bore  
His ponderous acquisition to the ships.

The archers' prize Achilles next proposed,  
Ten double and ten single axes, form'd  
Of steel convertible to arrow-points.  
He fix'd, far distant on the sands, the mast  
Of a brave bark cerulean-prow'd, to which

With small cord fasten'd by the foot he tied  
A timorous dove, their mark at which to aim.  
Who strikes the dove, he conquers, and shall bear  
These double axes all into his tent.  
But who the cord alone, missing the bird,  
Successful less, he wins the single blades.

The might of royal Teucer then arose,  
And, fellow-warrior of the King of Crete,  
Valiant Meriones. A brazen casque  
Received the lots; they shook them, and the lot  
Fell first to Teucer. He, at once, a shaft  
Sent smartly forth, but vow'd not to the King  
A hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock.  
He therefore (for Apollo greater praise  
Denied him) miss'd the dove, but struck the cord  
That tied her, at small distance from the knot,  
And with his arrow sever'd it. Upsprang  
The bird into the air, and to the ground  
Depending fell the cord. Shouts rent the skies.  
Then, all in haste, Meriones the bow  
Caught from his hand holding a shaft the while  
Already aim'd, and to Apollo vow'd  
A hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock.  
He eyed the dove aloft, under a cloud,  
And, while she wheel'd around, struck her beneath  
The pinion; through her and beyond her pass'd  
The arrow, and, returning, pierced the soil  
Fast by the foot of brave Meriones.  
She, perching on the mast again, her head  
Reclined, and hung her wide-unfolded wing,  
But, soon expiring, dropp'd and fell remote.  
Amazement seized the people. To his tent  
Meriones the ten best axes bore,  
And Teucer the inferior ten to his.

Then, last, Achilles in the circus placed  
A ponderous spear and caldron yet unfired,  
Emboss'd with flowers around, its worth an ox.  
Upstood the spear-expert; Atrides first,  
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, King of men,  
And next, brave fellow-warrior of the King  
Of Crete, Meriones; when thus his speech  
Achilles to the royal chief address'd.

Atrides! (for we know thy skill and force  
Matchless! that none can hurl the spear as thou)  
This prize is thine, order it to thy ship;  
And if it please thee, as I would it might,  
Let brave Meriones the spear receive.

He said; nor Agamemnon not complied,  
But to Meriones the brazen spear  
Presenting, to Talthybius gave in charge  
The caldron, next, his own illustrious prize.

## Book XXIV

### ARGUMENT OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK.

Priam, by command of Jupiter, and under conduct of Mercury, seeks Achilles in his tent, who admonished previously by Thetis, consents to accept ransom for the body of Hector. Hector is mourned, and the manner of his funeral, circumstantially described, concludes the poem.

The games all closed, the people went dispersed  
Each to his ship; they, mindful of repast,  
And to enjoy repose; but other thoughts  
Achilles' mind employ'd: he still deplored  
With tears his loved Patroclus, nor the force  
Felt of all-conquering sleep, but turn'd and turn'd  
Restless from side to side, mourning the loss  
Of such a friend, so manly, and so brave.  
Their fellowship in toil; their hardships oft  
Sustain'd in fight laborious, or o'ercome  
With difficulty on the perilous deep—  
Remembrance busily retracing themes  
Like these, drew down his cheeks continual tears.  
Now on his side he lay, now lay supine,  
Now prone, then starting from his couch he roam'd  
Forlorn the beach, nor did the rising morn  
On seas and shores escape his watchful eye,  
But joining to his chariot his swift steeds,  
He fasten'd Hector to be dragg'd behind.  
Around the tomb of Menœtiades  
Him thrice he dragg'd; then rested in his tent,  
Leaving him at his length stretch'd in the dust.  
Meantime Apollo with compassion touch'd  
Even of the lifeless Hector, from all taint  
Saved him, and with the golden ægis broad  
Covering, preserved him, although dragg'd, untorn.

While he, indulging thus his wrath, disgraced  
Brave Hector, the immortals at that sight  
With pity moved, exhorted Mercury  
The watchful Argicide, to steal him thence.  
That counsel pleased the rest, but neither pleased  
Juno, nor Neptune, nor the blue-eyed maid.  
They still, as at the first, held fast their hate  
Of sacred Troy, detested Priam still,  
And still his people, mindful of the crime  
Of Paris, who when to his rural hut  
They came, those Goddesses affronting, praise  
And admiration gave to her alone  
Who with vile lusts his preference repaid.  
But when the twelfth ensuing morn arose,  
Apollo, then, the immortals thus address'd.

Ye Gods, your dealings now injurious seem  
And cruel. Was not Hector wont to burn  
Thighs of fat goats and bullocks at your shrines?  
Whom now, though dead, ye cannot yet endure  
To rescue, that Andromache once more  
Might view him, his own mother, his own son,  
His father and the people, who would soon  
Yield him his just demand, a funeral fire.  
But, oh ye Gods! your pleasure is alone  
To please Achilles, that pernicious chief,  
Who neither right regards, nor owns a mind  
That can relent, but as the lion, urged  
By his own dauntless heart and savage force,  
Invades without remorse the rights of man,  
That he may banquet on his herds and flocks,  
So Peleus' son all pity from his breast  
Hath driven, and shame, man's blessing or his curse.  
For whosoever hath a loss sustain'd  
Still dearer, whether of his brother born  
From the same womb, or even of his son,



When he hath once bewail'd him, weeps no more,  
For fate itself gives man a patient mind.  
Yet Peleus' son, not so contented, slays  
Illustrious Hector first, then drags his corse  
In cruel triumph at his chariot-wheels  
Around Patroclus' tomb; but neither well  
He acts, nor honorably to himself,  
Who may, perchance, brave though he be, incur  
Our anger, while to gratify revenge  
He pours dishonor thus on senseless clay.

To whom, incensed, Juno white-arm'd replied.  
And be it so; stand fast this word of thine,  
God of the silver bow! if ye account  
Only such honor to Achilles due  
As Hector claims; but Hector was by birth  
Mere man, and suckled at a woman's breast.  
Not such Achilles; him a Goddess bore,  
Whom I myself nourish'd, and on my lap  
Fondled, and in due time to Peleus gave  
In marriage, to a chief beloved in heaven  
Peculiarly; ye were yourselves, ye Gods!  
Partakers of the nuptial feast, and thou  
Wast present also with thine harp in hand,  
Thou comrade of the vile! thou faithless ever!

Then answer thus cloud-gatherer Jove return'd.  
Juno, forbear. Indulge not always wrath  
Against the Gods. They shall not share alike,  
And in the same proportion our regards.  
Yet even Hector was the man in Troy  
Most favor'd by the Gods, and him no less  
I also loved, for punctual were his gifts  
To us; mine altar never miss'd from him  
Libation, or the steam of sacrifice,  
The meed allotted to us from of old.  
But steal him not, since by Achilles' eye

Unseen ye cannot, who both day and night  
Watches him, as a mother tends her son.  
But call ye Thetis hither, I would give  
The Goddess counsel, that, at Priam's hands  
Accepting gifts, Achilles loose the dead.

He ceased. Then Iris tempest-wing'd arose.  
Samos between, and Imbrus rock-begirt,  
She plunged into the gloomy flood; loud groan'd  
The briny pool, while sudden down she rush'd,  
As sinks the bull's horn with its leaden weight,  
Death bearing to the raveners of the deep.  
Within her vaulted cave Thetis she found  
By every nymph of Ocean round about  
Encompass'd; she, amid them all, the fate  
Wept of her noble son ordain'd to death  
At fertile Troy, from Phthia far remote.  
Then, Iris, drawing near, her thus address'd.

Arise, O Thetis! Jove, the author dread  
Of everlasting counsels, calls for thee.

To whom the Goddess of the silver feet.  
Why calls the mighty Thunderer me? I fear,  
Oppress'd with countless sorrows as I am,  
To mingle with the Gods. Yet I obey—  
No word of his can prove an empty sound.

So saying, the Goddess took her sable veil  
(Eye ne'er beheld a darker) and began  
Her progress, by the storm-wing'd Iris led.  
On either hand the billows open'd wide  
A pass before them; they, ascending soon  
The shore, updarted swift into the skies.  
They found loud-voiced Saturnian Jove around  
Environ'd by the ever-blessed Gods  
Convened in full assembly; she beside

Her Father Jove (Pallas retiring) sat.  
Then, Juno, with consolatory speech,  
Presented to her hand a golden cup,  
Of which she drank, then gave it back again,  
And thus the sire of Gods and men began.

Goddess of ocean, Thetis! thou hast sought  
Olympus, bearing in thy bosom grief  
Never to be assuaged, as well I know.  
Yet shalt thou learn, afflicted as thou art,  
Why I have summon'd thee. Nine days the Gods,  
Concerning Hector's body and thy own  
Brave city-spoiler son, have held dispute,  
And some have urged oftentimes the Argicide  
Keen-sighted Mercury, to steal the dead.  
But I forbade it for Achilles' sake,  
Whom I exalt, the better to insure  
Thy reverence and thy friendship evermore.  
Haste, therefore, seek thy son, and tell him thus,  
The Gods resent it, say (but most of all  
Myself am angry) that he still detains  
Amid his fleet, through fury of revenge,  
Unransom'd Hector; so shall he, at length,  
Through fear of me, perchance, release the slain.  
Myself to generous Priam will, the while,  
Send Iris, who shall bid him to the fleet  
Of Greece, such ransom bearing as may soothe  
Achilles, for redemption of his son.

So spake the God, nor Thetis not complied.  
Descending swift from the Olympian heights  
She reach'd Achilles' tent. Him there she found  
Groaning disconsolate, while others ran  
To and fro, occupied around a sheep  
New-slaughter'd, large, and of exuberant fleece.  
She, sitting close beside him, softly strok'd  
His cheek, and thus, affectionate, began.

How long, my son! sorrowing and mourning here,  
Wilt thou consume thy soul, nor give one thought  
Either to food or love? Yet love is good,  
And woman grief's best cure; for length of days  
Is not thy doom, but, even now, thy death  
And ruthless destiny are on the wing.  
Mark me,—I come a lieger sent from Jove.  
The Gods, he saith, resent it, but himself  
More deeply than the rest, that thou detain'st  
Amid thy fleet, through fury of revenge,  
Unransom'd Hector. Be advised, accept  
Ransom, and to his friends resign the dead.

To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.  
Come then the ransomer, and take him hence;  
If Jove himself command it,—be it so.

So they, among the ships, conferring sat  
On various themes, the Goddess and her son;  
Meantime Saturnian Jove commanded down  
His swift ambassadress to sacred Troy.

Hence, rapid Iris! leave the Olympian heights.  
And, finding noble Priam, bid him haste  
Into Achaia's fleet, bearing such gifts  
As may assuage Achilles, and prevail  
To liberate the body of his son.  
Alone, he must; no Trojan of them all  
May company the senior thither, save  
An ancient herald to direct his mules  
And his wheel'd litter, and to bring the dead  
Back into Ilium, whom Achilles slew.  
Let neither fear of death nor other fear  
Trouble him aught, so safe a guard and sure  
We give him; Mercury shall be his guide  
Into Achilles' presence in his tent.

Nor will himself Achilles slay him there,  
Or even permit his death, but will forbid  
All violence; for he is not unwise  
Nor heedless, no—nor wilful to offend,  
But will his suppliant with much grace receive.

He ceased; then Iris tempest-wing'd arose,  
Jove's messenger, and, at the gates arrived  
Of Priam, wo and wailing found within.  
Around their father, in the hall, his sons  
Their robes with tears water'd, while them amidst  
The hoary King sat mantled, muffled close,  
And on his venerable head and neck  
Much dust was spread, which, rolling on the earth,  
He had shower'd on them with unsparing hands.  
The palace echoed to his daughters' cries,  
And to the cries of matrons calling fresh  
Into remembrance many a valiant chief  
Now stretch'd in dust, by Argive hands destroy'd.  
The messenger of Jove at Priam's side  
Standing, with whisper'd accents low his ear  
Saluted, but he trembled at the sound.

Courage, Dardanian Priam! fear thou nought;  
To thee no prophetess of ill, I come;  
But with kind purpose: Jove's ambassadress  
Am I, who though remote, yet entertains  
Much pity, and much tender care for thee.  
Olympian Jove commands thee to redeem  
The noble Hector, with an offering large  
Of gifts that may Achilles' wrath appease.  
Alone, thou must; no Trojan of them all  
Hath leave to attend thy journey thither, save  
An ancient herald to direct thy mules  
And thy wheel'd litter, and to bring the dead  
Back into Ilium, whom Achilles slew.  
Let neither fear of death nor other fear

Trouble thee aught, so safe a guard and sure  
He gives thee; Mercury shall be thy guide  
Even to Achilles' presence in his tent.  
Nor will himself Achilles slay thee there,  
Or even permit thy death, but will forbid  
All violence; for he is not unwise  
Nor heedless, no—nor wilful to offend,  
But will his suppliant with much grace receive.

So spake the swift ambadress, and went.  
Then, calling to his sons, he bade them bring  
His litter forth, and bind the coffer on,  
While to his fragrant chamber he repair'd  
Himself, with cedar lined and lofty-roof'd,  
A treasury of wonders into which  
The Queen he summon'd, whom he thus bespake.

Hecuba! the ambadress of Jove  
Hath come, who bids me to the Grecian fleet,  
Bearing such presents thither as may soothe  
Achilles, for redemption of my son.  
But say, what seems this enterprise to thee?  
Myself am much inclined to it, I feel  
My courage prompting me amain toward  
The fleet, and into the Achaian camp.

Then wept the Queen aloud, and thus replied.  
Ah! whither is thy wisdom fled, for which  
Both strangers once, and Trojans honor'd *thee*?  
How canst thou wish to penetrate alone  
The Grecian fleet, and to appear before  
His face, by whom so many valiant sons  
Of thine have fallen? Thou hast an iron heart!  
For should that savage man and faithless once  
Seize and discover thee, no pity expect  
Or reverence at his hands. Come—let us weep  
Together, here sequester'd; for the thread

Spun for him by his destiny severe  
When he was born, ordain'd our son remote  
From us his parents to be food for hounds  
In that chief's tent. Oh! clinging to his side,  
How I could tear him with my teeth! His deeds,  
Disgraceful to my son, then should not want  
Retaliation; for he slew not him  
Skulking, but standing boldly for the wives,  
The daughters fair, and citizens of Troy,  
Guiltless of flight, and of the wish to fly.

Whom godlike Priam answer'd, ancient King.  
Impede me not who willing am to go,  
Nor be, thyself, a bird of ominous note  
To terrify me under my own roof,  
For thou shalt not prevail. Had mortal man  
Enjoin'd me this attempt, prophet, or priest,  
Or soothsayer, I had pronounced him false  
And fear'd it but the more. But, since I saw  
The Goddess with these eyes, and heard, myself,  
The voice divine, I go; that word shall stand;  
And, if my doom be in the fleet of Greece  
To perish, be it so; Achilles' arm  
Shall give me speedy death, and I shall die  
Folding my son, and satisfied with tears.

So saying, he open'd wide the elegant lids  
Of numerous chests, whence mantles twelve he took  
Of texture beautiful; twelve single cloaks;  
As many carpets, with as many robes,  
To which he added vests, an equal store.  
He also took ten talents forth of gold,  
All weigh'd, two splendid tripods, caldrons four,  
And after these a cup of matchless worth  
Given to him when ambassador in Thrace;  
A noble gift, which yet the hoary King  
Spared not, such fervor of desire he felt

To loose his son. Then from his portico,  
With angry taunts he drove the gather'd crowds.

Away! away! ye dregs of earth, away!  
Ye shame of human kind! Have ye no griefs  
At home, that ye come hither troubling *me*?  
Deem ye it little that Saturnian Jove  
Afflicts me thus, and of my very best,  
Best boy deprives me? Ah! ye shall be taught  
Yourselves that loss, far easier to be slain  
By the Achaïans now, since he is dead.  
But I, ere yet the city I behold  
Taken and pillaged, with these aged eyes,  
Shall find safe hiding in the shades below.

He said, and chased them with his staff; they left  
In haste the doors, by the old King expell'd.  
Then, chiding them aloud, his sons he call'd,  
Helenus, Paris, noble Agathon,  
Pammon, Antiphonus, and bold in fight  
Polites, Dios of illustrious fame,  
Hippochoös and Deiphobus—all nine  
He call'd, thus issuing, angry, his commands.

Quick! quick! ye slothful in your father's cause,  
Ye worthless brood! would that in Hector's stead  
Ye all had perish'd in the fleet of Greece!  
Oh altogether wretched! in all Troy  
No man had sons to boast valiant as mine,  
And I have lost them all. Mestor is gone  
The godlike, Troilus the steed-renown'd,  
And Hector, who with other men compared  
Seem'd a Divinity, whom none had deem'd  
From mortal man derived, but from a God.  
These Mars hath taken, and hath left me none  
But scandals of my house, void of all truth,  
Dancers, exact step-measurers, a band



Of public robbers, thieves of kids and lambs.  
Will ye not bring my litter to the gate  
This moment, and with all this package quick  
Charge it, that we may hence without delay?

He said, and by his chiding awed, his sons  
Drew forth the royal litter, neat, new-built,  
And following swift the draught, on which they bound  
The coffer; next, they lower'd from the wall  
The sculptured boxen yoke with its two rings;  
And with the yoke its furniture, in length  
Nine cubits; this to the extremest end  
Adjusting of the pole, they cast the ring  
Over the ring-bolt; then, thrice through the yoke  
They drew the brace on both sides, made it fast  
With even knots, and tuck'd the dangling ends.  
Producing, next, the glorious ransom-price  
Of Hector's body, on the litter's floor  
They heap'd it all, then yoked the sturdy mules,  
A gift illustrious by the Mysians erst  
Conferr'd on Priam; to the chariot, last,  
They led forth Priam's steeds, which the old King  
(In person serving them) with freshest corn  
Constant supplied; meantime, himself within  
The palace, and his herald, were employ'd  
Girding themselves, to go; wise each and good.  
And now came mournful Hecuba, with wine  
Delicious charged, which in a golden cup  
She brought, that not without libation due  
First made, they might depart. Before the steeds  
Her steps she stay'd, and Priam thus address'd.

Take this, and to the Sire of all perform  
Libation, praying him a safe return  
From hostile hands, since thou art urged to seek  
The Grecian camp, though not by my desire.  
Pray also to Idæan Jove cloud-girt,

Who oversees all Ilium, that he send  
His messenger or ere thou go, the bird  
His favorite most, surpassing all in strength,  
At thy right hand; him seeing, thou shalt tend  
With better hope toward the fleet of Greece.  
But should loud-thundering Jove his lieger swift  
Withhold, from me far be it to advise  
This journey, howsoe'er thou wish to go.

To whom the godlike Priam thus replied.  
This exhortation will I not refuse,  
O Queen! for, lifting to the Gods his hands  
In prayer for their compassion, none can err.

So saying, he bade the maiden o'er the rest,  
Chief in authority, pour on his hands  
Pure water, for the maiden at his side  
With ewer charged and laver, stood prepared.  
He laved his hands; then, taking from the Queen  
The goblet, in his middle area stood  
Pouring libation with his eyes upturn'd  
Heaven-ward devout, and thus his prayer preferr'd.

Jove, great and glorious above all, who rulest,  
On Ida's summit seated, all below!  
Grant me arrived within Achilles' tent  
Kindness to meet and pity, and oh send  
Thy messenger or ere I go, the bird  
Thy favorite most, surpassing all in strength,  
At my right hand, which seeing, I shall tend  
With better hope toward the fleet of Greece.

He ended, at whose prayer, incontinent,  
Jove sent his eagle, surest of all signs,  
The black-plumed bird voracious, Morphnos named,  
And Percnos. Wide as the well-guarded door  
Of some rich potentate his vans he spread

On either side; they saw him on the right,  
Skimming the towers of Troy; glad they beheld  
That omen, and all felt their hearts consoled.

Delay'd not then the hoary King, but quick  
Ascending to his seat, his coursers urged  
Through vestibule and sounding porch abroad.  
The four-wheel'd litter led, drawn by the mules  
Which sage Idæus managed, behind whom  
Went Priam, plying with the scourge his steeds  
Continual through the town, while all his friends,  
Following their sovereign with dejected hearts,  
Lamented him as going to his death.  
But when from Ilium's gate into the plain  
They had descended, then the sons-in-law  
Of Priam, and his sons, to Troy return'd.  
Nor they, now traversing the plain, the note  
Escaped of Jove the Thunderer; he beheld  
Compassionate the venerable King,  
And thus his own son Mercury bespake.

Mercury! (for above all others thou  
Delightest to associate with mankind  
Familiar, whom thou wilt winning with ease  
To converse free) go thou, and so conduct  
Priam into the Grecian camp, that none  
Of all the numerous Danaï may see  
Or mark him, till he reach Achilles' tent.

He spake, nor the ambassador of heaven  
The Argicide delay'd, but bound in haste  
His undecaying sandals to his feet,  
Golden, divine, which waft him o'er the floods  
Swift as the wind, and o'er the boundless earth.  
He took his rod with which he charms to sleep  
All eyes, and theirs who sleep opens again.  
Arm'd with that rod, forth flew the Argicide.

At Ilium and the Hellespontic shores  
Arriving sudden, a king's son he seem'd,  
Now clothing first his ruddy cheek with down,  
Which is youth's loveliest season; so disguised,  
His progress he began. They now (the tomb  
Magnificent of Ilus past) beside  
The river stay'd the mules and steeds to drink,  
For twilight dimm'd the fields. Idæus first  
Perceived him near, and Priam thus bespake.

Think, son of Dardanus! for we have need  
Of our best thought. I see a warrior. Now,  
Now we shall die; I know it. Turn we quick  
Our steeds to flight; or let us clasp his knees  
And his compassion suppliant essay.

Terror and consternation at that sound  
The mind of Priam felt; erect the hair  
Bristled his limbs, and with amaze he stood  
Motionless. But the God, meantime, approach'd,  
And, seizing ancient Priam's hand, inquired.

Whither, my father! in the dewy night  
Drivest thou thy mules and steeds, while others sleep?  
And fear'st thou not the fiery host of Greece,  
Thy foes implacable, so nigh at hand?  
Of whom should any, through the shadow dun  
Of flitting night, discern thee bearing forth  
So rich a charge, then what wouldst thou expect?  
Thou art not young thyself, nor with the aid  
Of this thine ancient servant, strong enough  
Force to repulse, should any threaten force.  
But injury fear none or harm from me;  
I rather much from harm by other hands  
Would save thee, thou resembl'st so my sire.

Whom answer'd godlike Priam, hoar with age.  
My son! well spoken. Thou hast judged aright.  
Yet even me some Deity protects  
Thus far; to whom I owe it that I meet  
So seasonably one like thee, in form  
So admirable, and in mind discreet  
As thou art beautiful. Blest parents, thine!

To whom the messenger of heaven again,  
The Argicide. Oh ancient and revered!  
Thou hast well spoken all. Yet this declare,  
And with sincerity; bear'st thou away  
Into some foreign country, for the sake  
Of safer custody, this precious charge?  
Or, urged by fear, forsake ye all alike  
Troy's sacred towers! since he whom thou hast lost,  
Thy noble son, was of excelling worth  
In arms, and nought inferior to the Greeks.

Then thus the godlike Priam, hoary King.  
But tell me first who *Thou* art, and from whom  
Descended, loveliest youth! who hast the fate  
So well of my unhappy son rehearsed?

To whom the herald Mercury replied.  
Thy questions, venerable sire! proposed  
Concerning noble Hector, are design'd  
To prove me. Him, not seldom, with these eyes  
In man-ennobling fight I have beheld  
Most active; saw him when he thinn'd the Greeks  
With his sharp spear, and drove them to the ships.  
Amazed we stood to notice him; for us,  
Incensed against the ruler of our host,  
Achilles suffer'd not to share the fight.  
I serve Achilles; the same gallant bark  
Brought us, and of the Myrmidons am I,  
Son of Polyctor; wealthy is my sire,

And such in years as thou; six sons he hath,  
Beside myself the seventh, and (the lots cast  
Among us all) mine sent me to the wars.  
That I have left the ships, seeking the plain,  
The cause is this; the Greeks, at break of day,  
Will compass, arm'd, the city, for they loathe  
To sit inactive, neither can the chiefs  
Restrain the hot impatience of the host.

Then godlike Priam answer thus return'd.  
If of the band thou be of Peleus' son,  
Achilles, tell me undisguised the truth.  
My son, subsists he still, or hath thy chief  
Limb after limb given him to his dogs?

Him answer'd then the herald of the skies.  
Oh venerable sir! him neither dogs  
Have eaten yet, nor fowls, but at the ships  
His body, and within Achilles' tent  
Neglected lies. Twelve days he so hath lain;  
Yet neither worm which diets on the brave  
In battle fallen, hath eaten him, or taint  
Invaded. He around Patroclus' tomb  
Drags him indeed pitiless, oft as day  
Reddens the east, yet safe from blemish still  
His corse remains. Thou wouldst, thyself, admire  
Seeing how fresh the dew-drops, as he lies,  
Rest on him, and his blood is cleansed away  
That not a stain is left. Even his wounds  
(For many a wound they gave him) all are closed,  
Such care the blessed Gods have of thy son,  
Dead as he is, whom living much they loved.

So he; then, glad, the ancient King replied.  
Good is it, oh my son! to yield the Gods  
Their just demands. My boy, while yet he lived,  
Lived not unmindful of the worship due

To the Olympian powers, who, therefore, him  
Remember, even in the bands of death.  
Come then—this beauteous cup take at my hand—  
Be thou my guard, and, if the Gods permit,  
My guide, till to Achilles' tent I come.

Whom answer'd then the messenger of heaven.  
Sir! thou perceivest me young, and art disposed  
To try my virtue; but it shall not fail.  
Thou bidd'st me at thine hand a gift accept,  
Whereof Achilles knows not; but I fear  
Achilles, and on no account should dare  
Defraud him, lest some evil find me next.  
But thee I would with pleasure hence conduct  
Even to glorious Argos, over sea  
Or over land, nor any, through contempt  
Of such a guard, should dare to do thee wrong.

So Mercury, and to the chariot seat  
Upspringing, seized at once the lash and reins,  
And with fresh vigor mules and steeds inspired.  
Arriving at the foss and towers, they found  
The guard preparing now their evening cheer,  
All whom the Argicide with sudden sleep  
Oppress'd, then oped the gates, thrust back the bars,  
And introduced, with all his litter-load  
Of costly gifts, the venerable King.  
But when they reached the tent for Peleus' son  
Raised by the Myrmidons (with trunks of pine  
They built it, lopping smooth the boughs away,  
Then spread with shaggy mowings of the mead  
Its lofty roof, and with a spacious court  
Surrounded it, all fenced with driven stakes;  
One bar alone of pine secured the door,  
Which ask'd three Grecians with united force  
To thrust it to its place, and three again  
To thrust it back, although Achilles oft

Would heave it to the door himself alone;) Then Hermes, benefactor of mankind, That bar displacing for the King of Troy, Gave entrance to himself and to his gifts For Peleus' son design'd, and from the seat Alighting, thus his speech to Priam turn'd.

Oh ancient Priam! an immortal God Attends thee; I am Hermes, by command Of Jove my father thy appointed guide. But I return. I will not, entering here, Stand in Achilles' sight; immortal Powers May not so unreservedly indulge Creatures of mortal kind. But enter thou, Embrace his knees, and by his father both And by his Goddess mother sue to him, And by his son, that his whole heart may melt.

So Hermes spake, and to the skies again Ascended. Then leap'd Priam to the ground, Leaving Idæus; he, the mules and steeds Watch'd, while the ancient King into the tent Proceeded of Achilles dear to Jove. Him there he found, and sitting found apart His fellow-warriors, of whom two alone Served at his side, Alcimus, branch of Mars And brave Automedon; he had himself Supp'd newly, and the board stood unremoved. Unseen of all huge Priam enter'd, stood Near to Achilles, clasp'd his knees, and kiss'd Those terrible and homicidal hands That had destroy'd so many of his sons. As when a fugitive for blood the house Of some chief enters in a foreign land, All gaze, astonish'd at the sudden guest, So gazed Achilles seeing Priam there, And so stood all astonish'd, each his eyes



In silence fastening on his fellow's face.  
But Priam kneel'd, and suppliant thus began.

Think, oh Achilles, semblance of the Gods!  
On thy own father full of days like me,  
And trembling on the gloomy verge of life.  
Some neighbor chief, it may be, even now  
Oppresses him, and there is none at hand,  
No friend to succor him in his distress.  
Yet, doubtless, hearing that Achilles lives,  
He still rejoices, hoping, day by day,  
That one day he shall see the face again  
Of his own son from distant Troy return'd.  
But me no comfort cheers, whose bravest sons,  
So late the flower of Ilium, all are slain.  
When Greece came hither, I had fifty sons;  
Nineteen were children of one bed, the rest  
Born of my concubines. A numerous house!  
But fiery Mars hath thinn'd it. One I had,  
One, more than all my sons the strength of Troy,  
Whom standing for his country thou hast slain—  
Hector—his body to redeem I come  
Into Achaia's fleet, bringing, myself,  
Ransom inestimable to thy tent.  
Reverence the Gods, Achilles! recollect  
Thy father; for his sake compassion show  
To me more pitiable still, who draw  
Home to my lips (humiliation yet  
Unseen on earth) his hand who slew my son.

So saying, he waken'd in his soul regret  
Of his own sire; softly he placed his hand  
On Priam's hand, and push'd him gently away.  
Remembrance melted both. Rolling before  
Achilles' feet, Priam his son deplored  
Wide-slaughtering Hector, and Achilles wept  
By turns his father, and by turns his friend

Patroclus; sounds of sorrow fill'd the tent.  
But when, at length satiate, Achilles felt  
His heart from grief, and all his frame relieved,  
Upstarting from his seat, with pity moved  
Of Priam's silver locks and silver beard,  
He raised the ancient father by his hand,  
Whom in wing'd accents kind he thus bespake.

Wretched indeed! ah what must thou have felt!  
How hast thou dared to seek alone the fleet  
Of the Achaians, and his face by whom  
So many of thy valiant sons have fallen?  
Thou hast a heart of iron, terror-proof.  
Come—sit beside me—let us, if we may,  
Great mourners both, bid sorrow sleep awhile.  
There is no profit of our sighs and tears;  
For thus, exempt from care themselves, the Gods  
Ordain man's miserable race to mourn.  
Fast by the threshold of Jove's courts are placed  
Two casks, one stored with evil, one with good,  
From which the God dispenses as he wills.  
For whom the glorious Thunderer mingles both,  
He leads a life checker'd with good and ill  
Alternate; but to whom he gives unmixt  
The bitter cup, he makes that man a curse,  
His name becomes a by-word of reproach,  
His strength is hunger-bitten, and he walks  
The blessed earth, unblest, go where he may.  
So was my father Peleus at his birth  
Nobly endow'd with plenty and with wealth  
Distinguish'd by the Gods past all mankind,  
Lord of the Myrmidons, and, though a man,  
Yet match'd from heaven with an immortal bride.  
But even him the Gods afflict, a son  
Refusing him, who might possess his throne  
Hereafter; for myself, his only heir,  
Pass as a dream, and while I live, instead

Of solacing his age, here sit, before  
Your distant walls, the scourge of thee and thine.  
Thee also, ancient Priam, we have heard  
Reported, once possessor of such wealth  
As neither Lesbos, seat of Macar, owns,  
Nor eastern Phrygia, nor yet all the ports  
Of Hellespont, but thou didst pass them all  
In riches, and in number of thy sons.  
But since the Powers of heaven brought on thy land  
This fatal war, battle and deeds of death  
Always surround the city where thou reign'st.  
Cease, therefore, from unprofitable tears,  
Which, ere they raise thy son to life again  
Shall, doubtless, find fresh cause for which to flow.

To whom the ancient King godlike replied.  
Hero, forbear. No seat is here for me,  
While Hector lies unburied in your camp.  
Loose him, and loose him now, that with these eyes  
I may behold my son; accept a price  
Magnificent, which may'st thou long enjoy,  
And, since my life was precious in thy sight,  
May'st thou revisit safe thy native shore!

To whom Achilles, lowering, and in wrath.  
Urge me no longer, at a time like this,  
With that harsh note; I am already inclin'd  
To loose him. Thetis, my own mother came  
Herself on that same errand, sent from Jove.  
Priam! I understand thee well. I know  
That, by some God conducted, thou hast reach'd  
Achaia's fleet; for, without aid divine,  
No mortal even in his prime of youth,  
Had dared the attempt; guards vigilant as ours  
He should not easily elude, such gates,  
So massy, should not easily unbar.  
Thou, therefore, vex me not in my distress,

Lest I abhor to see thee in my tent,  
And, borne beyond all limits, set at nought  
Thee, and thy prayer, and the command of Jove.

He said; the old King trembled, and obey'd.  
Then sprang Pelides like a lion forth,  
Not sole, but with his two attendant friends  
Alcimus and Automedon the brave,  
For them (Patroclus slain) he honor'd most  
Of all the Myrmidons. They from the yoke  
Released both steeds and mules, then introduced  
And placed the herald of the hoary King.  
They lighten'd next the litter of its charge  
Inestimable, leaving yet behind  
Two mantles and a vest, that, not unveil'd,  
The body might be borne back into Troy.  
Then, calling forth his women, them he bade  
Lave and anoint the body, but apart,  
Lest haply Priam, noticing his son,  
Through stress of grief should give resentment scope,  
And irritate by some affront himself  
To slay him, in despite of Jove's commands.  
They, therefore, laving and anointing first  
The body, cover'd it with cloak and vest;  
Then, Peleus' son disposed it on the bier,  
Lifting it from the ground, and his two friends  
Together heaved it to the royal wain.  
Achilles, last, groaning, his friend invoked.

Patroclus! should the tidings reach thine ear,  
Although in Ades, that I have released  
The noble Hector at his father's suit,  
Resent it not; no sordid gifts have paid  
His ransom-price, which thou shalt also share.

So saying, Achilles to his tent return'd,  
And on the splendid couch whence he had risen

Again reclined, opposite to the seat  
Of Priam, whom the hero thus bespake.

Priam! at thy request thy son is loosed,  
And lying on his bier; at dawn of day  
Thou shalt both see him and convey him hence  
Thyself to Troy. But take we now repast;  
For even bright-hair'd Niobe her food  
Forgot not, though of children twelve bereft,  
Of daughters six, and of six blooming sons.  
Apollo these struck from his silver bow,  
And those shaft-arm'd Diana, both incensed  
That oft Latona's children and her own  
Numbering, she scorn'd the Goddess who had borne  
Two only, while herself had twelve to boast.  
Vain boast! those two sufficed to slay them all.  
Nine days they welter'd in their blood, no man  
Was found to bury them, for Jove had changed  
To stone the people; but themselves, at last,  
The Powers of heaven entomb'd them on the tenth.  
Yet even she, once satisfied with tears,  
Remember'd food; and now the rocks among  
And pathless solitudes of Sipylus,  
The rumor'd cradle of the nymphs who dance  
On Acheloüs' banks, although to stone  
Transform'd, she broods her heaven-inflicted woes.  
Come, then, my venerable guest! take we  
Refreshment also; once arrived in Troy  
With thy dear son, thou shalt have time to weep  
Sufficient, nor without most weighty cause.

So spake Achilles, and, upstarting, slew  
A sheep white-fleeced, which his attendants flay'd,  
And busily and with much skill their task  
Administ'ring, first scored the viands well,  
Then pierced them with the spits, and when the roast  
Was finish'd, drew them from the spits again.

And now, Automedon dispensed around  
The polish'd board bread in neat baskets piled,  
Which done, Achilles portion'd out to each  
His share, and all assail'd the ready feast.  
But when nor hunger more nor thirst they felt,  
Dardanian Priam, wond'ring at his bulk  
And beauty (for he seem'd some God from heaven)  
Gazed on Achilles, while Achilles held  
Not less in admiration of his looks  
Benign, and of his gentle converse wise,  
Gazed on Dardanian Priam, and, at length  
(The eyes of each gratified to the full)  
The ancient King thus to Achilles spake.

Hero! dismiss us now each to our bed,  
That there at ease reclined, we may enjoy  
Sweet sleep; for never have these eyelids closed  
Since Hector fell and died, but without cease  
I mourn, and nourishing unnumber'd woes,  
Have roll'd me in the ashes of my courts.  
But I have now both tasted food, and given  
Wine to my lips, untasted till with thee.

So he, and at his word Achilles bade  
His train beneath his portico prepare  
With all dispatch two couches, purple rugs,  
And arras, and warm mantles over all.  
Forth went the women bearing lights, and spread  
A couch for each, when feigning needful fear,  
Achilles thus his speech to Priam turn'd.

My aged guest beloved; sleep thou without;  
Lest some Achaian chief (for such are wont  
Ofttimes, here sitting, to consult with me)  
Hither repair; of whom should any chance  
To spy thee through the gloom, he would at once  
Convey the tale to Agamemnon's ear,

Whence hindrance might arise, and the release  
Haply of Hector's body be delay'd.  
But answer me with truth. How many days  
Wouldst thou assign to the funereal rites  
Of noble Hector, for so long I mean  
Myself to rest, and keep the host at home?

Then thus the ancient King godlike replied.  
If thou indeed be willing that we give  
Burial to noble Hector, by an act  
So generous, O Achilles! me thou shalt  
Much gratify; for we are shut, thou know'st,  
In Ilium close, and fuel must procure  
From Ida's side remote; fear, too, hath seized  
On all our people. Therefore thus I say.  
Nine days we wish to mourn him in the house;  
To his interment we would give the tenth,  
And to the public banquet; the eleventh  
Shall see us build his tomb; and on the twelfth  
(If war we must) we will to war again.

To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.  
So be it, ancient Priam! I will curb  
Twelve days the rage of war, at thy desire.

He spake, and at his wrist the right hand grasp'd  
Of the old sovereign, to dispel his fear.  
Then in the vestibule the herald slept  
And Priam, prudent both, but Peleus' son  
In the interior tent, and at his side  
Brisëis, with transcendent beauty adorn'd.

Now all, all night, by gentle sleep subdued,  
Both Gods and chariot-ruling warriors lay,  
But not the benefactor of mankind,  
Hermes; him sleep seized not, but deep he mused  
How likeliest from amid the Grecian fleet

He might deliver by the guard unseen  
The King of Ilium; at his head he stood  
In vision, and the senior thus bespake.

Ah heedless and secure! hast thou no dread  
Of mischief, ancient King, that thus by foes  
Thou sleep'st surrounded, lull'd by the consent  
And sufferance of Achilles? Thou hast given  
Much for redemption of thy darling son,  
But thrice that sum thy sons who still survive  
Must give to Agamemnon and the Greeks  
For *thy* redemption, should they know thee here.

He ended; at the sound alarm'd upsprang  
The King, and roused his herald. Hermes yoked  
Himself both mules and steeds, and through the camp  
Drove them incontinent, by all unseen.

Soon as the windings of the stream they reach'd,  
Deep-eddied Xanthus, progeny of Jove,  
Mercury the Olympian summit sought,  
And saffron-vested morn o'erspread the earth.  
They, loud lamenting, to the city drove  
Their steeds; the mules close follow'd with the dead.  
Nor warrior yet, nor cinctured matron knew  
Of all in Ilium aught of their approach,  
Cassandra sole except. She, beautiful  
As golden Venus, mounted on the height  
Of Pergamus, her father first discern'd,  
Borne on his chariot-seat erect, and knew:  
The herald heard so oft in echoing Troy;  
Him also on his bier outstretch'd she mark'd,  
Whom the mules drew. Then, shrieking, through the streets  
She ran of Troy, and loud proclaim'd the sight.  
Ye sons of Ilium and ye daughters, haste,  
Haste all to look on Hector, if ye e'er  
With joy beheld him, while he yet survived,



From fight returning; for all Ilium erst  
In him, and all her citizens rejoiced.

She spake. Then neither male nor female more  
In Troy remain'd, such sorrow seized on all.  
Issuing from the city-gate, they met  
Priam conducting, sad, the body home,  
And, foremost of them all, the mother flew  
And wife of Hector to the bier, on which  
Their torn-off tresses with unsparing hands  
They shower'd, while all the people wept around.  
All day, and to the going down of day  
They thus had mourn'd the dead before the gates,  
Had not their Sovereign from his chariot-seat  
Thus spoken to the multitude around.

Fall back on either side, and let the mules  
Pass on; the body in my palace once  
Deposited, ye then may weep your fill.

He said; they, opening, gave the litter way.  
Arrived within the royal house, they stretch'd  
The breathless Hector on a sumptuous bed,  
And singers placed beside him, who should chant  
The strain funereal; they with many a groan  
The dirge began, and still, at every close,  
The female train with many a groan replied.  
Then, in the midst, Andromache white-arm'd  
Between her palms the dreadful Hector's head  
Pressing, her lamentation thus began.

My hero! thou hast fallen in prime of life,  
Me leaving here desolate, and the fruit  
Of our ill-fated loves, a helpless child,  
Whom grown to manhood I despair to see.  
For ere that day arrive, down from her height  
Precipitated shall this city fall,

Since thou hast perish'd once her sure defence,  
Faithful protector of her spotless wives,  
And all their little ones. Those wives shall soon  
In Grecian barks capacious hence be borne,  
And I among the rest. But thee, my child!  
Either thy fate shall with thy mother send  
Captive into a land where thou shalt serve  
In sordid drudgery some cruel lord,  
Or haply some Achaian here, thy hand  
Seizing, shall hurl thee from a turret-top  
To a sad death, avenging brother, son,  
Or father by the hands of Hector slain;  
For he made many a Grecian bite the ground.  
Thy father, boy, bore never into fight  
A milky mind, and for that self-same cause  
Is now bewail'd in every house of Troy.  
Sorrow unutterable thou hast caused  
Thy parents, Hector! but to me hast left  
Largest bequest of misery, to whom,  
Dying, thou neither didst thy arms extend  
Forth from thy bed, nor gavest me precious word  
To be remember'd day and night with tears.

So spake she weeping, whom her maidens all  
With sighs accompanied, and her complaint  
Mingled with sobs Hecuba next began.

Ah Hector! dearest to thy mother's heart  
Of all her sons, much must the Gods have loved  
Thee living, whom, though dead, they thus preserve.  
What son soever of our house beside  
Achilles took, over the barren deep  
To Samos, Imbrus, or to Lemnos girt  
With rocks inhospitable, him he sold;  
But thee, by his dread spear of life deprived,  
He dragg'd and dragg'd around Patroclus' tomb,  
As if to raise again his friend to life

Whom thou hadst vanquish'd; yet he raised him not.  
But as for thee, thou liest here with dew  
Besprinkled, fresh as a young plant, and more  
Resemblest some fair youth by gentle shafts  
Of Phœbus pierced, than one in battle slain.

So spake the Queen, exciting in all hearts  
Sorrow immeasurable, after whom  
Thus Helen, third, her lamentation pour'd.

Ah dearer far than all my brothers else  
Of Priam's house! for being Paris' spouse,  
Who brought me (would I had first died!) to Troy,  
I call thy brothers mine; since forth I came  
From Sparta, it is now the twentieth year,  
Yet never heard I once hard speech from thee,  
Or taunt morose, but if it ever chanced,  
That of thy father's house female or male  
Blamed me, and even if herself the Queen  
(For in the King, whate'er befell, I found  
Always a father) thou hast interposed  
Thy gentle temper and thy gentle speech  
To soothe them; therefore, with the same sad drops  
Thy fate, oh Hector! and my own I weep;  
For other friend within the ample bounds  
Of Ilium have I none, nor hope to hear  
Kind word again, with horror view'd by all.

So Helen spake weeping, to whom with groans  
The countless multitude replied, and thus  
Their ancient sovereign next his people charged.

Ye Trojans, now bring fuel home, nor fear  
Close ambush of the Greeks; Achilles' self  
Gave me, at my dismissal from his fleet,  
Assurance, that from hostile force secure  
We shall remain, till the twelfth dawn arise.

All, then, their mules and oxen to the wains  
Join'd speedily, and under Ilium's walls  
Assembled numerous; nine whole days they toil'd,  
Bringing much fuel home, and when the tenth  
Bright morn, with light for human kind, arose,  
Then bearing noble Hector forth, with tears  
Shed copious, on the summit of the pile  
They placed him, and the fuel fired beneath.

But when Aurora, daughter of the Dawn,  
Redden'd the east, then, thronging forth, all Troy  
Encompass'd noble Hector's pile around.  
The whole vast multitude convened, with wine  
They quench'd the pile throughout, leaving no part  
Unvisited, on which the fire had seized.  
His brothers, next, collected, and his friends,  
His white bones, mourning, and with tears profuse  
Watering their cheeks; then in a golden urn  
They placed them, which with mantles soft they veil'd  
Mæonian-hued, and, delving, buried it,  
And overspread with stones the spot adust.  
Lastly, short time allowing to the task,  
They heap'd his tomb, while, posted on all sides,  
Suspicious of assault, spies watch'd the Greeks.  
The tomb once heap'd, assembling all again  
Within the palace, they a banquet shared  
Magnificent, by godlike Priam given.

Such burial the illustrious Hector found.



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